

Dec. 13, 1982

THE

Price \$1.50

NEW YORKER



Le parfum qui est une femme.

IVOIRE
de Pierre Balmain.



B Altman & Co

It's always a pleasure. Especially at Christmas.

Getting away from winter? Here's how to look like a real Southern belle. They'll all call you Sugar when they see you in this gleamy, creamy cotton sateen. But there's nothing Ante-Bellum about **Kathryn Conover's** fresh design. New: **high-climbing** neckline. New: wide and flattering waistline. **Pretty:** puffed sleeves and trapunto stitching. Also comes in wine for 6 to 14, 160.00. See it in Young Designers, third floor of **Fifth Avenue's only** department store, full of north/south holiday delights right now.



Out of town, call Toll Free (800) 228-5444. In Nebraska (800) 642-8777. Diners Club and the American Express cards are welcome at Altman's. 161 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016, White Plains, Manhasset, N.Y., Short Hills, Ridgewood/Paramus, N.J., St. Davids, Willow Grove Park, Pa.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

AGNES OF GOD—Elizabeth Ashley, Geraldine Page, and Amanda Plummer have much to say about a peculiar subject—the apparent virgin birth to a young nun in a convent of a child subsequently found dead. The discussion is a lively one, though the playwright, John Pielmeier, has found no satisfactory way of bringing it to an end. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/12/82.) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

ALMOST AN EAGLE—A comedy by Michael Kimberley, starring James Whitmore. Jacques Levy is the director. Previews Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 14-15. Opens officially on Thursday, Dec. 16. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

BOOGIE-WOOGIE RUMBLE OF A DREAM DEFERRED—An antiwar musical still in workshop and loosely based on Irwin Shaw's "Bury the Dead." The script presents some difficulties, being somewhat anachronistic in feeling, but when it is set aside, the numbers—singing, dancing, acting—are marvellous. Micki Grant wrote the vibrant, melodic songs, and the entire production was conceived, adapted, and (above all) directed by the phenomenal Vinnette Carroll. (Urban Arts Theatre, 26 W. 20th St. 924-7820. Thursdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 5:30. Closes Sunday, Dec. 19.)

BREAKFAST WITH LES AND BESS—Lee Kalcheim's relentlessly joky and rather disagreeable comedy, set in 1961, about a husband-and-wife team who broadcast daily over WOR while their personal lives collapse into smithereens. The jokes, bright or brutal, are delivered with precision by the company, under Barnett Kellman's direction. (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9810. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 19.)

CATS—Ezra Pound nicknamed T. S. Eliot "Old Possum," and Eliot wrote a collection of poems about cats under that name, and now the cats are on display on Broadway, with music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, scenery by John Napier, and direction by Trevor Nunn. (10/18/82) (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6222. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

DO LORD REMEMBER ME—James de Jongh has made his tense, dramatic play from reminiscences of former slaves who were still alive in the nineteen-thirties. The performances—the acting, singing, and dancing—under Regge Life's direction are often humorous and always moving. With Frances Foster, Glynn Turman, Ebony Jo-Ann, Charles H. Patterson, and Lou Myers. (11/8/82) (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Thursdays and Sundays at 3.)

EDMOND—David Mamet's play about a New York businessman who leaves West Seventy-ninth Street for the Times Square underworld is as hypnotic as a nightmare, although once it is over, a few flaws become apparent. It is very well performed, under Gregory Mosher's direction, by a cast imported from the Goodman Theatre, in Chicago. (11/8/82) (Provincetown, 133 Macdougall St. 777-2571. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

84 CHARING CROSS ROAD—A dramatization by James Roose-Evans of the Helen Hanft work.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18

Ellen Burstyn and Joseph Maher co-star in this London import. Directed by Mr. Roose-Evans. (Nederlander Theatre, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

EQUITY LIBRARY THEATRE—A revival of Frank D. Gilroy's **WHO'LL SAVE THE PLOWBOY?** is the third in this season's series of eight productions. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Dec. 19. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

FOXFIRE—Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn are at the top of their form in this rather ramshackle little play about life in the Blue Ridge Mountains of northern Georgia. The authors of the play are Susan Cooper and Mr. Cronyn. (11/22/82) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

GENIUSES—Jonathan Reynolds, a gifted playwright, has written an annoying, campy comedy about some movie people on location

near Manila during a typhoon. (5/24/82) (Douglas Fairbanks Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at Matinées Sundays at 3.)

GOOD—A melodrama about two Germans, one a Christian and the other a Jew, and who befalls them under Hitler. The Christian German believes himself to be a good man and isn't; that is the critical failing upon which the plot turns. Admirably enacted among others, Alan Howard and Gary Warhorn, under the direction of Howard Davis. (10/25/82) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 236-2000. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

GREATER TUNA—Joe Sears and Jaston Williams pair of nimble, clever actors, portray two citizens (m. and f.) of the third-smallest town in Texas, in a play that is as broad as a cartoon but is also sharp and satiric and frequently funny. It was written by Mr. Williams, Mr. Sears, and their director, Howard. (11/1/82) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 10 and 12; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

HAMLET—Shakespeare's tragedy, with Dia Venora in the title role. Directed by Jose Papp. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Public, 4 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7.)

HERMAN VAN VEEN: ALL OF HIM—A one-man musical show by this performer from Holla

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Property of

THE TALK OF THE TOWN	AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY	3
"THE BLACK PEUGEOT"	Big Sandy, Texas	4
"LAST WORDS" (POEM)	Philip Levine	4
"THE SLEDDING PARTY"	Steven Milhauser	4
A REPORTER AT LARGE (POLITICS AND MONEY)	Elizabeth Drew	5
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE (CHRISTMAS GIFTS FOR CHILDREN) (AND FOR MEN)		11
THE THEATRE (OFF BROADWAY)	Edith Oliver	16
THE CURRENT CINEMA	Pauline Kael	69
MUSICAL EVENTS	Andrew Porter	176
BOOKS (BRIEFLY NOTED)		184

COVER: Lonni Sue Johnson

DRAWINGS: Joseph Farris, James Stevenson, Charles Barsotti, Warren Miller, Leo Cullum, Bill Woodman, Ed Fisher, Lee Lorenz, Sam Gross, Edward Frascino, William Steig, Michael Maslin, Henry Martin, J. B. Handelsman, Stan Hunt, Charles Addams, Robert Weber, Dana Fradon, Mischa Richter, George Booth, Arnie Levin

THE NEW YORKER

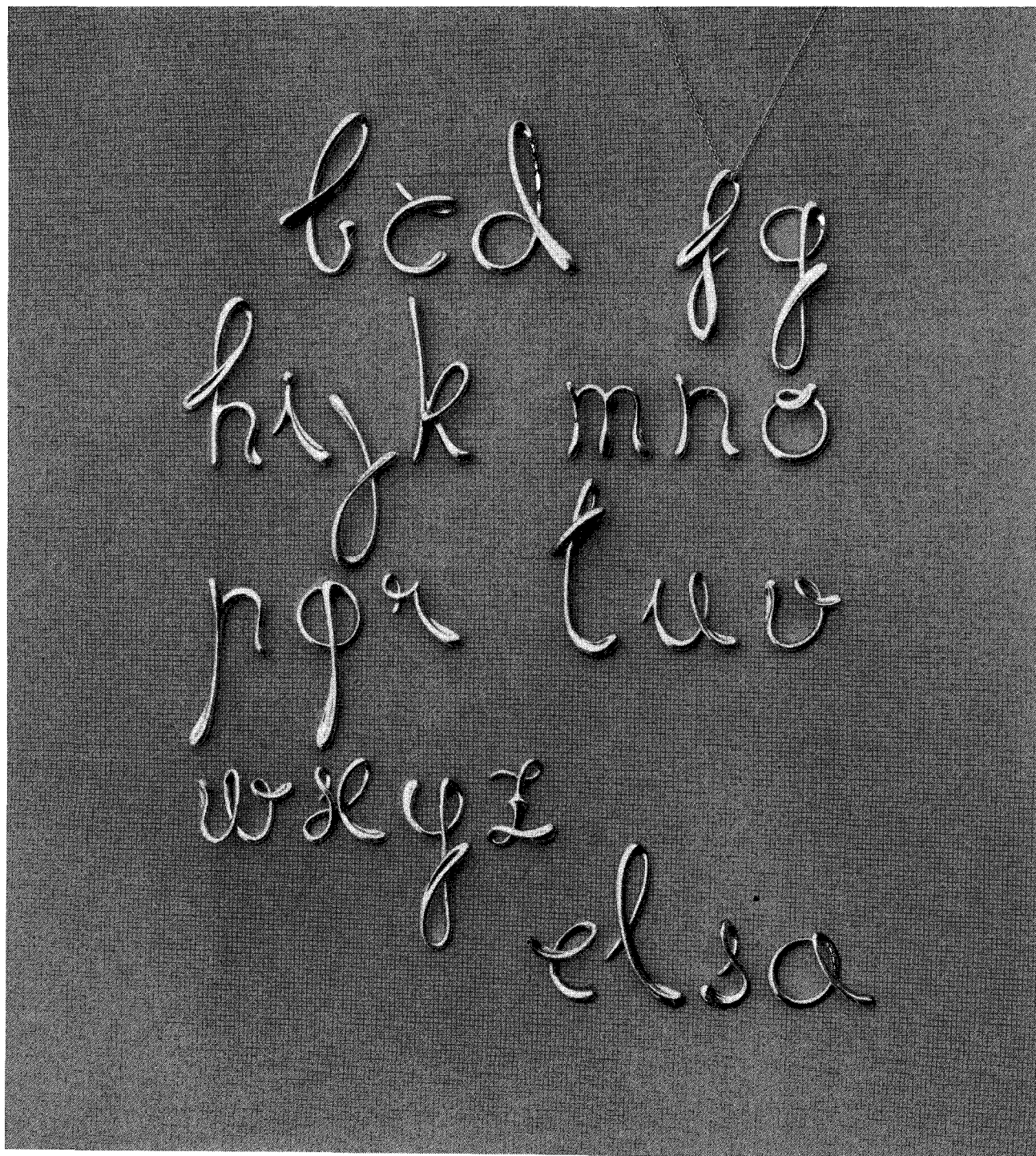
25 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036

(212) 840-3800

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

In ordering a change of address, subscribers should give four weeks' notice, providing both old and new addresses, with Zip Codes. If possible, please send the address label from a recent issue.

THE NEW YORKER (ISSN 0028-792X), published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036; Peter F. Fleischmann, chairman; George J. Green, president; J. Kennard Bose, vice-president & treasurer; Milton Greenstein, Sam R. Spoto, vice-presidents; Elaine M. Matteo, secretary; Robert F. Youn, advertising director. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; Suite 2360, 5900 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90036; 1175 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30361; 67½ Chestnut St., Boston, Mass. 02108; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W1X 0ED. Vol. LVII No. 43, December 13, 1982. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1982 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, \$28.00; two years, \$46.00. In Canada, one year, \$34.00. Other foreign, \$40.00. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The New Yorker, 25 W. 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036.



Peretti Letters

Elsa Peretti's new alphabet pendants on fifteen inch chains, in eighteen karat gold. Larger letters: b, d, f, g, h, j, k, l, p, q, t, y, each, \$195. Smaller letters: a, c, e, i, m, n, o, r, s, u, v, w, x, z, each, \$185. Also available in sterling silver, each, \$35. Only at Tiffany's.

TIFFANY & Co.

NEW YORK FIFTH AVE. & 57th ST. • ATLANTA • CHICAGO • DALLAS • HOUSTON • SAN FRANCISCO • BEVERLY HILLS • Design © T. & Co.

Nationwide toll-free, 800-526-0649 • New Jersey toll-free, 800-452-9146
Add \$4 for shipping plus any sales tax • American Express • Diners Club • MasterCard • Visa

Please send \$1 for our current Selections catalogue

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Opens Wednesday, Dec. 8, and will run through Sunday, Dec. 19. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinees Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

THE HOLLY AND THE IVY—An English domestic play that all but stifles in its own gentility. The late Wynyard Browne was the dramatist. Staged by Lindsay Anderson. (11/29/82) (Susan Bloch Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

IT'S ONLY A PLAY—And barely even that. (Actors and Directors Theatre, 410 W. 42nd St. 239-0827. Thursday and Friday at 8, and Saturday at 7 and 10. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 12.)

LIGHT OPERA OF MANHATTAN—Presenting Victor Herbert's **BABES IN TOYLAND**. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

A LITTLE FAMILY BUSINESS—Angela Lansbury and John McMartin head the cast of Jay Presson Allen's comedy, adapted from the French play "Potiche," by Pierre Barillet and Jean-Pierre Gredy. Previews through Wednesday matinee, Dec. 15. Opens officially on Wednesday evening, Dec. 15. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS—Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is untainted by camp. The spirited, tuneful rock score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman wrote the witty book and witty lyrics; the singing and comic acting by the entire company is a credit to Mr. Ashman, the inventive director. Martin P. Robinson designed and manipulates the menacing plant, and it speaks and sings in the menacing baritone of Ron Taylor. With Lee Wilkof as the apprentice florist who discovers and nurtures it, and Ellen Greene as the lady he loves. (9/27/82) (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

MARVELOUS GRAY—A play by and with Diane Kagan. (Lion, 422 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

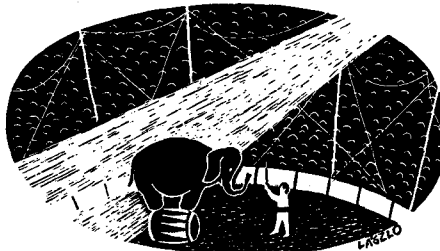
MASTER HAROLD... AND THE BOYS—Athol Fugard's deft if unnecessarily didactic play about the immorality of apartheid. Formidably well acted under the author's direction. With James Earl Jones. (5/17/82) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

MONDAY AFTER THE MIRACLE—Set sixteen years after "The Miracle Worker," William Gibson's new play stars Jane Alexander as Annie Sullivan and Karen Allen as Helen Keller. Staged by Arthur Penn. Previews through Monday, Dec. 13. Opens officially on Tuesday, Dec. 14. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

NINE—A sensationally opulent production of a musical comedy wrenched with little intellectual finesse from the classic movie "8½." Raul Julia is the star. (5/24/82) (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

PORTRAIT OF JENNIE—A musical version of the Robert Nathan novel. The book is by Enid Futterman and Dennis Rosa, the music by Howard Marren, and the lyrics by Miss Futterman. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30. Closes Sunday, Dec. 19.)

PRESENT LAUGHTER—Audiences guffaw at this outrageous roughing up of Noël Coward's gentle, well-written comedy, much as if it were a country circus. George C. Scott is the star and director. (7/26/82) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18

through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 2.)

THE SHOWGIRL—Mary Soreanu in a Yiddish musical, with an English narration. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Wednesday, Dec. 8, at 2 and 8; Thursday, Dec. 9, at 2; Saturday, Dec. 11, at 8:30; and Sunday, Dec. 12, at 2 and 5:30. The show will reopen, after a brief hiatus, on Wednesday, Dec. 22.)

SOME MEN NEED HELP—A play by John Ford Noonan, with Philip Bosco and Treat Williams. (47th Street Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. 757-5458. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

STEAMING—A play by Nell Dunn, set in a women's steam bath, which features Polly Rowles and Pauline Flanagan. Roger Smith has directed this London show. Previews through Saturday, Dec. 11. Opens officially on Sunday, Dec. 12. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Thursday, Dec. 9, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

TRUE WEST—Sam Shepard's comedy about two rival brothers in California, which was given an unsatisfactory production last year, has now been transformed by the superb clowning of John Malkovich and Gary Sinise, of Chicago. Mr. Sinise was the admirable director. (11/29/82) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

TWICE AROUND THE PARK—A pair of one-act plays by Murray Schisgal, made to seem far funnier than they are by the strenuous caperings of Anne Jackson and Eli Wallach. (11/15/82) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

THE UPPER DEPTHS—A comedy by David Steven Rappoport. (Wonderhorse, 83 E. 4th St. 533-5888. Thursdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Saturdays at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 19.)

YELLOW FEVER—Donald Li in a mystery-comedy by R. A. Shiomi. (28th Street Playhouse, 120 W. 28th St. 755-7293. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

LONG RUNS—AMADEUS: A highly intelligent Peter Shaffer thriller having to do, on one level, with the possibility that Mozart's early death was a result of his having been poisoned by a rival and, on another level, with that rival's indignant repudiation of God. David Dukes plays the villainous putative murderer, Antonio Salieri; John Pankow plays the hapless Mozart; and Suzanne Lederer plays his pretty, perky wife. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **ANNIE**: A long musical derived from the celebrated comic-strip characters Little Orphan Annie and Daddy Warbucks. With June Havoc as an alcoholic scold. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays and Sundays at 6:45. Matinees Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Jan. 2.) ... **A CHORUS LINE**: A group of young dancers audition for a handful of cho-

rus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know every thing about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **CLOUD**: Caryl Churchill's comedy about the "confusion" of sexuality—first in a British outpost in Africa in 1880 and then in a park in London in 1980—is a witty and original work that adds a measure of confusion all its own. It is very well performed under Tomm Tune's brilliant direction. (Lucille Lortie Theatre, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Sunday at 3.) ... **CRIMES OF THE HEART**: The events that befall an unhappy family in a small town in Mississippi give a remarkable young playwright, Beth Henley, a chance to write a succession of highly comic scenes. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **DINING ROOM**: The action of A. R. Gurney, Jr., delightful play takes place in a formal dining room over the past fifty years or so, somewhere in New England, and this action is a matter of brief scenes about a large assortment of characters who are portrayed by nimble, accomplished actors. David Trainor was the good director. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4371. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Sundays at 3.) ... **DREAMGIRLS**: The slickest possible production of a musical comedy whose book, music, and lyrics are almost totally lacking in character. If Michael Bennett, the director, had been a Union general, the Civil War would have lasted about twenty minutes. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **EVITA**: A sentimental musical about the life and death of Eva Perón. An excellent cast and a stylish production, but Eva remains a very peculiar choice for a heroine. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **THE FANTASTICKS**: 9,408 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleeker St. 674-3838. Tuesday through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.) ... **42ND STREET**: Once upon a time there was a silly-wonderful Warner Brothers musical about a young hoover who goes on in place of a disabled star and herself becomes a star overnight. The legitimate musical that has been fashioned from the movie musical is just as silly but by no means as wonderful. With Jerry Orbach, Millicent Martin, and Lise Brown. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **JOSEPH AND THE AMAZING TECHNICOLOR DREAMCOAT**: Andy Gibb heads the cast of a musical derived from the Old Testament story. Andrew Lloyd Webber composed the score and Tim Rice wrote the lyrics. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:15. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **OH! CALCUTTA!**: A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Sundays at 3.) ... **ONE MO' TIME**: A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity. Dick Vance plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (Village Gate, 160 Bleeker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.) ... **PUMP BOYS AND DINETTES**: A thoroughly engaging and spirited little cabaret musical, set in a gas station with diner attached, somewhere in the South. Most of the appealing songs were written by Jim Wann or by his wife, Cass Morgan. (Princess, Broadway at 48th St. 586-3903. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **SISTER MARY IGNATIUS EXPLAINS IT ALL FOR YOU AND THE ACTOR'S NIGHTMARE**: "Sister Ignatius," the second of Christopher Durang's brace of one-



Non-Conformist.

For good reasons, all of Clinique is fragrance-free. Then why is a perfume sold at Clinique counters?

It started out as a service. For customers who wanted a fragrance that typified the unique qualities of the Clinique woman.

Aromatics Elixir was the answer. But for years, Clinique let it be a private discovery, and didn't say much about it. Quietly left it on its own, to sink or swim.

Aromatics Elixir was noticed. Asked about. Word spread that this blend of herbs and essences has remarkably magnetic effects. It performs. Attracts interest. Gets fascinating results.

Find it only at Clinique counters. Spray it on. See for yourself why it's like no other perfume.

Aromatics Elixir never conformed. Needed no fanfare. It's the only self-made perfume success.



Aromatics Elixir

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18

acters, is a scathing satire on Catholic education: a crazy nun verbally molests her small pupils until she is given her comeuppance by four visiting alumni. With Nancy Marchand. In the curtain-raiser, "The Actor's Nightmare," a businessman dreams that he is on a stage and forced to perform, giving rise to a cluster of shrewd parodies of respected playwrights. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Sundays at 3.) ... **A SOLDIER'S PLAY:** The Negro Ensemble Company production of Charles Fuller's gripping drama about an investigation into the shooting of a black sergeant at an Army camp in Louisiana in 1944. The performances by all members of the company are excellent, under Douglas Turner Ward's direction. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 2.) ... **SOPHISTICATED LADIES:** Maurice Hines and half a dozen fellow-dancers and singers make their way at breakneck speed through some thirty-five Duke Ellington numbers. A very slick production, though the great Duke himself seems oddly absent from his own party. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **TORCH SONG TRILOGY:** Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by and starring Harvey Fierstein, as a Jewish homosexual hustler and drag queen. Richard DeFabe substitutes for Mr. Fierstein at the matinee performances. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **WOMAN OF THE YEAR:** Raquel Welch heads the cast of this musical. The music and lyrics are by Kander and Ebb, and the direction is by Robert Moore. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

FORBIDDEN BROADWAY—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsone's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 9; Fridays and Saturdays at 9 and midnight; and Sundays at 9.)

MARTIN CHARNIN'S UPSTAIRS AT O'NEALS—A lively little revue with a young cast of six, whose ranks may or may not include a future Chita Rivera or Joel Grey. (O'Neals', 147 W. 43rd St. 382-1614. Tuesdays at 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8 and 10:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

LIPIZZANER HORSES—Twenty-six white stallions from the Spanish Riding School of Vienna performing the classic maneuvers for which they are famous. (Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Final performances Wednesday through Friday, Dec. 8-10, at 8.)

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL—The annual Christmas show. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Wednesday, Dec. 8, at 11, 2:30, and 7:30; Thursday, Dec. 9, at 2:30; Friday, Dec. 10, at 2:30 and 7:30; Saturday, Dec. 11, at 11, 2:30, and 7:30; Sunday, Dec. 12, at 12:30, 4, and 7:30; Tuesday through Thursday, Dec. 14-16, at 2:30; Friday, Dec. 17, at 2:30 and 7:30; and Saturday, Dec. 18, at 11, 2:30, and 7:30. Through Thursday, Jan. 6.)

BIG APPLE CIRCUS—A one-ring circus in a heated tent. (Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center. Wednesday, Dec. 8, at 11 and 7:30; Thursday, Dec. 9, a benefit performance at 6:30; Friday, Dec. 10, at 4 and 8; Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 11-12, at 1 and 4; Monday, Dec. 13, at 4 and 7:30; Wednesday, Dec. 15, at 11 and 7:30; Thursday, Dec. 16, at 4 and 7:30; Friday, Dec. 17, at 4 and 8; and Saturday, Dec. 18, at 1 and 4. Through Sunday, Jan. 2. For information about tickets, call 860-7320.)

DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Performances of "The Nutcracker" are being presented through Sunday, Jan. 2. (New York State Theatre,

Lincoln Center. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 6; Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 2 and 8; and Sundays at 1 and 5. Through Sunday, Feb. 20.)

ALVIN AILEY AMERICAN DANCE THEATRE—Wednesday evening, Dec. 8: "The Stack Up," "Pigs & Fishes," "Sonnets," and "Memoria." ... Thursday evening, Dec. 9: "Phases," "Waves," "Introduction and Allegro," and "Concerto in F." ... Friday evening, Dec. 10: "The Stack Up," "Songs Without Words," and "Revelations." ... Saturday matinee, Dec. 11: "Blues Suite," "Fontessa and Friends," and "Memoria." ... Saturday evening, Dec. 11: "Landscape," "Waves," "Introduction and Allegro," and "Revelations." ... Sunday matinee, Dec. 12: "Blues Suite," "The River," and "Memoria." ... Sunday evening, Dec. 12: "Landscape," "Pigs & Fishes," "Sonnets," and "Concerto in F." ... Tuesday evening, Dec. 14: "Waves," "Introduction and Allegro," "Songs Without Words," and "Concerto in F." ... Wednesday evening, Dec. 15: "Landscape," "Spectrum," and "Revelations." ... Thursday evening, Dec. 16: "Streams," "Treading," "Blues Suite," and "Memoria." ... Friday evening, Dec. 17: "Blues Suite," "Pigs & Fishes," "Sonnets," and "Concerto in F." ... Saturday matinee, Dec. 18: "The Stack Up," "The River," and "Phases." ... Saturday evening, Dec. 18: "Streams," "Treading," "Songs Without Words," and "Memoria." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees at 2. Through Sunday, Dec. 19.)

JOSÉ LIMÓN DANCE COMPANY—Wednesday, Dec. 8, and Friday, Dec. 10, at 8; Sunday, Dec. 12, at 2 and 7:30; and Thursday, Dec. 16, and Saturday, Dec. 18, at 8: "Sonata," "Carlota," and "Missa Brevis." ... Thursday, Dec. 9; Saturday, Dec. 11; and Wednesday, Dec. 15, all at 8: "Air for the G String," "The Un-sung," "The Moor's Pavane," and "There Is a Time." ... Tuesday, Dec. 14, and Friday, Dec. 17, at 8: "Sonata," "Magritte Magritte," and "The Emperor Jones." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Through Sunday, Dec. 19.)

DUTCH NATIONAL BALLET—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday, Dec. 8, at 7; and Thursday, Dec. 9, at 8: "Dialogues," "Twilight," "Piano Variations II," "Piano Variations III," and "5 Tangos." ... Friday, Dec. 10, at 8; Saturday, Dec. 11, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Dec. 12, at 2: "A Garden Unkempt," "Four Last Songs," and "Pyrrhic Dances II." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

DAVID GORDON/PICK UP COMPANY—Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8; Sundays at 3; and Mondays at 8: A full-length work, "Trying Times." ... Fridays and Saturdays at 11: "T.V. Reel," in a new non-video version. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Through Monday, Dec. 20.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. ... Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ANGRY SQUIRE, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A convivial Chelsea bar and

restaurant gussied up as a nautical pub. The four-foot-high bandstand is more likely to induce acrophobia than seasickness. **MAJIC HOLLEY**, who vocalizes in a buzzing baritone as he bows his bass, works with pianist **NORMA SIMMONS** Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 11; on Friday and Saturday, Dec. 17-18, pianist **BROSS TOWNSEND** will guide his trio. Set at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (47-8592)—**TANIA MARIA**, a lively Brazilian-jazz pianist, sings and chirps and trills in the typical Brazilian-pop-music manner with her combo on Wednesday, Dec. 8; Thursday through Sunday, Dec. 9-12, the **LIONEL HAMPTON** big band will fill up the bandstand; on Monday, Dec. 13, the jazz showcase will feature Carl Grimmett and Stephanie Crawford; on Tuesday, Dec. 14, trumpeter **CLARK TERRELL** who still mugs and mumbles—i.e., sings—his way through a set, will bring in his sweet sounding quintet. There are usually three sets, beginning at nine-thirty.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (22-6300)—The varied schedule: Wednesday, Dec. 8, the Dregs; Thursday, Dec. 9, George Winston; Friday and Saturday, Dec. 10-11, **ARLO GUTHRIE** & Shenandoah; Tuesday, Dec. 14, T. S. Monk; Wednesday, Dec. 15, the **BUDDY RICH** big band and Ron Darian; Thursday, Dec. 16, comedians Arsenio Hall, Pa. Riesen, and Barry Sobel; and Friday through Sunday, Dec. 17-19, singer Jon Lucien at Tyzik. Shows Sundays through Thursdays eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dinin

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (22-6440)—The epitome of an intimate, dark wood-paneled, sophisticated New York bar. The cream of the New York jazz scene is in or on deck: pianist **KENNY BARRON** and bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS** through Saturday, Dec. 1 beginning Monday, Dec. 13, pianist **TOMI FLANAGAN** and bassist **GEORGE MRAZ**; and every Sunday guitarist **JOE BECK** and bassist **J. LEONHART**. Music from nine-forty-five. Dinin

BROADWAY JOE'S, 315 W. 46th St., near Eighth Ave. (246-6513)—The urbanely swinging **JIMMY LYON**, who plays piano until ten. Peacock Alley at the Waldorf, a large, well-subdued room, comes to this convivial, buzzing, smallish barroom, where he gets a impressive second wind. He's here from ten-thirty to two Fridays and Saturdays. Dinin

CAFÉ PIERRE, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI**, who occasionally lets loose on hot-chord solos on the resonant seven-string (the seventh string is bass string) guitar, guides a trio Tuesday through Saturdays from nine to one. Dinin and dancing.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (74-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT**, once the prized fixture of the Café Carlyle, is back—a prized visitor nowadays—vigorously paying his respects to Gershwin, Porter, Coward, and others, as his admirers pay him theirs. Shows at ten and midnight. Dining. ... In the Bemelmarm Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** is at the piano nightly except Sundays, from nine.

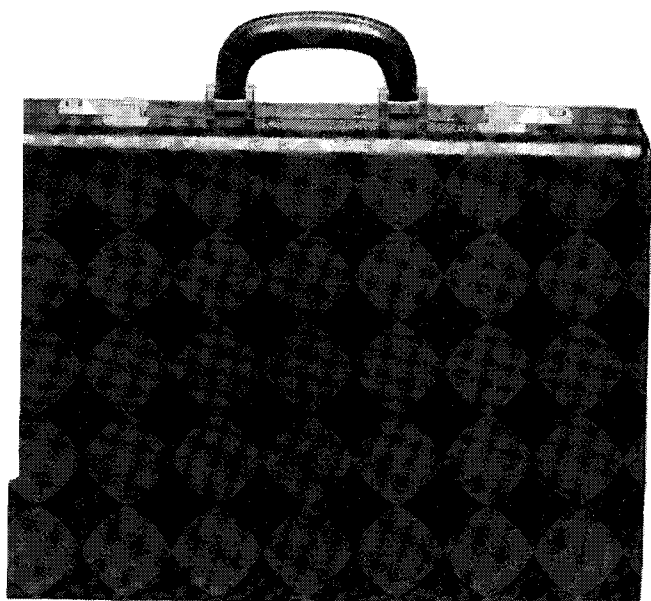
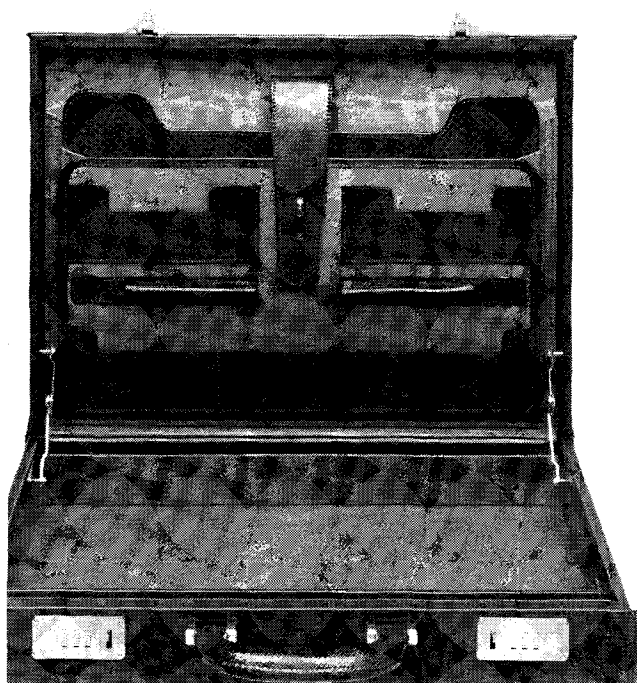
CARNEGIE TAVERN, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—A bar and restaurant painted the color of Vienna-roast coffee beans. **ELLIS LARKINS**, the demure, elegant pianist who in the past has accompanied Joe Williams, Helen Humes, Ella Fitzgerald, Sylvia Syms, and many other singers, is the star here. He appears nightly except Sundays, from nine to midnight.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—The Bowery Institute of Rock and Roll. Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 9-11, the U.K. Subs will be present along with the Misguided on Thursday, the Young & the Useless on Friday, and Kraut on Saturday. Monday is showcase night. Music from long after nine-thirty.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**ALBERTA HUNTER** demonstrates the art of the blues innuendo for the uninitiated with her trio Wednesdays through Saturday: pianist **DON SHIRLEY** leads a trio Sunday through Tuesdays. Shows at nine and eleven fifteen. Dining.

DAVID K'S, 1115 Third Ave., at 65th St. (371-9090)—**RONNY WHYTE** can be found in the Aquarium Lounge, playing piano and singing





When
your
own
initials
are
enough™

BOTTEGA VENETA

NEW YORK 635 Madison Ave.

BEVERLY HILLS

PARIS

VENEZIA

VIENNA

PADOVA

NEIMAN-MARCUS All stores

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

songs you may remember, songs you may have forgotten, and songs you may never even have heard of. Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one.

EAGLE TAVERN, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—Bluegrass, string-band, and Irish, British, and American folk music made by visiting players from New England, the Eastern seaboard, and Appalachia is the fare, along with pitchers of beer. Thursday, Dec. 9, Brad Leftwich and Marth Higginbotham, with David Wierhake; Saturday, Dec. 11, Mac Benford's Old-Time band; Wednesday, Dec. 15, the Soldier's Fancy; and Saturday, Dec. 18, Charged Particles, with Marty Cutler. Music Wednesdays at eight-thirty, Thursdays at eight-fifteen, and Saturdays at nine.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—One of the two homes for traditional small-band jazz on the block (see also Jimmy Ryan's below). The house band works out Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to two; Wednesdays Bill and George Simon's quintet has the floor from five-thirty to eight-thirty. On Mondays at eight-thirty and on Sunday, Dec. 12, at nine-fifteen, **BOB WILBER & THE BECHET LEGACY** perform. Dining.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A sleek, well-attended, basement jazz club. Drummer and composer **JACK DE JOHNETTE'S SPECIAL EDITION**, an engaging electric-jazz sextet, makes a rare New York City appearance through Sunday, Dec. 12; on Tuesday, Dec. 14, altoist **PHIL WOODS** will come in with his quartet. The first set begins about nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

FOLK CITY, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Considerably more musical than Tie City or Food City. Thursday, Dec. 9, Priscilla Herdman and David Mallet; Friday, Dec. 10, gravelly-voiced veteran **DAVE VAN RONK**; Saturday, Dec. 11, Ronnee Blakley; Sunday, Dec. 12, Guy Van Duser and Billy Novick; Thursday, Dec. 16, Stan Rogers; and Saturday, Dec. 18; Buzzy Linhart. Two shows—the first one getting under way about nine—every night but Monday, which is hootenanny night and begins about eight.

GREENE STREET, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A sort of indoor *piazza del popolo* for SoHo tourists and the *popolo* who can afford to live there. There are brick walls and archways, lots of vegetation (in pots), wicker furniture, and balcony vistas. The schedule: Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 8-9, Kim Shaw; Friday and Saturday, Dec. 10-11, Carmen Lundy; Monday, Dec. 13, bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM**, pianist **BROSS TOWNSEND**, and guest bassist **BRIAN SMITH**; Tuesday through Thursday, Dec. 14-16, pianist **HAROLD MABERN** and bassist **JAMIL NASSER**; and Friday and Saturday, Dec. 17-18, singer and pianist **AMINA CLAUDE MYERS** and bassist **DON PATE**. Sundays belong to singer, pianist, and composer **ANDY BEY**. Sets begin Sundays through Thursdays at ten and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine, eleven, and one. Dining.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—The Jack Fragomeni trio is on hand through Sunday, Dec. 12; Wednesday through Sunday, Dec. 15-19, will be turned over to the Scott Hardy trio. On Mondays, singer-pianist Graham Forbes works with bassist Ray Carle; and on Tuesdays guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** heads up a trio. All these groups play from ten. On Sundays from five to ten, pianist and singer **BROOKS KERR** dips into his repertoire of Ellington and stride-piano numbers.

GRIFF'S, Third Ave. at 37th St. (867-7179)—An open-air terrace wraps around this second-story restaurant. The inside is pleasant and modern and warmer. Pianist Mike LeDonne's trio performs through Saturday, Dec. 11; and on Tuesday, Dec. 14, pianist **HAL SCHAEFER** will move in with bassist **HARVE SWARTZ**. Sets begin at nine. Sundays and Mondays, **NINA SHELDON** sings and plays piano from seven until eleven.

HANRATTY'S, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—**DICK WELLSTOOD**, the house stride-piano specialist, stretches out Tuesdays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine. On Wednesday, Dec. 8, **DILL JONES** will sit in for Wellstood. Dining.

JAZZMANIA SOCIETY, 40 W. 27th St. (532-7666)—A big, airy space with tables and chairs,

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18

couches, and a diminutive bar. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 10-11, **CLAUDIO RODITI**, a crisp, crackling Brazilian-jazz trumpeter, will lead his group; the Jeff Morgan-Noel Cohen quartet will be here on Thursday, Dec. 16; and on Friday and Saturday, Dec. 17-18, **THIAGO DE MELLO** will head up his ten-piece Brazilian-jazz band, **AMAZON**. The music begins at eight-thirty. On Fridays, a jam session runs from one to three A.M.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—Ryan's house band, led by trumpeter Spanky Davis, lets loose Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Mondays, **MAX KAMINSKY** is in charge. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

KNICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that is crowded with good listeners, and for good musical reasons. To wit: pianist **JOHN LEWIS** and bassist **RON CARTER** through Saturday, Dec. 11; pianist **ROLAND HANNA** and bassist **MIKE RICHMOND** beginning Tuesday, Dec. 14; and the Sunday-and-Monday men, pianist **JUNIOR MANCE** and bassist **MARTY RIVERA**. Music from ten.

LONE STAR CAFE, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—An authentic Texas hangout for expatriate Texans, for New Yorkers, and for French tourists. The music is usually good solid blues, rock, folk, or country, and it starts after eight-thirty. Part of the schedule: Wednesday, Dec. 8, Uncle Floyd; Thursday, Dec. 9, New Orleans pianist **DR. JOHN**; Monday, Dec. 13, bluesman **LUTHER ALLISON**; and Thursday, Dec. 16, Rank & File. Dining.

LUSH LIFE, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—Tenor saxophonist **DEXTER GORDON**, one of the greats, leads his current quartet through Saturday, Dec. 11; on Sunday and Monday, Dec. 12-13, pianist **RICHIE BEIRACH**, saxophonist **DAVE LIEBMAN**, trumpeter **RANDY BRECKER**, and drummer **RASHIED ALI** will team up; on Tuesday, Dec. 14, Richie Beirach and Dave Liebman will perform duets; and on Wednesday, Dec. 15, bassist **REGGIE WORKMAN'S TOP SHELF** will begin a four-night visit. Sets start at nine-thirty nightly. Dining.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**DICK HYMAN'S PERFECT JAZZ REPERTORY** quintet works from a perfect repertoire of Gershwin tunes Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen; Mondays the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band is on the stand from nine to midnight. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—The hippest spot on Columbus Avenue, which is known for the R. & B. and jazz bands that have been performing here for the good part of a decade. The partial schedule: Wednesday, Dec. 8, Thom Rotella; Thursday, Dec. 9, Nitesprite; Friday and Saturday, Dec. 10-11, **ART BLAKEY & THE JAZZ MESSENGERS**; and Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 13-14, drummer **CHRIS PARKER**. Music from about ten until two. Dining.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Folk, blues, rock, and jazz in an intimate room that has fine sight lines to the stage. Wednesday, Dec. 8, Doug Ashley & the Characters and **FINN & THE SHARKS**, Nyack, N.Y.'s claim to rockabilly fame; Thursday, Dec. 9, jazz singer

MARK MURPHY and Entity; Friday, Dec. 10, Billy Mernit and Marcos Estebez; Saturday, Dec. 11, Strangers; Wednesday, Dec. 15, B. Willi Smith; Thursday, Dec. 16, Guy & Pipp Gillette and Paul Geramia; Friday, Dec. 17, R. & B. and rockabilly classicist **OTIS BLACKWELL** (he wrote "Don't Be Cruel," "All Shook Up," "Burning Love," "Fever," and "Great Ball of Fire") and George Dickel; and Saturday, Dec. 18, Mrozinski. Shows at nine-thirty and midnight. Sundays are reserved for a jam session from about ten. Mondays, a talent show case begins at eight. Dining and dancing.

PEACOCK ALLEY, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon who has accompanied Mabel Mercer through the past decade, has a touch that seen magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesday through Saturdays from six to ten.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—**SY OLIVER** and his bouncy dance orchestra are on the bandstand Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; and Sunday from six to midnight. Dining.

RED BLAZER TOO, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—A large, busy establishment that has a slightly touristy feel to it. Traditional jazz is presented from about nine every night but Sunday, when it begins at seven. Dining.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A ballroom that dates from 1935, when the building was remodelled—the building itself dates from 1889—to accommodate neighborhood social club dances. It has been turned into a sort of Avalon Ballroom East. Rock from the fifties, sixties, seventies, and eighties. Wednesday, Dec. 8, **THIRD WORLD**, a reggae sextet; Thursday, Dec. 9, **IGGY POP**; Friday and Saturday, Dec. 10-11, Modern English; Sunday, Dec. 12, Big Youth; Monday, Dec. 13, the H Beams; Wednesday, Dec. 15, the Thompson Twins; Thursday, Dec. 16, **TODD RUNDGREN**; and Saturday, Dec. 18, Hot Chocolate. Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing.

SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH, 21 Seventh Ave. S., Leroy St. (242-4694)—A second-floor jazz club in which most of the walls are refreshingly austere. Wednesday, Dec. 8, Brothe hood; Thursday, Dec. 9, Marvin Wright; Friday and Saturday, Dec. 10-11, No Pointer; Sunday, Dec. 12, French Toast; Monday, Dec. 13, the Lynn Welshman tet; and Tuesday, Dec. 14, singer Venus Doson. Much of the music is amplified jazz-rock and it runs from nine-thirty.

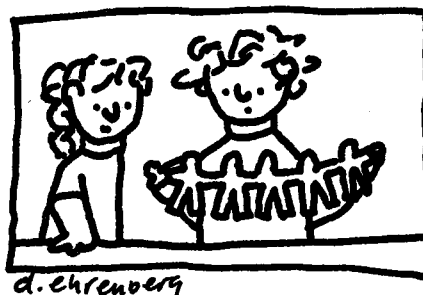
SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—Not much to look at, the very new club, a reformed luncheonette (or lapsed luncheonette, depending on your attitude toward night clubs and luncheonettes) a great place to listen to Brazilian music—Brazilian-jazz groups, samba bands, and a percussion ensembles that perform *carnaval* music—and it tends to be swirling, head wonderful stuff. Music from ten. Dining.

STAR AND GARTER, 105 W. 13th St., near Sixth Ave. (242-3166)—Fine, straight-ahead weekend jazz: Friday and Saturday, Dec. 10-11, bassist **MICKEY BASS** will perform with his quartet. Music from ten. Dining.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A bustling knotty-pine room. Kansas City pianist and singer **JAY MC SHANN** is here through Saturday, Dec. 11, and during his stay there'll be a screening of "The Last of the Blue Devils," a documentary about McShann, Basie, Joe Turner, and other K.C. personages. On Tuesday, Dec. 14, pianist **JOHN HICKS** will arrive with his quintet. Show from about ten. Sundays and Mondays now belong to pianist and French hornist **SHARON FREEMAN**. Her hours are nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—Erin go blues: Kansas City-blues and-jazz legend **BIG JOE TURNER** sings her Wednesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven-thirty, and on Sundays and Tuesday Greg Ryan and Brian Conway perform Irish music from seven-thirty to midnight.

TRAX, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Av



d. Ehrenberg

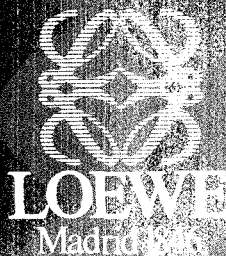


MUMM

When it comes to champagne, Mumm's the word.

LOEWE

Loewe® Leather as it can only be
when nothing is spared in its creation.
In Spain and throughout the world,
Loewe is acknowledged to be leather at its
finest. Now, after 136 years, the legendary
leathers of Loewe have come to America.
Loewe accessories, luggage and fashions for
women and men are now available at our
own store, three floors in the Trump Tower,
Fifth Avenue at 56th Street, New York.



NEW YORK

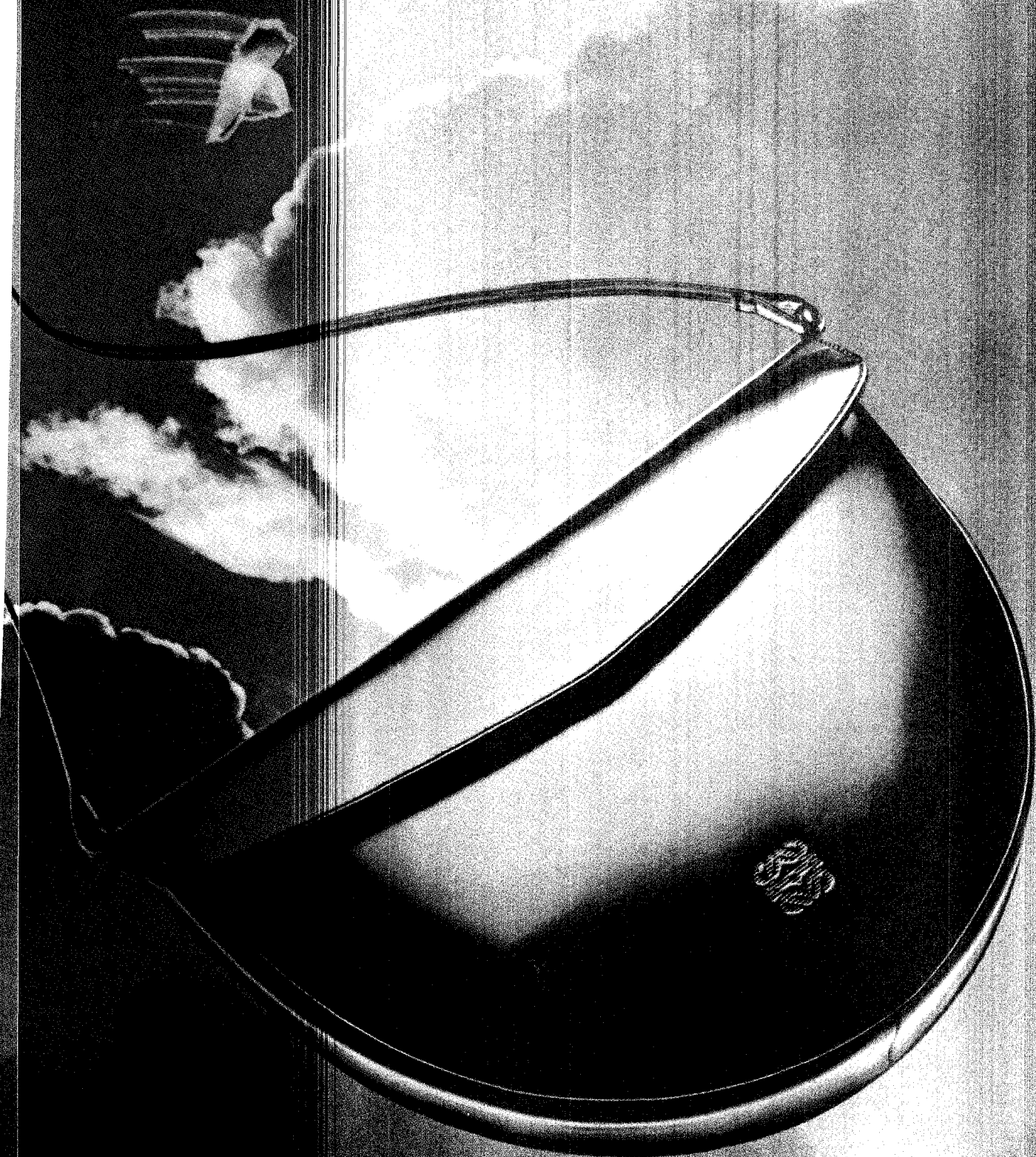
MADRID

BARCELONA

LONDON

BRUSSELS

WHEN THERE ARE NO BARRIERS



TOKYO

OSAKA

HONG KONG

SINGAPORE

SEATTLE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LOEWE IS WHAT HAPPENS TO LEATHER

In the world of couture leather,
one name commands awe: Loewe.
At Loewe, creation and craftsmanship
are inseparable. Our own designs
are meticulously executed in our own
workshops, where we are able to
achieve a level of quality that would be
impossible in anyone else's hands.
Loewe fashions for women and men, along
with our world-renowned leather accessories
and luggage, are now available at
our own store in the Trump Tower,
Fifth Avenue at 56th Street, New York.



NEW YORK

MADRID

BARCELONA

LONDON

BRUSSELS

WHEN THERE ARE NO LIMITS.

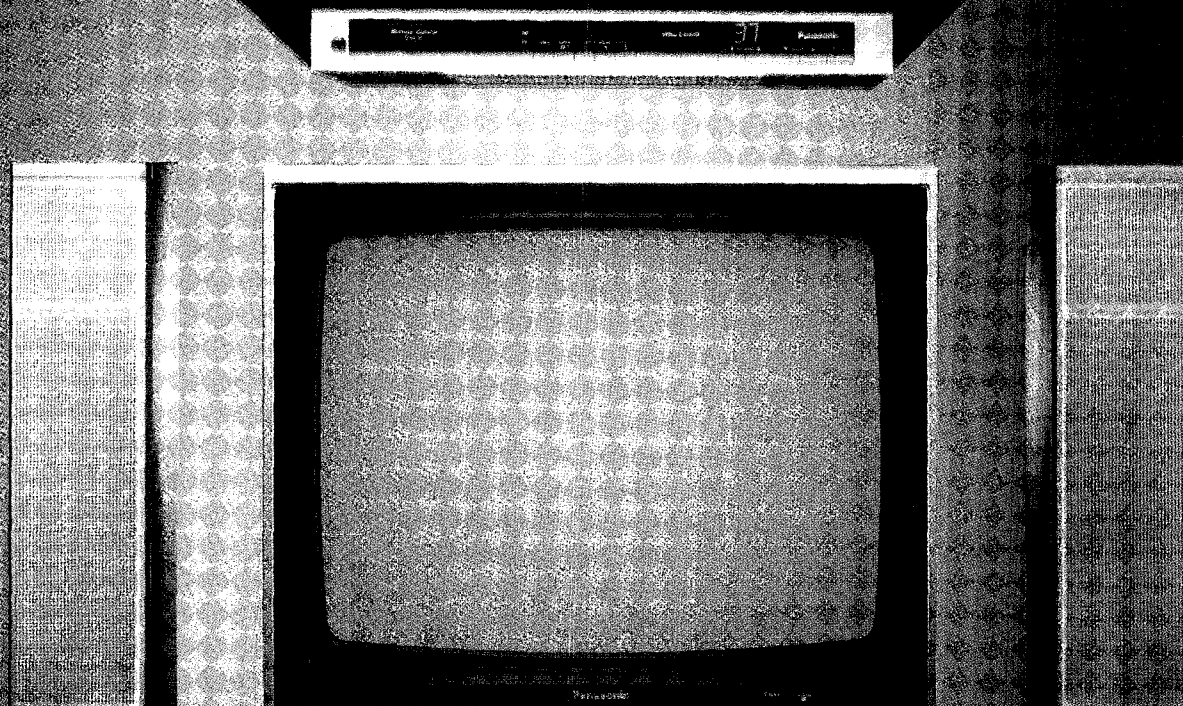
TOKYO

OSAKA

HONG KONG

SINGAPORE

KUWAIT



Panasonic Omni Series™ Component Video. Television may be the last reason you buy it.

Today, television takes a quantum leap into tomorrow. A leap into the worlds of video recreation, computer information and prerecorded programming. And with Panasonic Omni Series Component Video, you'll be ready for this video revolution!

Ready, with a separate video monitor, with the computer-designed Panasonic CompuFocus optical system. A state-of-the-art comb filter, ultra-wide lens, and tinted screen combine to give you a picture that's 20% sharper than any Panasonic before.

Ready, with a separate master control that lets you add a

computer, video game and video recorder. And switch easily from one to the other, or even to cable, turning your television into a complete home entertainment center.

Ready, with separate stereo speakers that can deliver the sound the Omni Series picture demands.

You'll find the quality of Omni Series technology in every Panasonic color TV, from the world's smallest, 2.6", to a giant screen 45" projection TV (both meas diag).

So don't buy just another TV set. Buy Panasonic Omni Series Component Video. It's ready for the future. Right now.

Panasonic®
just slightly ahead of our time.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S • M • T • W • T • F • S						
			8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18

(799-1448)—Rock and roll downstairs. The understated entrance is easy to miss. The lineup: Wednesday, Dec. 8, Racy Peters and Femme Fatale; Thursday, Dec. 9, Rhythm Method and Ann Monaco; Friday, Dec. 10, Mike Cotter and Jon Carroll; Saturday, Dec. 11, the Loners and Miller, Miller, Miller & Sloan; Tuesday, Dec. 14, the Jimmy Powers band and Jack Spunk; Wednesday, Dec. 15, the Point and Leap of Faith; and Saturday, Dec. 18, Felony. Music after eleven, usually. Dancing. Closed Sundays.

LLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Mondays are nights of salsa music in the big, barnlike downstairs room after nine; on Dec. 13, the master, **DIZZY GILLESPIE**, will be here with his quintet, as will **LARRY HARLOW & ORQUESTA HARLOW** and guest soloist pianist **HILTON RUIZ**. On Tuesdays, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** plays from nine on the Terrace.

LLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—On Wednesday, Dec. 8, bluesy pianist **HAROLD MABERN**'s trio will be here; Thursday through Sunday, Dec. 9-12, pianist **CHICK COREA** will join forces with drummer **ROY HAYNES** and bassist **MIROSLAV VITOUS**; and beginning Tuesday, Dec. 14, tenor saxophonist **CLIFFORD JORDAN** will guide his hard boppers. Music from ten.

LLAGE WEST, 577 Hudson St., near Bank St. (691-2791)—A tile floor, a pressed-tin ceiling, and brick walls—all the makings for bright acoustics. The long-standing chamber-jazz duo **DWIKI MITCHELL** and **WILLIE RUFF** wind up their stint on Sunday, Dec. 12, and on Tuesday, Dec. 14, **HELEN MERRILL** will begin singing here with her trio. Music Sundays and Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining. No music Mondays.

EST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A warm atmosphere, authentically prepared collard greens, and jazz pianists. Hank Johnson works Mondays through Wednesdays, and Kuni Mikami has the Thursday-through-Sunday shift. Music from eight-thirty until two.

EST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-3750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food, beyond the pinball machines is a room full of mostly swing music. Blues and boogie-woogie pianist **SAMMY PRICE** heads his quintet through Friday, Dec. 10; on Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 11-12, and Wednesday through Sunday, Dec. 15-19, tenor saxophonist **WILLIS (GATOR TAIL) JACKSON** will be onstage with his quartet. Mondays and Tuesdays belong to Percy France and his group. Music from about nine.

INO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A spacious, airy bar connected to a spacious, airy dining room by a spacious, airy passageway with tables and chairs and jazz musicians in it. The lineup: guitarist **JOHN SCOFIELD** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE** through Saturday, Dec. 11, and beginning Sunday, Dec. 12, pianist **HILTON RUIZ** and bassist **MAJOR HOLLEY**. Music Mondays through Saturdays from nine-thirty and Sundays from eight-thirty.

AZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

IL COLLINS—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Wednesday, Dec. 8, at 7:30 and 11. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

SALUTE TO DOC CHEATHAM—Mr. Cheatham will be there, along with Vic Dickenson, Budd Johnson, Jackie Williams, Kenny Davern, Dick Wellstood, Chuck Folds, Bobby Rosen-garden, and others. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and La Guardia Pl. 598-3757. Wednesday, Dec. 8, at 8.)

JY COLLINS—Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Friday, Dec. 10, at 8.

AVENLY JAZZ CONCERT SERIES—The third in a series of five concerts, this one performed by the Slide Hampton-Jon Faddis sextet, with Frank Strozier. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, Dec. 12, at 5. For information about tickets, call 369-3040.)

BENATAR—With Saga. (Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Monday, Dec. 13, at 8.)

4ES MOODY QUINTET and **SHEILA JORDAN & HARVIE**

SWARTZ—Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday, Dec. 17, at 8 and 10:30.

JAZZ FORUM—Jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Tuesdays at 9: Jam session. . . . ♪ Wednesdays at 10 and midnight: Charli Persip & Superband. . . . ♪ Thursday, Dec. 9, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Larry Willis trio. . . . ♪ Friday and Saturday, Dec. 10-11, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Lou Donaldson quartet. . . . ♪ Monday, Dec. 13, at 8: A benefit concert by Janet Lawson, Judy Niemack, Eddie Daniels, and others. . . . ♪ Friday and Saturday, Dec. 17-18, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Bill Hardman—Junior Cook quintet. (Jazz Forum, 648 Broadway, at Bleecker St. 477-2655.)

SOUNDSCAPE—New music and jazz in another fifth-floor loft. Tuesdays: Daniel Poncé. . . . ♪ Friday and Saturday, Dec. 10-11: Hilton Ruiz and Jorge Dalto. . . . ♪ Friday and Saturday, Dec. 17-18: Oliver Lake & Jump Up. (Soundscape, 500 W. 52nd St. 581-7032. Evenings at 9.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

GEORGE AULT (1891-1948)—Drawings and paintings by this Precisionist artist best known for his studies of the Manhattan skyline. Through Saturday, Dec. 11. (Vanderwoude Tananbaum, 24 E. 81st St.)

POMPEO BATONI (1708-87)—A loan exhibition of paintings by an artist who has been called Italy's last Old Master. Through Saturday, Dec. 18. (Colnaghi, a recently opened gallery at 26 E. 80th St. Open Mondays; closes Saturdays at 4.) . . . ♪ A collection of neoclassical European drawings is also on view here.

THOMAS S. BUECHNER—Precisely rendered oil portraits that hover on the brink of caricature, and romantic landscapes. Through Jan. 8. (A.M. Adler, 21 E. 67th St.)

ROBERT CRONIN—Sculptures: small grids of painted tinplate and large steel abstractions. Through Dec. 23. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

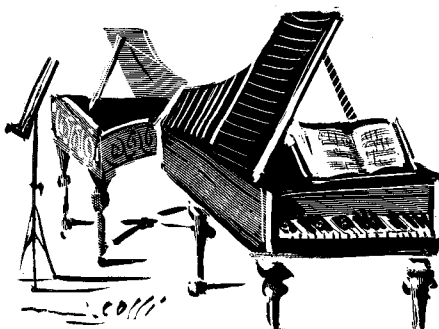
WILLIAM DOLE—Collages. Through Jan. 15. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

TOMMASI FERRONI / JOSEPH HILTON—Mock-heroic paintings (and preparatory works) by an Italian artist. / Paintings. Through Dec. 31. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

JEAN-MICHEL FOLON—Watercolors—witty, metaphoric, and mostly suggesting travel. For instance, a skeletal suitcase is superimposed on a picture-postcard landscape, framing part of it. Through Jan. 8. (Lefebvre, 47 E. 77th St.)

MARGARET ISRAEL—Inventive new paintings, collages, and sculptural works, among the latter a pagoda-roofed pâtisserie stocked with ceramic goodies. Through Saturday, Dec. 11. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

ROBERT M. KULICKE—A new set of his small fruit



and flower still-lives, these done in pastels as well as in oils. Through Dec. 31. (Davis & Langdale, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

GIACOMO MANZÙ—A recent sculpture, in bronze, from the cardinal series and an ebony piece whose subject is a mother and child; also, works on paper. Through Jan. 8. (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

HENRI MATISSE (1869-1954)—Thirty drawings in pencil, charcoal, and pen and ink. Through Jan. 14. (Mazoh, 13 E. 76th St. Open Mondays.)

MERCEDES MATTER / FRITZ BULTMAN—Charcoal drawings in which bovine skulls are incorporated in abstract landscapes. / Large pencil drawings of nudes. Through Dec. 30. (Schlesinger-Boisanté, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Open Mondays.)

JOAN MIRÓ—Watercolor studies the artist made in 1953 as illustrations for the book "L'Enfance d'Ubu." Through Dec. 24. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St. Open Mondays.)

MALCOLM MORLEY—Expressionist oils and watercolors. Through Dec. 31. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

WILLIAM RIDENHOUR—Colorful paintings, including several inspired by television weather maps, and a study of the old Maine church Marsden Hartley used as a studio. Through Wednesday, Dec. 15. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

JAMES ROSENQUIST—Three paintings and six drawings dated 1982. Through Saturday, Dec. 18. (Castelli Feigen Corcoran, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

LUCY SALLICK—Maine landscapes in acrylic and watercolor. Through Saturday, Dec. 11. (Einsteinstein, 243 E. 82nd St.)

EGON SCHIELE (1890-1918)—Thirty-three watercolors and drawings, all of them portraits. Through Feb. 12. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Opens at noon.)

SEAN SCULLY—Abstract works usually consisting of two or three shaped canvases covered with stripes and joined together. Through Jan. 8. (Beadleston, 60 E. 91st St. Open Mondays.)

LAURA ZIEGLER—Polychromed terra-cotta sculptures, including full-figure portraits. Through Jan. 6. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the ACA, 21 E. 67th St.: Works from the gallery stock, by Milton Avery, Thomas Hart Benton, Georgia O'Keeffe, Roy Carruthers, and others. Through Dec. 30. . . . **ERICSON**, 23 E. 74th St.: Representations of animals in a variety of mediums by more than fifty artists: Claes Oldenburg, Roy De Forest, Christie Rupp, and others. Through Jan. 8. . . . **COE KERR**, 49 E. 82nd St.: Forty American paintings on loan from the Parrish Art Museum, in Southampton, including eight canvases by William Merritt Chase. Through Saturday, Dec. 18. (Open Mondays.) . . . **NOORTMAN & BROD**, 1020 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: In the window is a small, spirited study by Rosa Bonheur for her monumental "Horse Fair," now in the Metropolitan, and inside are forty-four landscapes of the Barbizon and pre-Impressionist schools. Through Jan. 8. (Open Mondays.) . . . **SCHOELLKOPF**, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Contemporary Arcadian paintings by Lennart Anderson, Milet Andrejevic, Bonnie Sklarski, and others. Through Dec. 22. . . . **SHEPHERD**, 21 E. 84th St.: More than a hundred Art Nouveau and Art Deco paintings and works on paper and a few sculptures by artists who worked in Vienna and Munich at the turn of the century. Through Jan. 8. . . . **WILLARD**, 29 E. 72nd St.: White and black drawings by Barry Ledoux, Susan Rothenberg, Tod Wizon, and others. Through Dec. 23.

SCULPTURE—The house is the theme and the pieces range from Donna Dennis's painted-wood tourist cabin to Eliot Lable's ten gold columns supporting ten Greek temples. Through Jan. 4. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

ANNA BIALOBRODA—Abstract acrylic paintings based on animal and vegetable forms, plus drawings in black and blue inks. Through Saturday, Dec. 11. (Pearl, 38 E. 57th St.)

WILLIAM BLAKE (1757-1827) and **FRANCISCO GOYA**

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S • M • T • W • T • F • S						
			8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18

(1746-1828)—Engravings from the former's "Book of Job," and etchings from the latter's "Los Caprichos" series. Through Dec. 24. (Donson, 38 E. 57th St.)

LOUISE BOURGEOIS—Sculptures in bronze and marble, including a series of male and female portraits. Through Dec. 31. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. A larger exhibition of sculptures is at the Museum of Modern Art.)

BRANCUSI AND MONDRIAN—A congenial pairing of their respective sculptures and paintings; the works are on loan. Through Dec. 31. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

STEPHEN BUCKLEY / RICHARD SMITH—Abstract reliefs consisting of either doubled-over or woven strips of painted canvas held by stretchers of varying shapes. / Monotypes. Through Jan. 30. (Jacobson-Hochman, 24 W. 57th St.)

SCOTT BURTON—Among four new pieces by the sculptor are a dining table, with chairs for ten, in upholstered leather and bronze. Through Dec. 30. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

GIORGIO CAVALLON—Abstract Expressionist oils by a painter noted for his copious use of white. Through Dec. 31. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

MARC CHAGALL—Wash drawings, oils, gouaches, and temperas. Through Saturday, Dec. 11. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

R. J. CHRISTENSEN—Abstract oils. Through Dec. 31. (Fedele, 42 E. 57th St.)

LOIS DODD—Landscapes that include views of ice breaking up in the Delaware River. Through Dec. 22. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

MARYANN HARMAN—Semi-abstract paintings of the Blue Ridge Mountains by a native of the region. Through Dec. 30. (Haber Theodore, 29 W. 57th St.)

LILY HARMON—Drawings from all phases of her career. Through Jan. 8. (Summit, 101 W. 57th St. Opens at 11:30.)

BILL JENSEN—Ten abstract gouache paintings on paper. Through Dec. 23. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St.)

ELLSWORTH KELLY—Ten new monochromatic paintings on shaped canvases, each a segment of a circle. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)... Painted wall sculptures. (Castelli Graphics, in a second location at 43 W. 61st St. Opens at 1. Until recently, these sculptures were at the Castelli on East Seventy-seventh Street.) Both shows through Jan. 8.

LOREN MADSEN—A single large sculpture combining wood, slate, granite, and wire. Also, several drawings. Through Jan. 22. (McKee, 41 E. 57th St.)

RAFAEL MAHDAVI / HAROLD GREGOR—Abstractions in acrylic on canvas. / Paintings of Illinois farmlands. Through Jan. 5. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

AGNES MARTIN / JEAN DUBUFFET—Six-foot-square paintings in terra-cotta hues. / Paintings. Through Jan. 8. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

RICHARD MAYHEW—Landscape paintings. Through Dec. 24. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

RICARDO GARCIA MORA AND IMMI CASAGRANDE STORRS—Corpulent women are the subject of drawings and paintings by the former and bronzes by the latter. Through Saturday, Dec. 11. (Sutton, 29 W. 57th St.)

GRANDMA MOSES (1860-1961)—Paintings. Through Jan. 8. (Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

EDVARD MUNCH (1863-1944)—More than a hundred paintings, drawings, and prints by this Norwegian artist. Through Dec. 22. (Bellman, a newly opened gallery at 41 E. 57th St.)

HUGH O'DONNELL—Paintings and works on paper by an artist who was included in the Guggenheim's 1980 "British Art Now." Through Dec. 31. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

ALFONSO OSSORIO—Recent works, including watercolor abstractions, collages, and one assemblage of wildly disparate objects—bones, beads, vacuum bottles, old labels. Through Dec. 30. (Oscarsson Hood, 41 W. 57th St.)

DANIEL O'SULLIVAN—Biblical themes, Dante's poetry, and memories of a Brooklyn childhood are among the subjects for these recent

paintings. Through Saturday, Dec. 11. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

EDWARD WILLIS REDFIELD (1869-1965)—Landscapes, marine paintings, and scenes of New York by an American Impressionist. Through Friday, Dec. 17. (Grand Central Art Galleries, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

STEPHANIE ROSE—Large-scale abstract oils. Through Dec. 24. (Getler-Pall, 50 W. 57th St.)

THOMAS A. ROSE—Stairways, doorways, and windows are recurrent themes in these painted constructions, many of them set in irregularly shaped frames of raw plywood. Through Saturday, Dec. 11. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

SYLVIA STONE / HELEN FRANKENTHALER—The materials—painted rag paper and painted aluminum—in these wall reliefs are handled in such a way that the eye can't tell which is paper and which is metal. / Monotypes made at the Experimental Workshop, in San Francisco. Through Dec. 31. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

SALLY VAGLIANO—Landscapes in pastel on canvas, some of the works concentrating on such details as treetops, some taking in the whole view. Through Dec. 23. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

ELBERT WEINBERG / ATTILIO SALEMME (1911-1955)—Stylized representations of cats in bronze and in terra-cotta. / Works on paper. Through Saturday, Dec. 18. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

JOHN WILLENECHER—Gold-leafed found objects set in altarlike constructions painted to look like marble. Through Saturday, Dec. 11. (Hamilton, 20 W. 57th St.)

FRANCISCO ZUÑIGA—Works on paper (pastels, mostly) and some sculptures celebrating the people of his native Mexico, and a series of lithographs inspired by a 1981 trip to Egypt. Through Dec. 31. (Brewster, 41 W. 57th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ALEXANDER**, 20 W. 57th St.: Large paintings by Richard Bosman (who is showing monotypes as well), Martha Diamond, Judy Rifka, and others. Through Dec. 30.... **DINTENFASS**, 50 W. 57th St.: Paintings and photographs by artists (Arthur Dove, John Marin, Eliot Porter, Helen Torr, among others) who were given shows by Alfred Stieglitz, at his gallery An American Place, are joined by thirty photographs Stieglitz himself took of his family. Through Jan. 6.... **FRUMKIN**, 50 W. 57th St.: "From the Mirror" is the apt title for a group of self-portraits by Paul Georges, Alice Neel, Michael Mazur, and others. Through Dec. 31. (Opens at noon on Saturdays.)... **KENNEDY**, 40 W. 57th St.: Portraits by Copley and Charles Willson Peale, one landscape each by Bierstadt and Cole, and still-lives by Harnett are among the eighteenth- and nineteenth-century American paintings on view. Through Jan. 29. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

... **KORNBLÉE**, 20 W. 57th St.: Robin Bruch (works on paper), Elga Heinzen (paintings), Gary Kulak (elongated steel chairs), Paul Linfante (pastels), and Jean Promutico (paintings on unstretched canvas). Through Jan. 6.... **THE URBAN CENTER**, 457 Madison Ave., at 51st St.: Gabriele Basilico's black-

and-white photographs of Milan architecture of the twenties and thirties. Through Dec. 31 (Open Mondays.)... **ZABRISKIE**, 724 Fifth Ave at 57th St.: A juxtaposition of photograph by Henry Callahan, Lee Friedlander, an Paul Strand with sculptures by Mary Frank Richard Stankiewicz, and William Zorach Through Jan. 8. (Open Mondays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN—Wall-mounted and free-standing sculptures in painted and chromium plated steel taken, as is his custom, from crushed automobiles. Through Saturday, Dec. 18. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

GENE DAVIS—Paintings and works on paper. Through Dec. 31. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway. A show of drawings is at the Brooklyn Museum.)

DAVID DEUTSCH—Big paintings of idyllic landscapes intruded upon here and there by sketched man-made objects—a radar antenna, an oil derrick, a television transmitter. Through Wednesday, Dec. 15. (Nosei, 10 Prince St.)

KEN KIFF—Paintings and drawings. Through Saturday, Dec. 11. (Thorp, 419 West Broadway.)

SOL LEWITT—A two-gallery show of wall drawings: a large grid pattern in black on gray (and vice versa) at Toll, 146 Greene St. (through Dec. 31), and solid geometric form in colored inks and in graphite, upstairs: near door at Weber, 142 Greene St. (through Dec. 23).

CLAUDIO MARZOLLO / JOYCE STILLMAN-MYERS—Kinetic sculptures. / Superrealist paintings. candy. Through Dec. 31. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

MATT MULLICAN—Posters and banners, of such materials as nylon and gouache on paper, depicting the kinds of sign symbols seen on highways and in airports. Through Dec. 3 (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

GRAHAM NICKSON / NANCY GIESMANN—Very large (almost life-size) realist charcoal drawings of people at the beach. / Stylized semi-abstract paintings in acrylic and gold enamel, depicting geese, fish, buffalo, tigers, a chorus of howling wolves, canoeists, sailboats. Through Dec. 23. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

A. R. PENCK—Pictographic works—stick men and symbols painted on huge canvases, mostly in black on white or white on gray. Through Saturday, Dec. 18. (Sonabend, 4 West Broadway.)

SALVATORE SCARPITTA—Representative work from his career, including the racing-car pieces and the sled series. Through Saturday, Dec. 11. (Castelli, 142 Greene St.)

NED SMYTH / CHARLES GARABEDIAN—Four large freestanding palm-shaped columns studded with mosaic tiles, plus wall sculptures. Paintings and drawings. Through Dec. 2 (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

ANNE TABACHNICK—Sketchy still-lives and semi-abstract figurative works done in thin wash of oil or acrylic. Through Saturday, Dec. 1 (Ingber, 460 West Broadway.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **BONLOW**, 150 Greene St. Works by twenty-odd artists, including Chaim Twombly, and Warhol, under the catchall title "Myth." Through Jan. 8.... **BYERS**, 1 Greene St.: A dozen artists, among them Vahan Bogoshian, Howard Hussey, Cletus Johnson, and Hans Namuth, pay homage to Joseph Cornell. Through Dec. 31.... **DRAWING CENTER**, 137 Greene St.: Works on paper by ten emerging artists, among the Stephen Aljian, Barbara Anello, and Jo Ferro. Through Jan. 15. (Open Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.)... **RICK JOHNSON**, 475 Broome St.: This new gallery offers American naive paintings, including spirited ice-hockey game (Rangers vs. Maj. Leaf) and a depiction of the Battle of King Mountain. Through Jan. 6.... **SPERONE WEE WATER FISCHER**, 142 Greene St.: Recent work by Sandro Chia, Enzo Cucchi, Roy Lichtenstein, and Cy Twombly. Through Jan. 4.

OTHER GALLERIES

IRWIN S. CHANIN—Photographs, artifacts, furniture, and documents enumerating his contributions to New York architecture. Through Jan. 28. (Houghton Gallery, in the Found





Secrets of the Tussie Mussie

In Victorian times, a tussie mussie, or small bunch of flowers, was given to express an unspoken feeling. Steuben recreates this secret language of flowers in a solid crystal Tussie Mussie Collection. Shown is Crocus, for passion. Also available are Lily for coquetry, Gentian for elusiveness, and Daffodil for unrequited love. Engraving design by Patricia Weisberg. Height 2¾". \$275 each. \$1,100 set of four. Signed Steuben.

Steuben Glass, Fifth Avenue at 56th Street, New York, N.Y. 10022. Major credit cards accepted. By phone: 1-212-752-1441. Out of State: 1-800-223-1234.

Steuben is part of Corning Glass Works and has been since 1918.



STEUBEN GLASS

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

tion Building, Third Ave. at 7th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 7; Saturdays, noon to 6.)

RICHARD FISHMAN—Totemic sculptures in cement and steel; also, chalk drawings. Through Jan. 8. (Delahunty, 291 Church St., two blocks below Canal St.)

LIVIO SAGANIC—Labyrinthine niches cut into large upright slabs of rough-hewn slate. Through Dec. 23. (Bromm, 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St.)

REMO SALVADORI—Paintings by an artist who makes his own colors from berries and minerals he finds in his native Tuscany. Through Jan. 8. (Ala, 32 W. 20th St.)

NAHUM TEVET—Two freestanding constructions using slender strips of wood to form overlapping geometric shapes. Through Friday, Dec. 10. (City University Graduate Center, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

BERENICE ABBOTT—Photographs spanning fifty years of her career, about a quarter of them vintage prints. Through Jan. 15. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

JOHN ALBOK (1896-1982)—Photographs of New York in the Depression years. Through Saturday, Dec. 11. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St.)

EUGENE ATGET (1857-1927)—A hundred and seventeen prints of Paris and its architecture, dated 1898 to 1927, are currently on view at the Museum of Modern Art. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

TIMOTHY GREENFIELD-SANDERS—Photographs of art critics. Through Dec. 24. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

HANS NAMUTH—Photographic portraits of artists and photographs of Central American Indians. Through Wednesday, Dec. 15. (Hunter Gallery, Lexington Ave. at 68th St. Opens at 1, Mondays through Fridays.)

JULIE O'CONNOR / MARILYNN K. YEE—Photographs of Southeast Asian refugees in the United States. / Prints by a *Times* photographer. Through Dec. 23. (Basement Workshop, 22 Catherine St., near East Broadway. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

MICHAEL (TONY) VACCARO—Portraits of Shostakovich, Chaplin, Breuer, the de Koonings, and others by a photojournalist. Through Dec. 24. (Heller, 71 Greene St. Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 6.)

INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY—Photographs by Jacques Henry Lartigue (dated 1902-39), which serve as an autobiographical documentation of upper-middle-class French life. Lartigue was eight when he took the earliest picture in the show. . . . ¶ Sixty pictures of Australia selected from ninety-six thousand taken in the course of one day (March 6, 1981). The assignment was given to a hundred photographers by a group of Australian corporations. Both shows through Jan. 9. (1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The American Wing's first twentieth-century period room is a living room designed by Frank Lloyd Wright, in 1912-14. The room, part of a house that was subsequently dismantled, has leaded-glass windows that formerly looked out on Lake Minnetonka, in Minnesota, and now look out on Central Park. In addition, a temporary show of about a hundred Wright pieces—from drawings for the room to furniture—from the museum's collections. Through Feb. 27. . . . ¶ "The Search for Alexander," a show of nearly two hundred examples of Hellenistic art lent mostly by museums in Greece. Chief among the works are a fourth-century-B.C. solid-gold wreath with oak leaves and acorns; a pebble-mosaic floor, depicting a lion hunt, from Pella; and a three-foot-high bronze pitcher weighing almost a hundred pounds. Through Jan. 2. . . . ¶ A group of prints by Albrecht Dürer on the theme of the Holy Family, including several woodcuts from "The Life of the Virgin" series. Through Feb. 6. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 18 W. 54th St.—A show

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
12	13	14	15	16	17	18

of the abstract sculptures of Louise Bourgeois, including vertical segmented wood and marble pieces and a room-size latex-and-wood installation. Through Feb. 8. A complementary show is at the Robert Miller Gallery, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. . . . ¶ An exhibit of Xuan-paper works by Robert Rauschenberg, who spent a month in China devising them. Through Feb. 1. . . . ¶ Frank Stella: Thirty-three prints and drawings of asymmetrical geometric shapes. Through Jan. 11. . . . ¶ PHOTOGRAPHY: "The Work of Atget: The Art of Old Paris." Through Jan. 4. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings—except Dec. 9—until 9.)

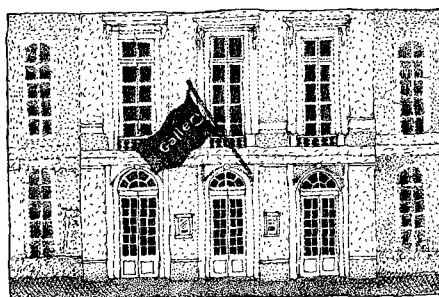
GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—The Yves Klein retrospective includes a posthumous work, for which the artist left instructions, in which the museum's rotunda is covered in the ultramarine-blue pigment he often used. Through Jan. 9. . . . ¶ Selections from the Peggy Guggenheim collection of twentieth-century paintings and works on paper, brought over for the first time in a decade from the Palazzo Venier dei Leoni, in Venice. . . . ¶ A show of about thirty sculptures by Americans represented in the museum's collection, among them Joseph Cornell, Louise Nevelson, and Lucas Samaras. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—An exhibit of forty sculptures and sixteen drawings from 1970 to the present, by the Minimalist Joel Shapiro. Through Jan. 2. . . . ¶ Jasper Johns' Savarin monotypes. Through Jan. 9. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—An exhibition of paintings by turn-of-the-century Nordic artists whose work prefigured modernism. Edvard Munch is represented by eight canvases. Through Jan. 9. . . . ¶ A retrospective of drawings by Gene Davis. Through Feb. 6. A complementary show is at the Charles Cowles Gallery, 420 West Broadway. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"Star Gods of the Ancient Americas," or how the moon and stars governed the earthly affairs and found expression in the artifacts of various early cultures. An eleventh-century gold calendar disc from Peru on the one hand, a contemporary photomural of the Mayan observatory at Chichén Itzá on the other. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

AMERICAN ACADEMY AND INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND LETTERS, Broadway at 155th St.—Janet Fish, Michael Loew, H. N. Han, Flora Natapoff, and other contemporary artists showing fifty-five works, some of which will be purchased by the Academy/Institute (and given to museums) with funds left by Childe Hassam and Eugene Speicher. . . . ¶ A memorial show of works by Marcel Breuer, Wallace K. Harri-



son, Joseph Hirsch, Julian Levi, and Tony Smith. Both shows through Dec. 19. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

ASIA SOCIETY, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St.—"Art of the Islamic Book," a show of illuminated manuscripts from the collection of Prince Sa'aduddin Aga Khan, which ranges in time from the ninth century to the nineteenth century. Through Jan. 2. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5 and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, noon to 5.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—An exhibit that reviews Scandinavian design: in furniture, glass, ceramics, metal, and textiles from the eighteenth-eighties to the present. Through Jan. 2. . . . ¶ A display of movie theatre art (original drawings for the mural and carpeting in Radio City Music Hall) and artifacts (seats, ushers' uniforms) surviving from the heyday twenties and thirties. Also photographs. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

FRICK COLLECTION, 1 E. 70th St.—A show of nearly a hundred French decorative clocks made between 1532 and 1823. Through Jan. 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, to 6.)

JAPAN HOUSE, 333 E. 47th St.—"The Great Art of Japanese Buddhist Sculpture, A.D. 600-1300," a show offering more than fifty bronze and wood works, ranging from small altar pieces to larger-than-life-size figures. On loan from the national museums in Tokyo and Nara and from twenty-six temples. Through Jan. 16. (Open daily, 11 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—An exhibit of a hundred and fifty paintings, sculptures, prints, and drawings by Max Weber. Through Jan. 16. (Open daily except Friday and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—A survey of medieval French illuminated manuscript which points up the characteristics of individual artists and regional workshops. A the works are in American collections. . . . ¶ Forty etchings by Rembrandt, depicting scenes from the life of Christ. . . . ¶ A display of musical manuscripts of compositions by Stravinsky and Haydn which commemorate their birth dates. All three shows through Jan. 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of the painting and drawings of Abbott Handerson Thayer (1849-1921), including his paintings of idealized, Madonna-like women, portraits, landscapes, and wildlife scenes. Through Jan. 2. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Blake to Beardsley: English Illustrated Books of the Nineteenth Century," an exhibit that also includes the work of William Thackeray, Edward Lear, and Julia Margaret Cameron (seen in one of the first books to use photographs as illustration). (Open daily, except Sundays and Thursdays, 10 to 6, or Monday through Wednesday evenings until 9.)

STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 144 W. 125th St.—show of color-field paintings by Sam Gilliam. Through Feb. 27. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video dance, and so on.)

THE KITCHEN, 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6. —A program of three videotapes of Trish Brown's dances, Thursday, Dec. 9, at 8:30; Frankie Mann (music), Saturday, Dec. 11, at 8:30; The Raincoats (music), Sunday, Dec. 12, at 8:30; Ping Chong and the Fiji Cor-

pany (a theatre work called "Rainer and the Knife," combining performance and film). Wednesday through Sunday, Dec. 15-19, at 8 and 10. . . . An installation by Jon Rubin; through Dec. 31.

S. I. 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. Exhibition hours: Thursdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.—The main gallery has paintings concerned with animal imagery by Jonathan Borofsky, Keith Haring, Andy Warhol, Komar & Melamid, and others. Through Sunday, Dec. 12.

MUSIC

The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall, 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall, 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall, 247-7459; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410; and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

CHRISTMAS MUSIC

METROPOLITAN SINGERS/THE GREEK CHORAL SOCIETY AND THE LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY—Dino Anagnost directing a performance of Berlioz' oratorio "L'Enfance du Christ," with Katherine Ciesinski, mezzo-soprano; David Gordon, tenor; William Metcalf, baritone; and Richard Crist, bass. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 8, at 8.)

ENSEMBLE FOR EARLY MUSIC—Frederick Renz directing performances of a medieval pageant, "Daniel and the Lions," with a French text. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Friday, Dec. 10, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 11-12, at 4 and 8. For tickets, call 662-2133.) . . . A program entitled "Christemasse in Anglia." (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Dec. 18, at 8.)

MOUNT HOLYOKE CHORUSES—Catharine Melhorn and Richard Sparks directing. (St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. Friday, Dec. 10, at 8. For information about tickets, call 371-2139.)

ARNARD-COLUMBIA CHORUS—Peter Schubert directing, with the St. Paul's Chapel Orchestra. (St. Paul's Chapel, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, Dec. 11, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

APPELLA NOVA—Richard Taruskin directing a Renaissance Christmas mass by Orlando di Lasso. (Corpus Christi Church, 529 W. 121st St. Sunday, Dec. 12, at 3. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

EW CALLIOPE SINGERS—Peter Schubert directing a program of German Christmas music. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Tuesday, Dec. 14, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 864-6765.)

AVERYLY CONSORT—Michael Jaffee directing "The Christmas Story," a pageant about the Nativity based on medieval music manuscripts. (Church of St. Mary the Virgin, 139 W. 46th St. Wednesday through Friday, Dec. 15-17, at 7 and 9:15. For information about tickets, call 666-1260.)

LARION CONCERT—Newell Jenkins directing the Clarion Instrumental Ensemble and Chorus in a program entitled "A Seventeenth-Century Venetian Christmas at San Marco." With Elaine Bonazzi, mezzo-soprano; Gary Glaze, tenor; Frederick Hammond, harpsichord; and others. (Central Presbyterian Church, Park Ave. at 64th St. Wednesday, Dec. 15, at 8. For tickets, call 765-8008.)

EW YORK OPERA REPERTORY THEATRE—Leigh Gibbs Gore conducting Gregory Sandow's operatic version of the Dickens classic "A Christmas Carol." (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 16-17, at 8; Saturday, Dec. 18, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Dec. 19, at 2.)

ALLOPE: A RENAISSANCE BAND—A program entitled "A Christmas Odyssey," with Lucy Shelton, soprano. (Christ Church United Methodist, Park Ave. at 60th St. Saturday, Dec. 18, at 8. For information about tickets, call 864-4518.)

ANDEL'S "MESSIAH"—MASTERWORK CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA: David Randolph directing, with Judith Nicosia, soprano; Janice Meyerson, mezzo-soprano; Grayson Hirst, tenor; and Michael Burt, bass. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Dec. 12, at 2:30. . . . Carnegie Hall.

Saturday, Dec. 18, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 19, at 2 and 6:30.) . . . **ST. THOMAS CHOIR**: Gerre Hancock directing, with Ann Monoyios, soprano; Drew Minter, countertenor; Jeffrey Thomas, tenor; and Richard Anderson, bass. Also with the Concert Royal. (St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. Tuesday, Dec. 14, at 7:30. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.) . . . **MUSICA SACRA**: Richard Westenburg directing, with Marvis Martin, soprano; René Jacobs, countertenor; Rockwell Blake, tenor; and John Cheek, bass. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 15, at 7:30, and Saturday, Dec. 18, at 2.) . . . **ST. IGNATIUS LOYOLA CHOIR**: Johannes Somary directing, with Dilys Smith, soprano; Jennifer Lane, alto; Alan Paddle, tenor; and Elwood Howard, bass. Also with the Amor Artis Chamber Orchestra. (Church of St. Ignatius Loyola, Park Ave. at 84th St. Friday, Dec. 17, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

OPERA

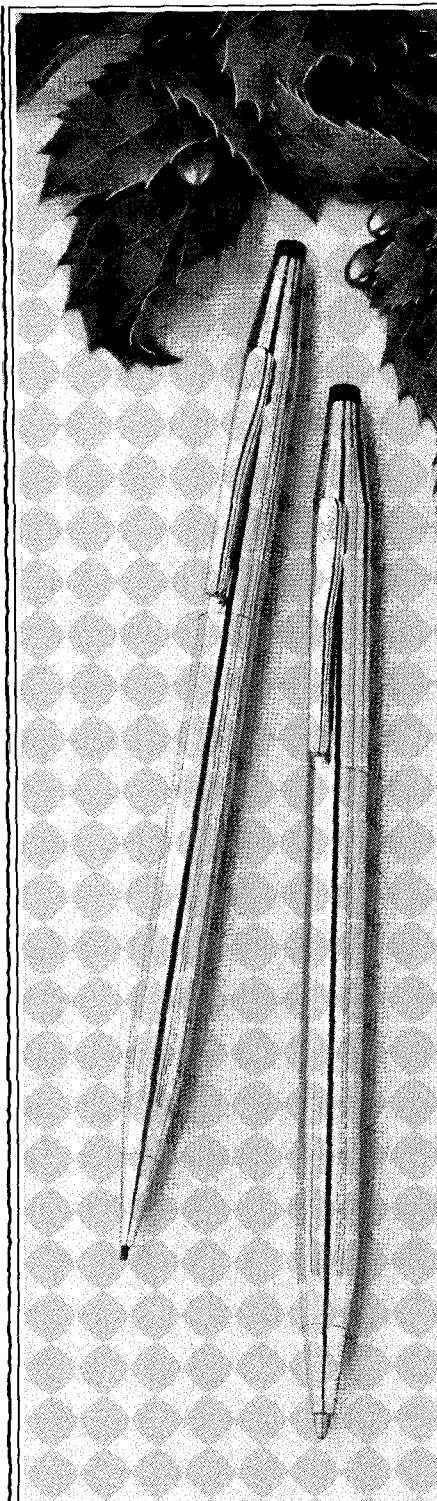
METROPOLITAN OPERA—Wednesday, Dec. 8, at 7:30: "Tannhäuser," with Eva Marton, Tatiana Troyanos, Edward Sooter, and Bernd Weikl; conducted by James Levine. . . . Thursday, Dec. 9, at 8: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Joan Sutherland, Dano Raffanti, Brian Schexnayder, and James Morris; Richard Bonyng. . . . Friday, Dec. 10, at 8: "Macbeth," with Olivia Stapp, Sherrill Milnes, Timothy Jenkins, and Paul Plishka; James Levine. . . . Saturday, Dec. 11, at 1:30: The Erik Satie ballet "Parade," with Gary Chryst and the Metropolitan Opera Ballet; Poulenc's "Les Mamelles de Tirésias," with Catherine Malfitano, David Holloway, and Brent Ellis; and Ravel's opera "L'Enfant et les Sortilèges," with Hilda Harris, Gail Robinson, and Myra Merritt. Manuel Rosenthal will be the conductor for all three works. . . . Saturday, Dec. 11, at 7:30: "Tannhäuser," with Johanna Meier, Gwynn Cornell, Edward Sooter, and Bernd Weikl; James Levine. . . . Monday, Dec. 13, at 8: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Joan Sutherland, Dano Raffanti, Brian Schexnayder, and James Morris; Richard Bonyng. . . . Tuesday, Dec. 14, at 8: The Erik Satie ballet "Parade," with Gary Chryst and the Metropolitan Opera Ballet; Poulenc's "Les Mamelles de Tirésias," with Catherine Malfitano, David Holloway, and Brent Ellis; and Ravel's opera "L'Enfant et les Sortilèges," with Hilda Harris, Gail Robinson, and Myra Merritt. Manuel Rosenthal will be the conductor for all three works. . . . Wednesday, Dec. 15, at 8: "Macbeth," with Renata Scotto, Sherrill Milnes, Timothy Jenkins, and Paul Plishka; James Levine. . . . Thursday, Dec. 16, at 8: "Il Trovatore," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Fiorenza Cossotto, Ermanno Mauro, and Giorgio Zancanaro; Nello Santi. . . . Friday, Dec. 17, at 7:30: "Tannhäuser," with Eva Marton, Tatiana Troyanos, Richard Cassilly, and Bernd Weikl; James Levine. . . . Saturday, Dec. 18, at 2: "Macbeth," with Renata Scotto, Sherrill Milnes, Timothy Jenkins, and Paul Plishka; James Levine. . . . Saturday, Dec. 18, at 8: The Erik Satie ballet "Parade," with Gary Chryst and the Metropolitan Opera Ballet; Poulenc's "Les Mamelles de Tirésias," with Catherine Malfitano, David Holloway, and Brent Ellis; and Ravel's opera "L'Enfant et les Sortilèges," with Hilda Harris, Gail Robinson, and Myra Merritt. Manuel Rosenthal will be the conductor for all three works.

JUILLIARD AMERICAN OPERA CENTER—Benefit performances of Massenet's "Manon." Staged by Norman Ayrton, with the Juilliard Orchestra directed by Jorge Mester. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 9-10, at 8; Sunday, Dec. 12, at 3; and Monday, Dec. 13, at 8. For information about tickets, call 874-7515.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Avery Fisher Hall, Erich Leinsdorf conducting—Thursday, Dec. 9, at 7; Friday, Dec. 10, at 1; Saturday, Dec. 11, at 7; and Tuesday, Dec. 14, at 6:30: Performances of Bach's Mass in B Minor, with Kathleen Battle, soprano; Claudia Catania, mezzo-soprano; Mira Zakai, contralto; John Aler, tenor; Tom Krause, bass; and the New York Choral Artists. . . . Thursday, Dec. 16, at 8; Friday, Dec. 17, at 2; Saturday, Dec. 18, at 8; and Tuesday, Dec. 21, at 7:30: A Kodály-Liszt-Bartók program, with Emanuel Ax, piano.

PITTSBURGH SYMPHONY—At Avery Fisher Hall,



**HOW THE SUCCESSFUL
FIND OUT WHO'S BEEN
NAUGHTY OR NICE.**

CROSS®
SINCE 1846

And may all your Christmases be 14K
gold filled. Elegant pen and pencil gift sets.
Suggested price, \$75.

André Previn conducting. Wednesday, Dec. 8, at 8: A Haydn-Brahms program, with Alicia de Larrocha, piano. . . . Friday, Dec. 10, at 8: A Berlioz-Sessions-Beethoven program, with Pinchas Zukerman, violin.

MANHATTAN SYMPHONY—Vladimir Kin conducting a Glinka-Rachmaninoff-Prokofiev program, with Joseph Joubert, piano, and Dolora Zajic, mezzo-soprano. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave. at 122nd St. Wednesday, Dec. 8, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

BROOKLYN PHILHARMONIC—Lukas Foss conducting the first in a "Meet the Moderns" series of four concerts, this one devoted to the music of John Cage, Leo Smit, Rocco di Pietro, and others. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, Dec. 10, at 8. For information about tickets, call 636-4120. . . . Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, Dec. 11, at 8.)

Y CHAMBER SYMPHONY—Gerard Schwarz conducting. **KAUFMANN CONCERT HALL**, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Dec. 11, at 8, an all-Vivaldi program, with Jorge Mester, guest conductor, and Michala Petri, recorder. . . . Saturday, Dec. 18, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 19, at 3, a Stravinsky-Martin-Beethoven program, with Claudio Arrau, piano. . . . **AVERY FISHER HALL**: Friday, Dec. 17, at 8, an all-Beethoven program, with Mr. Arrau.

ORPHEUS—Twenty-six wind and string players performing a program of music by Mozart, Corelli, Ravel, and Schönberg, with Richard Goode, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Dec. 13, at 8.)

MANHATTAN PHILHARMONIA—C. William Harwood conducting a Brahms-Bartók-Berlioz program, with Tina Pelikan, viola. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave. at 122nd St. Tuesday, Dec. 14, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

QUEENS SYMPHONY CHAMBER ORCHESTRA—David Katz conducting. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, Dec. 15, at 8.)

NEW YORK CHORAL SOCIETY—Robert DeCormier directing, with Peter, Paul & Mary. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Dec. 11, at 2:30 and 8.)

DESSOFF CHOIRS—Michael Hammond directing Monteverdi's "Vespere della Beata Vergine," with vocal and instrumental soloists and a chamber orchestra. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Dec. 11, at 8.)

ST. CECILIA CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA—David Randolph directing a Bach-Mendelssohn program, with Nann Nall, soprano; Grayson Hirst, tenor; John Challener, organ; and others. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Dec. 17, at 8.)

BACH ARIA GROUP—Cantatas and arias of Bach, as well as the Brandenburg Concerto No. 3. With the Festival Orchestra and Chorus. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, Dec. 17, at 8.)

RECITALS

RUDOLF SERKIN—Piano, in a program of Beethoven sonatas. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 8, at 8.)

DA CAPO CHAMBER PLAYERS—A program of contemporary music. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Wednesday, Dec. 8, at 8. For information about tickets, call 280-3050.)

MUSIC FOR HARP AND STRINGS—Heidi Lehwalder, harp; Daniel Phillips, violin; Fred Sherry, cello; and others. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, Dec. 8, at 8.)

MUSIC OF LEO ORNSTEIN—A program of his works performed by Martha Anne Verbit and William Westney, piano; Daniel Stepner, violin; Patricia McCarty, viola; and others. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, Dec. 8, at 8.)

IVAN NUNEZ—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Dec. 9, at 8.)

SYOKO AKI—Violin. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, Dec. 9, at 8.)

LEAGUE-ISCAM—The second in this season's series of six programs, this one devoted to the works of Milton Babbitt, Morton Subotnik, and others, performed by John Sampen, saxophone, and Aleck Karis and Eliza Garth, piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Dec. 9, at 8.)

BEAUX ARTS TRIO—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, Dec. 10, at 8. . . . Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, Dec. 18, at 8:30, and Sunday, Dec. 19, at 2.)

ROGER SALANDER—Clarinet. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Dec. 10, at 8.)

DANTE ROSATI—Classical guitarist. (CAMI Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Friday, Dec. 10, at 8. For information about tickets, call 757-3255.)

ROSE-NAGATA-KREGER TRIO—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Dec. 11, at 2:30.)

EMERSON STRING QUARTET—With Charles Wadsworth, piano. (Paula Cooper Gallery, 155 Wooster St. Saturday, Dec. 11, at 6. No seats—just cushions on the floor. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert. . . . Same program; Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Dec. 12, at 5, and Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 13-14, at 7:30.)

LESLIE PARNAS AND GRANT JOHANNESSEN—Cello and piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Dec. 11, at 8.)

RICHARD STOLTZMAN—Clarinet. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Dec. 11, at 8. For information about tickets, call 586-4680.)

CANADIAN BRASS—A brass quintet. (Lehman College Concert Hall, the Bronx. 960-8833. Saturday, Dec. 11, at 8.)

CHAMBER MUSIC—Paula Robison, flute; Laurence Lesser, cello; and Yefim Bronfman, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, Dec. 11, at 8:30, and Sunday, Dec. 12, at 2.)

NICOLAI GEDDA, FEDERICA VON STADE, AND JAMES LEVINE—Tenor, mezzo-soprano, and piano. (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000. Sunday, Dec. 12, at 5.)

JESSYE NORMAN—Soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Dec. 12, at 8.)

WALTER HAUTZIG—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Sunday, Dec. 12, at 8.)

AMERICAN BRASS QUINTET—The first in a series of three concerts. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, Dec. 13, at 8.)

EDDY PIERCE BERRY—Soprano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Monday, Dec. 13, at 8.)

FOR THE LOVE OF MUSIC—The third in a series of six concerts, this one a Martinu-Dvořák-Brahms program. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Tuesday, Dec. 14, at 8.)

OFRA HARNOY—Cello. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 14, at 8.)

CHAMBER MUSIC AT THE Y—Jaime Laredo and Daniel Phillips, violin; Michael Tree, viola; Leonard Rose and Sharon Robinson, cello; and Joseph Kalichstein, piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 14-15, at 8.)

CHARLES HOLLAND AND DENNIS RUSSELL DAVIES—Tenor and piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 15, at 8.)

WASHINGTON SQUARE CONTEMPORARY MUSIC SERIES—With Judith Bettina, soprano; Alan Feinberg, piano; Rolf Schulte, violin; Fred Sherry, cello; and others. (New York University Theatre, 35 W. 4th St. Friday, Dec. 17, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

GUARNERI QUARTET—With Claude Frank, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Dec. 18, at 8.)

KYUNG-WHA CHUNG, MYUNG-WHA CHUNG, AND

MYUNG-WHA CHUNG—Violin, cello, and piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Dec. 18, at 8. For information about tickets, call 586-4680.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is 564-4400.)

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN**: Knicks vs. Washington, Saturday, Dec. 11, at 7:30. . . . Knicks vs. Detroit, Tuesday, Dec. 14, at 7:30. . . . Knicks vs. Boston, Thursday, Dec. 16, at 8:10. . . . **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA** (1-201 935-8888): Nets vs. Washington, Wednesday, Dec. 8, at 7:35. . . . Nets vs. San Antonio, Friday, Dec. 10, at 7:35.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—Giants vs. Philadelphia Eagles, at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands Saturday, Dec. 11, at 12:30. . . . Jets vs. Tampa Bay Buccaneers, at Shea Stadium Sunday, Dec. 12, at 1. . . . Jets vs. Miami Dolphins, at Miami, Saturday, Dec. 18.

HOCKEY—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN** (all games at 7:35): Rangers vs. Devils, Sunday, Dec. 12. . . . Rangers vs. Los Angeles Kings Wednesday, Dec. 15. . . . Rangers vs. Islanders, Friday, Dec. 17. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM** (all games at 8:05): Islanders vs. Devils, Saturday, Dec. 11. . . . Islanders vs. Buffalo Sabres, Tuesday, Dec. 14. . . . Islanders vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Saturday, Dec. 18 (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-51-794-9100). . . . **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA** (1-201 935-3900): Devils vs. Washington Capitals, Thursday, Dec. 9, at 7:35.

RACING—At **AQUEDUCT**: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 12:30, and Sundays at 1:05; through Friday, Dec. 31. The Gallant Fox Handicap, Saturday, Dec. 11 and the Roamer Handicap, Saturday, Dec. 18. . . . **MEADOWLANDS**: Weeknights at 8; through Friday, Dec. 31. . . . **LAUREL, Md.**: Weekdays at 12:30; through Friday, Dec. 31.

SKATING—International Professional Figure Skating Championships. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday, Dec. 18, at 7:30, and Sunday, Dec. 19, at 2.)

TENNIS—Toyota Championships: Chris Evert, Lloyd, Martina Navratilova, Tracy Austin, Andrea Jaeger, Pam Shriver, and seven others. (Byrne Meadowlands Arena. 1-201 935-3900. Tuesday through Friday, Dec. 14-17, at 7; Saturday, Dec. 18, at 4; and Sunday, Dec. 19 [finals], at 7.)

TROTTERING—At **Yonkers Raceway**: Weeknights at 8; through Friday, Dec. 31.

ET ALIA

POETRY READINGS—Gerald Stern and Arthur Volensang reading from their own work (West Side Y, 5 W. 63rd St. 787-655 Friday, Dec. 10, at 8.) . . . Richard Wilbur reading from his own works. (Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Tuesday, Dec. 14, at 7. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.)

AUCTIONS—At **SOOTHEBY'S**, York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 9:30 to 7:30; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5; Wednesday, Dec. 8, at 10:15 and 2, at Thursday, Dec. 9, at 2; Jewelry. . . . Thursday, Dec. 9, at 2: Nineteenth-century European paintings. . . . Friday, Dec. 10, at 10:15 and 2: Modern paintings, drawing and sculptures, together with set and costume designs for the theatre and ballet. . . . Saturday, Dec. 11, at 2: Nineteenth-century porcelain, from the estate of Wilfrid Swall. . . . Thursday, Dec. 16, at 2, at Friday, Dec. 17, at 10:15 and 2: English or Continental silver, *objets de vertu*, portrait miniatures, and Russian works of art. Exhibition starts Saturday, Dec. 11. . . . **CHRISTIE** Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Friday and Saturday, Dec. 11, at 2: Arts and Crafts, Art Deco, and A Nouveau. . . . Tuesday, Dec. 14, at 10 at 2: Jewelry. Exhibition starts Friday, Dec. 10. . . . Thursday, Dec. 16, at 10: English and Continental pottery and porcelain. Exhibition starts Saturday, Dec. 11. . . . **PHILLIPS**, 406 E. 79th St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5; Wednesday, Dec. 15, at 2: European pairings, including a number on sporting subjects. Exhibition starts Saturday, Dec. 11.



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

EAST SIDE

LITTLE THEATRE, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)

Through Dec. 12: "Nicholas Nickleby" (†).

From Dec. 14: "Orchestra Conductor" (1980; directed by Andrzej Wajda), with John Gielgud.

R.K.O. CENTURY ART, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)

Through Dec. 16: "Brimstone and Treacle" (Richard Loncraine), with Sting and Joan Plowright.

From Dec. 17: "Tootsie" (Sydney Pollack), with Dustin Hoffman and Jessica Lange.

ST. MARKS CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)

Through Dec. 9: "The Atomic Café" (Kevin Rafferty, Jayne Loader, and Pierce Rafferty); and "The China Syndrome" (†).

From Dec. 10: To be announced.

STRAMERCEY, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)

Through Dec. 16: "Personal Best" (†); and "Making Love" (Arthur Hiller), with Michael Ontkean and Kate Jackson.

From Dec. 17: "E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†).

JAY CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)

"48 Hrs." (Walter Hill), with Nick Nolte and Eddie Murphy.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)

Through Dec. 16: "Creepshow" (George A. Romero), a five-episode film.

From Dec. 17: "Best Friends" (Norman Jewison), with Burt Reynolds and Goldie Hawn.

OWEVS 34TH STREET SHOWPLACE, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)

Theatre 1: Through Dec. 9: "The Empire Strikes Back" (†). From Dec. 10: "The Toy" (Richard Donner), with Richard Pryor and Jackie Gleason.

Theatre 2: Through Dec. 9: "My Favorite Year" (†). From Dec. 10: "Airplane II: The Sequel" (Ken Finkleman), with Robert Hays and Julie Hagerty.

Theatre 3: "The Verdict" (Sidney Lumet), with Paul Newman and Charlotte Rampling.

4TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)

"An Officer and a Gentleman" (†).

ASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)

Through Dec. 9: "Heartaches" (†).

From Dec. 10: To be announced.

UTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)

Through Dec. 16: "Starstruck" (Gillian Armstrong; an Australian film), with Jo Kennedy.

From Dec. 17: "Best Friends" (Norman Jewison), with Burt Reynolds and Goldie Hawn.

JOYHAM CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)

"The Verdict" (Sidney Lumet), with Paul Newman and Charlotte Rampling.

LAZA, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)

"Diva" (†).

14NHATTAN I AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)

Theatre 1: Through Dec. 9: "Jekyll and Hyde... Together Again" (Jerry Belson), with Mark Blankfield. Dec. 10-16: "It Came from Hollywood." From Dec. 17: "The Dark Crystal" (Jim Henson and Frank Oz), an animated film.

Theatre 2: Through Dec. 16: "The Missionary" (Richard Loncraine), with Michael Palin and Maggie Smith. From Dec. 17: "Trail of the Pink Panther" (Blake Edwards).

ARONET AND CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)

Theatre 1: "My Favorite Year" (†).

Theatre 2: "48 Hrs." (Walter Hill), with Nick Nolte and Eddie Murphy.

W. GRIFFITH, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)

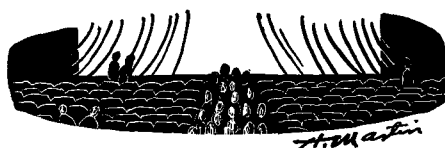
"Winter of Our Dreams" (John Duigan; an Australian film), with Bryan Brown and Judy Davis.

CINEMA I AND II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)

Theatre 1: Through Dec. 9: "Five Days One Summer" (Fred Zinnemann), with Sean Connery. From Dec. 10: "Sophie's Choice" (Alan J. Pakula), with Meryl Streep and Kevin Kline.

Theatre 2: Through Dec. 9: "Frances" (Graeme Clifford), with Jessica Lange and Sam Shepard. From Dec. 10: "An Officer and a Gentleman" (†).

THE MOVIE HOUSES



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 29.

GEMINI I AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)

Theatre 1: Through Dec. 9: "Creepshow" (George A. Romero), a five-episode film.

From Dec. 10: To be announced.

Theatre 2: Through Dec. 9: "The Last Unicorn," an animated film. From Dec. 10: To be announced.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)

"Brimstone and Treacle" (Richard Loncraine), with Sting and Joan Plowright.

LOEWS NEW YORK TWIN I AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)

Theatre 1: Dec. 8: Theatre closed. From Dec. 9: "That Championship Season" (Jason Miller).

Theatre 2: "E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†).

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)

"Eating Raoul" (†).

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)

"Still of the Night" (†).

72ND STREET EAST, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)

"Yol" (Yilmaz Güney; in Turkish).

U. A. 85TH ST. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)

Through Dec. 9: "The Last Unicorn," an animated film.

From Dec. 10: To be announced.

LOEWS ORPHEUM I AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)

Theatre 1: Through Dec. 9: "Time Bandits" (†). From Dec. 10: "Airplane II: The Sequel" (Ken Finkleman), with Robert Hays and Julie Hagerty.

Theatre 2: Through Dec. 9: "First Blood" (Ted Kotcheff), with Sylvester Stallone. From Dec. 10: "The Toy" (Richard Donner), with Richard Pryor and Jackie Gleason.

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)

Through Dec. 9: "Jekyll and Hyde... Together Again" (Jerry Belson), with Mark Blankfield.

Dec. 10-16: "It Came from Hollywood."

From Dec. 17: "The Dark Crystal" (Jim Henson and Frank Oz), an animated film.

R.K.O. CENTURY 86TH ST. TWIN, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)

Theatre 1: Through Dec. 16: "Forced Vengeance." From Dec. 17: "Best Friends" (Norman Jewison), with Burt Reynolds and Goldie Hawn.

Theatre 2: Through Dec. 16: "Creepshow" (George A. Romero), a five-episode film. From Dec. 17: "Trail of the Pink Panther" (Blake Edwards).

WEST SIDE

FILM FORUM I AND 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Theatre 1: Through Dec. 14: "Sartre par Lui-Même" (1976; directed by Alexandre Astruc and Michel Contat; in French), an interview with Jean-Paul Sartre, filmed in 1972. From Dec. 15: "Art Pepper: Notes from a Jazz Survivor" (Don McGlynn) and "Jackie McLean on Mars" (1980; Ken Levis), both documentaries; and "The Connection" (†). On Mondays, there will be a special program consisting of, at 5:30, "Legacy" (1976; Karen Arthur), with Joan Hotchkis; at 7:30, "Letters from Vietnam"

(1964) and "Vietnam Requiem" (1982; Bill Couturie and Jonas McCord); and at 9:45, "David Holzman's Diary" (1969; Jim McBride), with L. M. Kit Carson, and "My Girlfriend's Wedding" (1968; Jim McBride).

Theatre 2: Dec. 8: "The Overcoat" (1962; Alexei Batalov; in Russian); and "The Duel" (1962; Tatiana Berezantseva and Lev Rudnick; in Russian). Dec. 9-11: "Uncle Vanya" (1971; Andrei Mikhalkov-Konchalovsky; in Russian), with Innokenty Smoktunovsky and Sergei Bondarchuk; and "The Lady with the Dog" (1960; Josef Heifits; in Russian). Dec. 12-13: "The End of St. Petersburg" (†) and "Don Quixote" (†). Dec. 14-15: "First Swallow" (1976; Nana Mcheldize; in Russian); and "The Shooting Party" (1977; Emil Loteanu; in Russian). Dec. 16-18: "The Gambler" (1978; Alexei Batalov; in Russian); and "The Letter That Was Never Sent" (1962; Mikhail Kalatozov; in Russian).

WAVERLY I AND 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)

Theatre 1: "Smithereens" (Susan Seidelman), with Susan Berman.

Theatre 2: Through Dec. 16: "Yol" (Yilmaz Güney; in Turkish). From Dec. 17: "Still of the Night" (†).

GREENWICH PLAYHOUSE I AND 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)

Theatre 1: "Eating Raoul" (†).

Theatre 2: Through Dec. 14: "Tex" (†). From Dec. 15: "Honkytonk Man" (Clint Eastwood), with Clint and Kyle Eastwood.

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)

Theatre 1: Through Dec. 16: "The Missionary" (Richard Loncraine), with Michael Palin and Maggie Smith. From Dec. 17: "Trail of the Pink Panther" (Blake Edwards).

Theatre 2: Through Dec. 16: "Moonlighting" (Jerzy Skolimowski), with Jeremy Irons. From Dec. 17: "Six Weeks" (Tony Bill), with Dudley Moore and Mary Tyler Moore.

Theatre 3: Through Dec. 16: "Heartaches" (†). From Dec. 17: "Six Weeks" (Tony Bill), with Dudley Moore and Mary Tyler Moore.

Theatre 4: Through Dec. 16: "Gregory's Girl" (Bill Forsyth), with Gordon John Sinclair. From Dec. 17: "My Favorite Year" (†).

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)

"Heidi's Song," an animated film.

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)

"Gandhi" (Richard Attenborough), with Ben Kingsley.

57TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)

Through Dec. 11: Theatre closed.

From Dec. 12 (tentative): "Yol" (Yilmaz Güney; in Turkish).

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)

"Fitzcarraldo" (†).

CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)

Through Dec. 9: "Moonlighting" (Jerzy Skolimowski), with Jeremy Irons.

From Dec. 10: "Sophie's Choice" (Alan J. Pakula), with Meryl Streep and Kevin Kline.

LOEWS PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)

"My Favorite Year" (†).

LINCOLN PLAZA I, 2, AND 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)

Theatre 1: "Come Back to the 5 & Dime Jimmy Dean, Jimmy Dean" (†).

Theatre 2: "Lola" (Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German).

Theatre 3: "La Femme Enfant" (Raphaële Billetdoux; in French), with Penelope Palmer and Klaus Kinski.

CINEMA STUDIO I AND 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)

Theatre 1: "Veronika Voss" (Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Rosel Zech.

Theatre 2: Through Dec. 16: "Le Beau Mariage" (†). From Dec. 17: "The Seven Samurai" (†).

EMBASSY 72ND ST. I AND 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)

Theatre 1: "Time Stands Still" (Péter Gothár; in Hungarian).

Theatre 2: "Siberiade" (1979; Andrei Mikhalkov-Konchalovsky; in Russian).

LOEWS 83RD QUAD, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)

Theatre 1: Through Dec. 9: "The Missionary" (Richard Loncraine), with Michael

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Palin and Maggie Smith. From Dec. 10: To be announced.
 Theatre 2: Through Dec. 9: "The Empire Strikes Back" (†). From Dec. 10: To be announced.
 Theatre 3: Through Dec. 9: "Monsignor" (Frank Perry), with Christopher Reeve. From Dec. 10: To be announced.
 Theatre 4: Through Dec. 9: "Creepshow" (George A. Romero), a five-episode film. From Dec. 10: To be announced.

NEW YORKER 1 AND 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
 Theatre 1: Through Dec. 16: "Vol" (Yilmaz Güney; in Turkish). From Dec. 17: "Six Weeks" (Tony Bill), with Dudley Moore and Mary Tyler Moore.
 Theatre 2: Through Dec. 16: "Victor/Victoria" (†). From Dec. 17: "Still of the Night" (†).

OLYMPIA QUAD, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
 Theatre 1: Through Dec. 9: "King Kong" (1932; Merian C. Cooper and Ernest B. Schoedsack), with Fay Wray, Robert Armstrong, and Bruce Cabot; and "King Kong" (1976; John Guillermin), with Jeff Bridges, Charles Grodin, and Jessica Lange. Dec. 10-11: "Cat People" (1942; Jacques Tourneur), with Simone Simon, Kent Smith, and Tom Conway; and "Cat People" (1982; Paul Schrader), with Nastassia Kinski and Malcolm McDowell. Dec. 12-14: "Young Frankenstein" (†) and "Frankenstein" (†). Dec. 15-16: "The Invasion of the Body Snatchers" (1956 †) and "Invasion of the Body Snatchers" (1978 †). Dec. 17-18: "Tarzan, the Ape Man" (1932 †); and "Tarzan, the Ape Man" (1981; John Derek), with Bo Derek and Richard Harris.

Theatre 2: Through Dec. 9: "The Last Unicorn," an animated film. Dec. 10-16: "Trick or Treat." From Dec. 17: "E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†).

Theatre 3: Through Dec. 9: "Forced Vengeance." From Dec. 10: "The Missionary" (Richard Loncraine), with Michael Palin and Maggie Smith; and "Monty Python Live at the Hollywood Bowl," a concert film.
 Theatre 4: "Caligula" (1980), with Malcolm McDowell.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

CRITERION THEATRES, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
 Theatre 1: "The Verdict" (directed by Sidney Lumet), with Paul Newman and Charlotte Rampling.
 Theatre 2: "Caligula" (1980), with Malcolm McDowell.
 Theatre 3: Through Dec. 16: "Nurses for Sale." From Dec. 17: "The Empire Strikes Back" (†).
 Theatre 4: "Concrete Jungle."
 Theatre 5: Through Dec. 16: "Alone in the Dark." From Dec. 17: "Creepshow" (George A. Romero), a five-episode film.
 Theatre 6: Through Dec. 16: "Mother's Day" (1980; Charles Kaufman), with Nancy Hendrickson and Deborah Luce; and "Nightmare" (1981; Romano Scavolini), with Sharon Smith. From Dec. 17: "Best Friends" (Norman Jewison), with Burt Reynolds and Goldie Hawn.

EMBASSY 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
 "48 Hrs." (Walter Hill), with Nick Nolte and Eddie Murphy.

EMBASSY 2, 3, AND 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
 Theatre 2: "48 Hrs." (Walter Hill), with Nick Nolte and Eddie Murphy.
 Theatre 3: Through Dec. 16: "The Missionary" (Richard Loncraine), with Michael Palin and Maggie Smith. From Dec. 17: "My Favorite Year" (†).
 Theatre 4: Through Dec. 9: "Raiders of the Lost Ark" (†). Dec. 10-16: "It Came from Hollywood." From Dec. 17: "An Officer and a Gentleman" (†).

LOEWS ASTOR PLAZA, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
 "An Officer and a Gentleman" (†). The theatre will be closed all day on Monday, Dec. 13.

LOEWS STATE 1 AND 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
 Theatre 1: Through Dec. 9: "Jekyll and Hyde... Together Again" (Jerry Belson), with Mark Blankfield. From Dec. 10: "Airplane II: The Sequel" (Ken Finkleman), with Robert Hays and Julie Hagerty.
 Theatre 2: Through Dec. 9: Theatre closed. From Dec. 10: "The Toy" (Richard Donner), with Richard Pryor and Jackie Gleason.

S • M • T • W • T • F • S						
			8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18

MOVIELAND, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
 "E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†).

NEW EMBASSY 49TH STREET, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
 "Tex" (†).

RIVOLI 1 AND 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
 Theatre 1: Through Dec. 9: "The Empire Strikes Back" (†). From Dec. 10: To be announced.
 Theatre 2: Through Dec. 9: "Creepshow" (George A. Romero), a five-episode film. From Dec. 10: To be announced.

R.K.O. CENTURY CINERAMA TWIN, B'way at 47th. (975-8366/8369)
 Theatre 1: Through Dec. 16: "First Blood" (Ted Kotcheff), with Sylvester Stallone. From Dec. 17: "Trail of the Pink Panther" (Blake Edwards).
 Theatre 2: Through Dec. 16: "Horror Planet." From Dec. 17: "Still of the Night" (†).

R.K.O. CENTURY NATIONAL TWIN, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
 Theatre 1: Through Dec. 9: "The Last Unicorn," an animated film. From Dec. 10: "Trick or Treat."
 Theatre 2: Through Dec. 14: "Forced Vengeance." From Dec. 15: "Honkytonk Man" (Clint Eastwood), with Clint and Kyle Eastwood.

REVIVAL HOUSES

AGEE ROOM, 144 Bleecker St. (473-8306; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through Dec. 9: "Resurgence" (1982; directed by Pam Yates and Tom Sigel); and "Blood and Sand" (1982; Sharon Sopher).

Dec. 10-11: "The Scenic Route" (1982; Mark Rappaport); and "Local Color" (1982; Mark Rappaport).

Dec. 12-13: "Stations of the Elevated" (1982; Manny Kirscheimer); "Mingus" (1982; Thomas Reichman), the life and times of Charlie Mingus; and "Different Drummer: Elvin Jones" (1981; Edward Gray), a documentary.
 Dec. 14: Theatre closed.

Dec. 15-16: "Back to Kampuchea" (1982; Martin Duckworth); and "Vietnam: An American Journey" (1981; Robert Richter), a documentary.

Dec. 17-18: "The Dark End of the Street" (1981; Jan Egleson), with Laura Harrington; and "Billy in the Lowlands" (1982; Jan Egleson).

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
 Dec. 8: "Nosferatu, the Vampire" (1979; Werner Herzog; in German), with Klaus Kinski, Isabelle Adjani, and Bruno Ganz; and "The Marquise of O..." (1976; Eric Rohmer; in German), with Edith Clever and Bruno Ganz.

Dec. 9: "California Split" (1974; Robert Altman), with George Segal and Elliott Gould; and "Welcome to L.A." (1977; Alan Rudolph), with Keith Carradine, Sally Kellerman, Geraldine Chaplin, and Harvey Keitel.

Dec. 10-11: "D.O.A." (1981; Lech Kowalski), a documentary about punk rock; and "Rock 'n' Roll High School" (1979), with the Ramones.

Dec. 12: "The Last Tycoon" (1976; Elia Kazan), with Robert De Niro, Tony Curtis, Robert Mitchum, and Jeanne Moreau; and "Reflections in a Golden Eye" (1967; John

Huston), with Elizabeth Taylor, Marlon Brando, Brian Keith, and Julie Harris.
 Dec. 13: "The Asphalt Jungle" (†); and "The Big Heat" (1953; Fritz Lang), with Glenn Ford, Gloria Grahame, Alexander Scourby, and Lee Marvin.

Dec. 14: "Sanjuro" (1963; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune; and "Kojiro" (1966; Hiroshi Inagaki; in Japanese).

Dec. 15: "Playtime" (1968) and "Mr. Hulot's Holiday" (1953), both films directed by, and with, Jacques Tati.

Dec. 16: "Brewster McCloud" (†); and "Quintet" (1979; Robert Altman), with Paul Newman, Vittorio Gassman, Bibi Andersson, Fernando Rey, and Brigitte Fossey.

Dec. 17-18: "Circle of Deceit" (1982; Volker Schlöndorff; in German), with Bruno Ganz and Hanna Schygulla; and "The Passenger" (1975; Michelangelo Antonioni), with Jack Nicholson and Maria Schneider.

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

"Leap Into the Void" (†).

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through Dec. 9: "Midnight Cowboy" (1969; John Schlesinger), with Dustin Hoffman, Jon Voight, and Brenda Vaccaro; and "American Gigolo" (1980; Paul Schrader), with Richard Gere, Lauren Hutton, Nina Van Pallandt, and Hector Elizondo.

Dec. 10-11: "The French Lieutenant's Woman" (1981; Karel Reisz), with Meryl Streep and Jeremy Irons; and "The Sailor Who Fell from Grace with the Sea" (1976; Lewis John Carlino), with Sarah Miles and Kris Kristofferson.

Dec. 12-14: "West Side Story" (1961; Robert Wise), with Natalie Wood, Richard Beymer, Russ Tamblyn, Rita Moreno, and George Chakiris; and "Brigadoon" (†).

Dec. 15-16: "Reflections in a Golden Eye" (1967; John Huston), with Elizabeth Taylor, Marlon Brando, Brian Keith, and Julie Harris; and "The Sergeant" (1968; John Flynn), with Rod Steiger and John Phillip Law.

Dec. 17-18: "Casablanca" (1942; Michael Curtiz), with Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains; and "Play It Again, Sam" (1972; Herbert Ross), with Woody Allen.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

"Caligula" (1980), with Malcolm McDowell.

HOLLYWOOD TWIN CINEMA 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Dec. 8: "Melvin and Howard" (1980; Jonathan Demme), with Paul Le Mat, Jason Robards, and Mary Steenburgen; and "Resurrection" (1980; Daniel Petrie), with Ellen Burstyn, Eva Le Gallienne, and Sam Shepard.

Dec. 9-11: "Dr. Strangelove" (1964; Stanley Kubrick), with Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden; and "The Magic Christian" (1970; Joseph McGrath), with Peter Sellers and Ringo Starr.

Dec. 12-13: "Funny Girl" (†) and "What's Up, Doc?" (†).

Dec. 14-15: "The Consequence" (1977; Wolfgang Petersen; in German), with Jurgen Prochnow and Ernst Hannawald; and "Sebastiane" (1978; Derek Jarman and Paul Humfress; in Latin).

Dec. 16-18: "Manhattan" (1979; Woody Allen), with Allen, Diane Keaton, Michael Murphy, and Meryl Streep; and "Annie Hall" (1977; Woody Allen), with Allen and Diane Keaton.

HOLLYWOOD TWIN CINEMA 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Through Dec. 9: "Deliverance" (1972; John Boorman), with Jon Voight, Burt Reynolds, Ned Beatty, and Ronny Cox; and "Sharky's Machine" (1981; Burt Reynolds), with Reynolds.

Dec. 10-11: "The French Connection" (1971 William Friedkin) and "French Connection II" (1975; John Frankenheimer), both film with Gene Hackman.

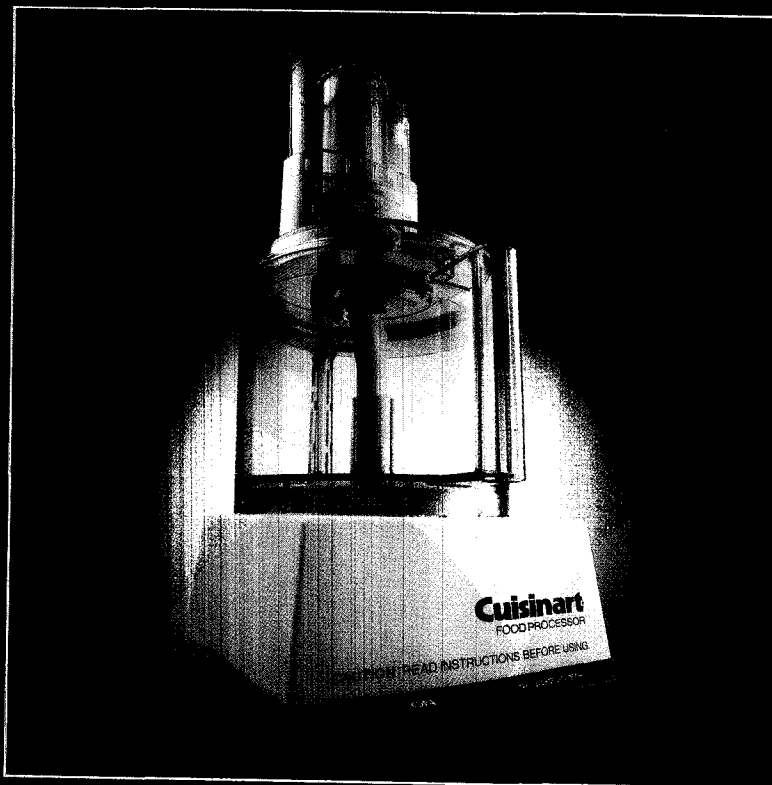
Dec. 12: "Ryan's Daughter" (†).

Dec. 13-14: "The Misfits" (1961; John Huston), with Clark Gable, Marilyn Monroe and Montgomery Clift; and "Some Like It Hot" (†).

Dec. 15-16: "Death on the Nile" (1978; John Guillermin), with Peter Ustinov as Agatha



CUISINARTS® ANSWERS THE QUESTIONS THAT MOST PEOPLE HAVE ABOUT FOOD PROCESSORS. EVEN IF THEY ALREADY OWN ONE.



In the 10 years since Cuisinarts introduced the food processor to America, this appliance has revolutionized food preparation. Today, the food processor is an essential piece of kitchen equipment.

What exactly does a food processor do? If you already own one, is yours doing everything it should? If you don't own one, which one should you buy? If you own one of our early machines, should you consider one of our latest models?

On these pages, you will find the answers to these and other questions. And because better cooking is the aim of all our innovations, you will also find some recipes that illustrate the surprising capabilities of today's Cuisinart® food processors.



Q. DOES IT REALLY SAVE THAT MUCH TIME?

A. The Cuisinart food processor saves up to 90% of the time you now spend to prepare food for cooking. The effort you save is just as dramatic.

It condenses hours of preparation into a matter of minutes:

Slices 2 pounds of meat, fruit or vegetables in 90 seconds.

Thoroughly kneads 3 pounds of bread dough in less than 2 minutes. (The new Cuisinart model DLC-X kneads 5 pounds of bread dough in less than 3 minutes—in one batch!)

Chops meats with a few touches of the pulse lever.

Prepares delicious homemade soups in little more than the time needed to open a can.

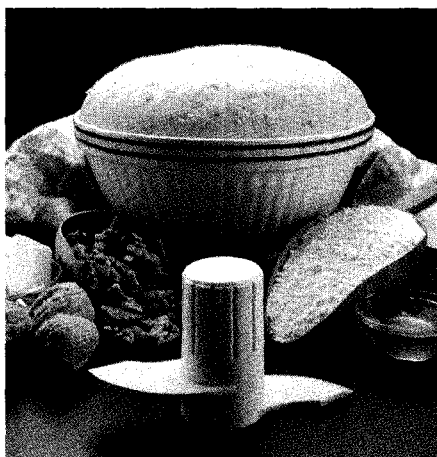
Grates cheese, juliennes vegetables, makes delicious spreads, all in next to no time.

Clean-up time is shortened as well, because many recipes can be completed right in the work bowl without emptying it. And everything but the base goes into the dishwasher.

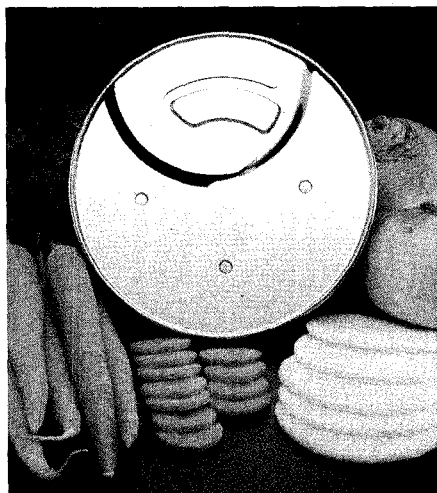
In fact, there are few kinds of food preparation that can't be accomplished with the Cuisinart food processor in much less time, with much less work and much less mess.

Q. DON'T ALL FOOD PROCESSORS DO PRETTY MUCH THE SAME THING?

A. Yes, in the sense that all cars do pretty much the same thing. But just



The exclusive Cuisinart dough blade does all the kneading for our Honey Walnut Rolls in 45 seconds! (For the recipe, write Cuisinarts.)



The 3 mm slicing disc produces the perfect slices of turnips and carrots that decorate the dramatic Chartreuse shown at the top of the page, quickly and effortlessly. (For the recipe, write Cuisinarts.)

as some cars can do things others can't—handle rough terrain, run more efficiently, last longer—the Cuisinart food processor can do many things other food processors can't.

Size for size, no other food processors have motors that are as powerful and efficient. They give you peak performance when you need it. The Cuisinart DLC-7 PRO, for example, can produce batch after batch of bread dough—up to 3½ pounds each, depending on the type of dough—without overheating or stalling.

Our larger work bowls are wider as well as higher, enabling you to chop larger quantities of meat at one time, as well as providing greater capacity.

Our exclusive Large Feed Tube, which is standard equipment on every model, lets you produce whole slices from tomatoes, oranges, potatoes, onions. (On our newest model DLC-X, the Large Feed Tube has been even further enlarged to accept foods as large as whole small grapefruits!)

Our patented slicing discs, which have always been the best on the market, have been dramatically improved in the last year. They produce virtually all perfect slices of many thicknesses, without torn edges.

Our plastic blade is not just a mixing blade (as with most other food

processors), but is, in fact, a special dough blade, designed to knead even large batches of dough quickly, thoroughly, and effortlessly.

Q. WHAT DOES A CUISINART FOOD PROCESSOR DO BESIDES SLICE AND CHOP?

A. It would be quicker to list what it does *not* do: it won't peel vegetables, extract juices, grind coffee, make powdered sugar from granulated.

Some examples of what you can do with it quickly and easily:

Make a salad bar any restaurant would be proud of: whole pickled beet slices, juicy whole thick tomato slices, paper thin cucumber slices, interesting new shapes of fruits and vegetables and an endless array of dressings and garnishes, all many times faster than by hand.

Grate or shred cheeses like Parmesan, Romano, Swiss, Cheddar, Monterey Jack.

Make new, delectable vegetable purées, and an unusually succulent moussaka.*

Chop meat coarsely for chili, medium for hamburgers and meat loaves, fine for pâtés and terrines. (Make a 2 pound meat loaf,* ready to shape and bake, in 20 seconds in our DLC-7 PRO.)

Mix batters for cakes, pastry for pies and tarts, yeast doughs for breads and coffee cakes. (Homemade bread costs half as much as store-bought premium brands, tastes better, too.)

Make fruit cakes, nut tortes all in one bowl, without buying chopped fruit or ground nuts.

Q. CAN A CUISINART FOOD PROCESSOR MAKE WHIPPED CREAM? WHAT ABOUT EGG WHITES?

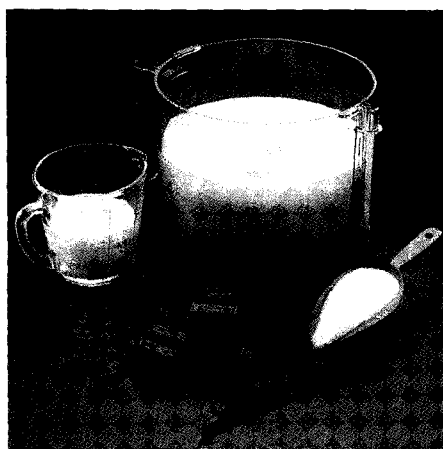
A. Yes to both! Use well-chilled heavy cream, or heavy whipping cream. Add 2 tablespoons powdered non-fat milk per cup of whipping cream.

As for egg whites, a breakthrough technique has been invented by Cuisinart consultant Abby Mandel,** the food processor columnist for *Bon Appetit* magazine. Her technique makes possible light, fluffy mousses, soufflés, omelets, sponge cakes or tortes... all in one work bowl!

*Write for recipes.

**Abby Mandel has recently revised her authoritative cookbook, "Abby Mandel's Cuisinart Classroom," to contain an entire chapter on her exclusive egg white recipes. For a copy, send \$17.95 plus \$2.00 for postage and handling to Cuisinart Cooking Club, 411 W. Putnam Avenue, Greenwich, CT 06830.

Q. DON'T I STILL NEED A BLENDER AND A MIXER?



The Cuisinart food processor makes fast work out of a mousse, even beats the egg whites and the cream! (See recipe in next column.)

A. There might be some occasions, but other than grinding coffee or making powdered sugar, we have a hard time thinking of them—particularly if you own our DLC-7 PRO or DLC-X.

THE UNBELIEVABLY EASY CUISINART FROZEN MOCHA MOUSSE WITH CHOCOLATE SAUCE.

Chocolate lovers will appreciate how the Cuisinart food processor pulverizes baking chocolate, eliminating the need to melt it on the stove. Pour in hot liquid with the machine running. The chocolate melts at low

temperature, keeps all its flavor. The mocha mousse deliciously demonstrates our prowess with egg whites and whipped cream.

MOCHA ICE CREAM

8 large egg whites
½ cup granulated sugar
1 tablespoon white distilled vinegar
1 cup heavy cream, very cold
1 teaspoon instant coffee
1 tablespoon warm water
Chocolate Sauce (recipe follows)

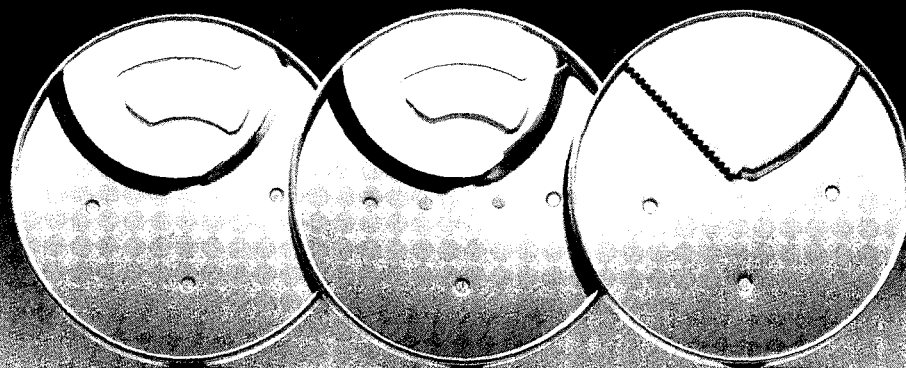
Use the metal blade to combine egg whites and granulated sugar. Process 8 seconds, and with machine running, add vinegar. Process 2 to 2½ minutes, or until egg whites are stiff but not dry. Slide whites into large mixing bowl, set aside. *Do not clean work bowl. Add cream.* Process 25 to 30 seconds until stiff—don't overprocess. Add instant coffee dissolved in the warm water, pulse once. Place beaten egg whites in a ring on top of whipped cream. Pulse 2 or 3 times, only until egg whites almost disappear. Don't overprocess. Transfer to serving bowl and place in freezer 3 to 4 hours, or until firm. Use ice cream scoop to serve individual portions and drizzle with chocolate sauce.

CHOCOLATE SAUCE

6 ounces semisweet chocolate squares
1 cup granulated sugar
½ cup boiling water
2 teaspoons vanilla extract

Use metal blade to process chocolate squares with granulated sugar. Pulse 4 or 5 times, run continuously for 30 seconds, then add boiling water and continue processing 30 seconds until chocolate has melted. Add vanilla, pulse once.





4mm slicing disc

8mm slicing disc

3x3 square julienne disc

Below: A party platter that appears to have been prepared by skilled professional hands: thick, juicy slices of tomatoes; perfect, uniform slices of cold chicken and roast beef; onions sliced without making you cry; an appetizing julienned relish of zucchini and carrots.



Q. ARE BROKEN SLICES UNAVOIDABLE?

A. With many food processors, you have to accept a certain percentage of broken slices as a necessary evil.

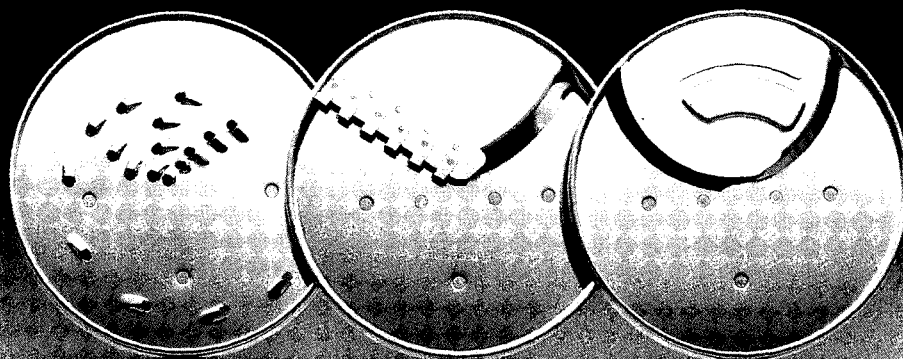
The superior performance of Cuisinarts' exclusive, patented slicing discs has always been a point of pride. This performance has recently been dramatically improved and now, with our latest advances (particularly on our DLC-7 PRO and DLC-X), you can produce virtually all flawless slices of even fragile foods like tomatoes.

Q. CAN I MAKE SLICES OF ANY THICKNESS I WANT?

A. Only Cuisinarts offers slicing discs in a full range of thicknesses, from 1 mm to 8 mm, to let you achieve exactly the desired result. You can produce wafer thin slices of vegetables, medium slices for crisp home-fried potatoes, even thick, juicy slabs of tomatoes.

Q. WHAT ARE SOME OF YOUR OTHER ACCESSORIES?

A. Cuisinarts offers the most extensive and useful selection of optional accessories on the market, including our exclusive "french fry cut" disc, and the first 8 mm slicing disc and 3 mm square julienne disc ever available to the home cook. For complete information, write for our brochure, "They Really Are That Much Better."

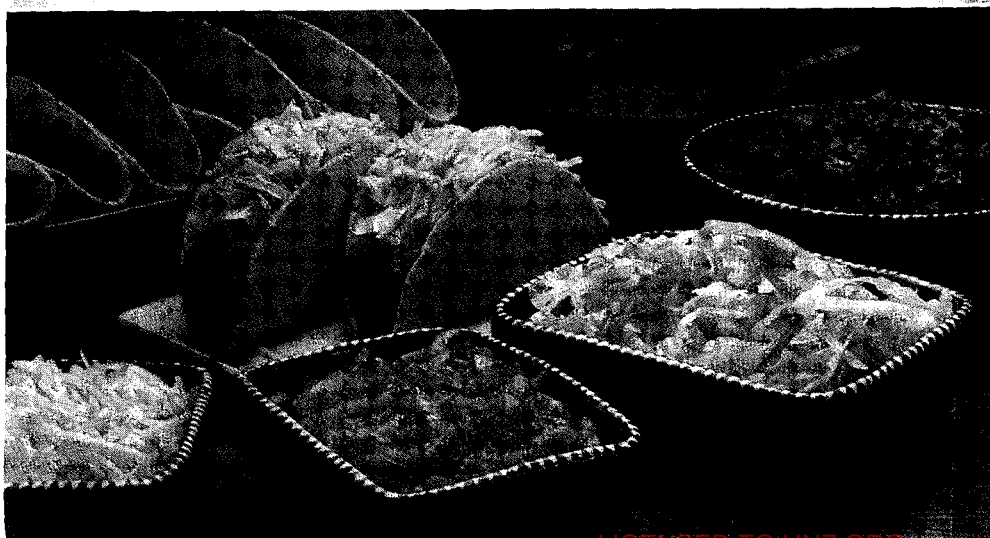


medium shredding disc

french fry cut disc

6mm slicing disc

Below: Your own Tex-Mex dishes are fresher and better. The Cuisinart food processor does everything from chopping the beef (metal blade, not shown) to dicing the tomatoes (french fry cut disc), shredding the lettuce (6 mm slicing disc) and the cheese (medium shredding disc).



Q. WHAT IF I WANT SLICES FROM BIG FOODS LIKE TOMATOES, ORANGES, ONIONS, POTATOES?

A. In order to slice large foods in most food processors, you must first cut the foods into smaller pieces. With the exclusive Cuisinart Large Feed Tube, which is standard equipment on all models, you can produce whole, beautiful slices from many fruits and vegetables. And the Large Feed Tube on our DLC-X is so big, it will even accept whole small grapefruits!

**Q. IS IT POSSIBLE
TO CHOP "CHUNKY" PIECES
WITHOUT ENDING
UP WITH MUSH?**

A. In addition to the "on" lever, which provides continuous action, all Cuisinart food processors have a "pulse" control. Press it and the machine stays on for only as long as you hold it down. A brief pause between pulses allows food to fall down to the bottom of the bowl and back into the path of the blade, providing an even chop without danger of overprocessing. You can even mix a chunky egg salad — mayonnaise and all!

**Q. ISN'T IT A NUISANCE
TO CLEAN MY
FOOD PROCESSOR
EVERY TIME I USE IT FOR
A SMALL JOB?**

A. It's no more difficult to clean your Cuisinart food processor than it is to rinse out a mixing bowl or wash a knife and a chopping board. In fact, all of the parts except the motor base can go right in the dishwasher!

**Q. CAN A
CUISINART FOOD
PROCESSOR
MAKE ICE CREAM?**

A. Yes! And not just ice cream, but a range of delectable frozen desserts from capuccino sherbet to vanilla freeze — all made quickly and easily in the food processor. We invite you to write us for a selection of interesting recipes.

**Q. CAN IT HANDLE
ALL THE KNEADING
REQUIRED FOR
HOMEMADE BREAD — EVEN
LARGE BATCHES?**

A. The unique, patented design of the Cuisinart dough blade enables it to handle large quantities of dough without straining the motor. The Honey Walnut Rolls shown on these pages, for example, were kneaded in a single batch in the DLC-7 PRO... in 45 seconds! (For this and a selection of unusual bread recipes, write to Cuisinarts.)

**Q. WILL YOUR PASTA
ATTACHMENT MAKE AS FINE
QUALITY PASTA AS MACHINES
THAT DO NOTHING ELSE?**



The Cuisinart Pasta Attachment produces 6 pasta shapes. And faster than most pasta machines.

A. Yes. The Cuisinart Pasta Attachment produces pasta of professional quality, faster than most pasta machines. It takes advantage of the powerful Cuisinart food processor motor to knead the dough so thoroughly, the dough actually gets warm, giving you what is in fact a much *higher* quality final product. Our Pasta Attachment fits any of the models in our DLC-7 series. It comes with 6 interchangeable discs to produce lasagne, fettuccine,

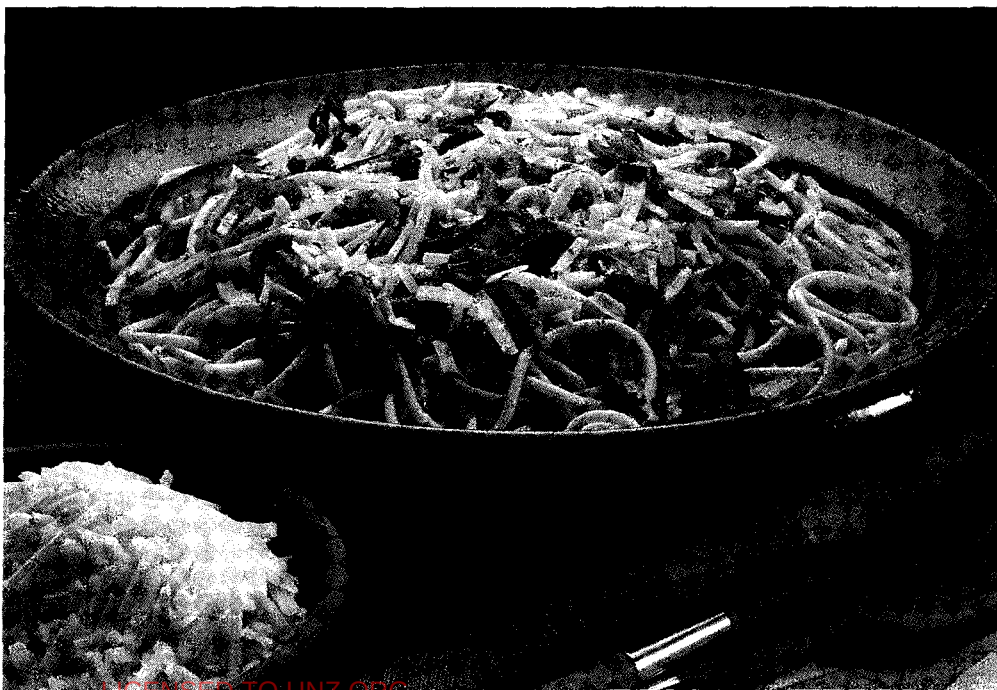
spaghetti, linguine, macaroni, and spaghetti.

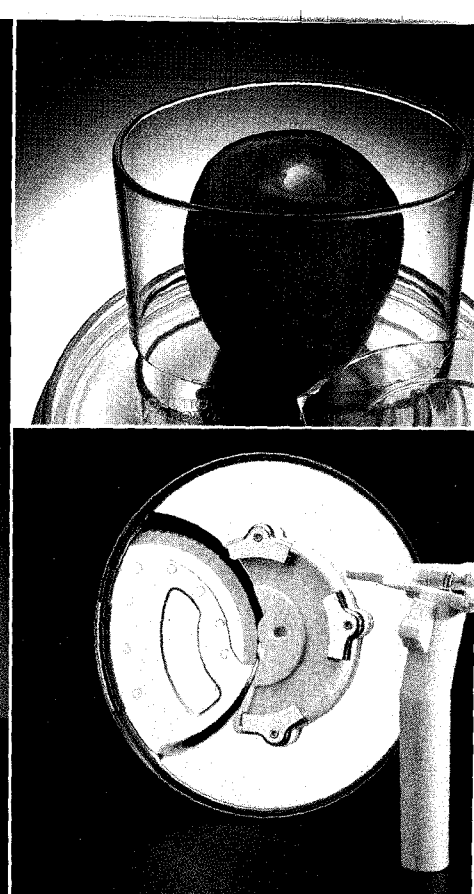
**THE DLC-7 PRO
HOLIDAY PASTA PRIMAVERA**

- 1 pound cooked spaghetti or spaghetti tossed with 1 tablespoon vegetable oil
- 1 large sweet red pepper
- 1 large sweet green pepper
- 1 medium zucchini, trimmed
- 3 ounces Parmesan cheese
- ½ cup vegetable oil
- Salt and freshly ground pepper

Have ready the cooked pasta. Seed the peppers; cut each into 4 large rectangles. Install medium (4 mm) slicing disc, stand pepper rectangles in feed tube, process and set strips aside. Remove slicing disc, install medium (3 mm square) julienne disc. Place trimmed zucchini in feed tube horizontally and process. Set aside with peppers. Use medium shredder to shred Parmesan cheese and set aside in another bowl.

Heat oil over medium heat in a 10" sauté pan or 12" skillet. Cook peppers 1 to 2 minutes or until crisp-tender. Season with salt and pepper. Add pasta and zucchini to skillet, heat through, transfer to large serving dish and toss to combine. Sprinkle with 2 tablespoons shredded Parmesan. Serve hot with remaining Parmesan on the side.





(above) The new state-of-the-art DLC-X and the modestly-priced DLC-10E; (top right) the revolutionary Large Feed Tube; (bottom right) the convenient detachable stem.

Q. WHAT DO THE NEW CUISINART MODELS DO THAT THE OLD ONES CAN'T?

A. The machines we sold 10 years ago were good machines, in the sense the DC-3 was a good plane. But to follow the analogy, the ones we sell today are like Lear jets.

Our current motors are more powerful and efficient. They can handle bigger, more taxing tasks—tasks that would stall many of the lesser machines on the market today.

Over the years we have studied the reasons why slicing discs often produce cracked or broken slices, and we have found and patented ways to avoid these imperfections. In the process, we have also learned how to make a disc that produces a perfect square julienne faster than any other method.

Our Large Feed Tube has opened up many new processing possibilities. It is especially useful for people

who include many fresh fruits and vegetables in their menus. It is standard equipment on all current models.

Our dough blade has brought the pleasure of homemade bread within the realm of possibility even for busy people.

We have succeeded in perfecting the first detachable stem which has all the rigidity of a fixed stem. It attaches and locks into position easily, then detaches simply by pressing a button. It is standard equipment on all models except the DLC-10E.

You can update earlier models by purchasing a Large Feed Tube Kit. The detachable stem is available for any model in our DLC-7 or DLC-8 series.

Q. ARE ALL CUISINART FOOD PROCESSORS EXPENSIVE?

A. No. In addition to our state-of-the-art models DLC-X and DLC-7 PRO, Cuisinarts offers the mid-size DLC-8F (about 22% more capacity than standard-size) and our standard-size DLC-10E, a Cuisinart food processor for the price of an ordinary food processor. Both the 8F and 10E are Cuisinart machines through and through, with many of the exclusive features found on our more expensive models.

Q. WHICH CUISINART FOOD PROCESSOR IS RIGHT FOR ME?

A. To answer a question with a question, how much do you cook? Do you have a large family or entertain on a large scale? Is cooking your passion? Or do you simply derive pleasure from owning the best? If your answer to any of these is yes, we suggest one of our two professional quality models, the DLC-7 PRO or the even larger DLC-X.

Do you cook on a more modest scale? Then consider our DLC-8F or our smallest model, the DLC-10E.

Whichever model you choose, we think that now that you have a better idea of *all* the things a Cuisinart food processor can do, you'll agree that *not* owning one is out of the question.

Q. HOW CAN I FIND OUT MORE ABOUT CUISINARTS?

A. For any of the recipes mentioned on these pages, as well as more information about our food processors and accessories, our cookware and our magazine, "The Pleasures of Cooking," write: Cuisinarts, Inc., 411 (N) W. Putnam Ave., Greenwich, CT 06830.

Cuisinart®
Food Processor

- Christie's Hercule Poirot; and "Murder on the Orient Express" (1974; Sidney Lumet), with Albert Finney as Poirot.
- Dec. 17-18: "Night of the Living Dead" (1968; George A. Romero), with Duane Jones; and "Freaks" (1932; Tod Browning), with Olga Baclanova, Leila Hyams, and Wallace Ford.
- METRO CINEMA**, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
- Dec. 8: "The Invasion of the Body Snatchers" (†); and "Westworld" (1973; Michael Crichton), with Yul Brynner, Richard Benjamin, and James Brolin.
- Dec. 9: "On the Waterfront" (1954; Elia Kazan), with Marlon Brando, Lee J. Cobb, Eva Marie Saint, Karl Malden, and Rod Steiger; and "Pickup on South Street" (1953; Samuel Fuller), with Richard Widmark, Jean Peters, and Thelma Ritter.
- Dec. 10: "Citizen Kane" (1941; Orson Welles), with Welles, Joseph Cotten, Dorothy Comingore, Agnes Moorehead, and Everett Sloane; and "The Magnificent Ambersons" (1942; Orson Welles), with Dolores Costello, Joseph Cotten, Tim Holt, and Agnes Moorehead.
- Dec. 11: "The Lady from Shanghai" (1948; Orson Welles), with Rita Hayworth, Everett Sloane, and Welles; and "Beat the Devil" (1954; John Huston), with Humphrey Bogart, Jennifer Jones, Gina Lollobrigida, Robert Morley, and Peter Lorre.
- Dec. 12: "Goldfinger" (1964; Guy Hamilton) and "Thunderball" (1965; Terence Young), both films with Sean Connery as James Bond.
- Dec. 13: "Now, Voyager" (1942; Irving Rapper), with Bette Davis, Paul Henreid, Claude Rains, and John Loder; and "Mildred Pierce" (1945; Michael Curtiz), with Joan Crawford, Jack Carson, Zachary Scott, and Ann Blyth.
- Dec. 14: "To Have and Have Not" (1944; Howard Hawks), with Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Walter Brennan; and "White Heat" (1949; Raoul Walsh), with James Cagney, Virginia Mayo, Edmond O'Brien, and Margaret Wycherly.
- Dec. 15: "The Band Wagon" (1953; Vincente Minnelli), with Fred Astaire, Cyd Charisse, and Nanette Fabray; and "Gigi" (†).
- Dec. 16: "From Here to Eternity" (1953; Fred Zinnemann), with Burt Lancaster, Montgomery Clift, Frank Sinatra, and Deborah Kerr; and "Some Came Running" (1959; Vincente Minnelli), with Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin, Shirley MacLaine, and Martha Hyer.
- Dec. 17: "Blow-Up" (1966; Michelangelo Antonioni), with Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings; and "The Passenger" (1975; Michelangelo Antonioni), with Jack Nicholson and Maria Schneider.
- Dec. 18: "The Maltese Falcon" (1941; John Huston), with Mary Astor, Humphrey Bogart, Sydney Greenstreet, Elisha Cook, Jr., and Peter Lorre; and "The Big Sleep" (1946; Howard Hawks), with Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Martha Vickers.
- REGENCY**, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
- Dec. 8: "Cynara" (1932; King Vidor), with Ronald Colman and Kay Francis; and "The Dark Angel" (1935; Sidney Franklin), with Merle Oberon, Fredric March, and Herbert Marshall.
- Dec. 9-11: "My Foolish Heart" (1950; Mark Robson), with Dana Andrews, Susan

- Hayward, Kent Smith, and Robert Keith; and "Stella Dallas" (1937; King Vidor), with Barbara Stanwyck and John Boles.
- Dec. 12-13: "The Princess and the Pirate" (†); and "Kid Millions" (1934; Roy Del Ruth), with Eddie Cantor, Ann Sothern, and Ethel Merman.
- Dec. 14-15: "Barbary Coast" (†); and "Come and Get It" (1936; Howard Hawks and William Wyler), with Edward Arnold, Joel McCrea, and Frances Farmer.
- Dec. 16-18: "The Best Years of Our Lives" (†).
- THALIA**, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
- Dec. 8: "Cavalcade" (1933; Frank Lloyd), with Diana Wynyard and Clive Brook; "Me and My Gal" (1932; Raoul Walsh), with Spencer Tracy and Joan Bennett; and "The Power and the Glory" (1933; William K. Howard), with Spencer Tracy and Colleen Moore.
- Dec. 9: "Twentieth Century" (1934; Howard Hawks), with John Barrymore, Carole Lombard, and Ralph Forbes; and "Mr. Peabody and the Mermaid" (1948; Irving Pichel), with William Powell and Ann Blyth.
- Dec. 10-11: "Jules and Jim" (1962; François Truffaut; in French), with Jeanne Moreau, Oskar Werner, and Henri Serre; and "The 400 Blows" (1959; François Truffaut; in French), with Jean-Pierre L  aud.
- Dec. 12: "Steppenwolf" (1974; Fred Haines), with Max von Sydow and Dominique Sanda; and "The Serpent's Egg" (1978; Ingmar Bergman), with Liv Ullmann and David Carradine.
- Dec. 13: "The Buddy Holly Story" (1978; Steve Rash), with Gary Busey in the title role; and "Bye Bye Birdie" (†).
- Dec. 14: "It's a Wonderful Life" (1946; Frank Capra), with James Stewart, Donna Reed, Gloria Grahame, and Thomas Mitchell; and "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington" (1939; Frank Capra), with Jean Arthur, James Stewart, Claude Rains, Guy Kibbee, and Beulah Bondi.
- Dec. 15: "Quick Millions" (†); "Up the River" (†); and "Moonlight" (1942; Archie Mayo), with Jean Gabin and Ida Lupino.
- Dec. 16: "The 5,000 Fingers of Dr. T." (1953; Roy Rowland), with Peter Lind Hayes, Mary Healy, Hans Conried, and Tommy Rettig; and a series of short Dr. Seuss films.
- Dec. 17-18: "The Kids Are Alright" (1979; Jeff Stein), with The Who; and "McVicar" (1980; Tom Clegg), with Roger Daltrey and Adam Faith.
- THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS**, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
- Dec. 8: "Chinatown" (1974; Roman Polanski), with Jack Nicholson, Faye Dunaway, and John Huston; and "Marlowe" (1969; Paul Bogart), with James Garner, Gayle Hunnicutt, and Carroll O'Connor.
- Dec. 9: "Laura" (1944; Otto Preminger), with Gene Tierney, Clifton Webb, Vincent Price, Dana Andrews, and Judith Anderson; and "Leave Her to Heaven" (1945; John M. Stahl), with Gene Tierney and Cornell Wilde.
- Dec. 10: "Murder at the Gallop" (1963) and "Murder Ahoy" (1964), both films directed by George Pollock, with Margaret Rutherford as Agatha Christie's Miss Marple.
- Dec. 11-12: "It's a Wonderful Life" (1946; Frank Capra), with James Stewart, Donna

Reed, Gloria Grahame, and Thomas Mitchell; and "Holiday Inn" (1942; Mark Sandrich), with Bing Crosby, Fred Astaire, Margorie Reynolds, and Virginia Dale.

From Dec. 13: Theatre temporarily closed.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium II, 18 W. 54th St. (708-9490)—

Dec. 9 at noon: "Observations on the Filming of Berlin Alexanderplatz" (1980; directed by Hans-Dieter Hartl; English commentary). . . . Dec. 9 at 2:30: "My Darling Clementine" (1946; John Ford), with Henry Fonda, Victor Mature, Linda Darnell, and Walter Brennan. . . . Dec. 10 at noon: "Observations on the Filming of Berlin Alexanderplatz." . . . Dec. 10 at 2:30: "She Done Him Wrong" (1933; Lowell Sherman), with Mae West and Cary Grant. . . . Dec. 10 at 6: "Our Bodies Are Still Alive" (1981; Rosa von Praunheim; in German, with English subtitles), with Lotti Huber. . . . Dec. 11 from noon to 9: "Berlin Alexanderplatz: Episodes 1 to 7" (1980; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German, with English subtitles). There will be a thirty-minute intermission at about 2:30 and a sixty-minute intermission at about 6. . . . Dec. 12 from noon to 9:30: "Berlin Alexanderplatz: Episodes 8 to 13 and Epilogue" (1980). There will be a thirty-minute intermission at about 3 and a sixty-minute intermission at about 6. . . . Dec. 13 at 2:30: "Verdammt Stadt" (1981; Lothar Lambert; in German, with English subtitles), with Ulrike S. and Stefan Menche. Recommended for adults only. . . . Dec. 13 at 6: "Voice Over" (1981; Chris Monger), with Ian McNeice. Mr. Monger will be present. . . . Dec. 14 at 2:30: "The Moon Is Blue" (1953; Otto Preminger), with William Holden, David Niven, and Maggie McNamara. . . . Dec. 14 at 6: "Portrait of an American Zealot" (1982; Al and Marc Levin), a documentary. . . . Dec. 16 at 2:30: "And Then There Were None" (1945; René Clair), with Barry Fitzgerald, Walter Huston, Louis Hayward, and C. Aubrey Smith. . . . Dec. 16 at 6: "Verdammt Stadt." . . . Dec. 17 at 2:30: "Fear Strikes Out" (1957; Robert Mulligan), with Anthony Perkins and Karl Malden. . . . Dec. 17 at 6: "Klute" (1971; Alan Pakula), with Jane Fonda and Donald Sutherland. Mr. Pakula will be present. . . . Dec. 18 at 11:15: "To Kill a Mockingbird" (1962; Robert Mulligan), with Gregory Peck, Robert Duvall, and Brock Peters. . . . Dec. 18 at 1:45: "The Sterile Cuckoo" (1969; Alan Pakula), with Liza Minnelli. . . . Dec. 18 at 3:45: "Love and Pain and the Whole Damn Thing" (1973; Alan Pakula), with Maggie Smith. . . . Dec. 18 at 6: "All the President's Men" (1976; Alan Pakula), with Robert Redford, Dustin Hoffman, and Jason Robards. . . . Dec. 18 at 8:30: "Comes a Horseman" (1978; Alan Pakula), with Jane Fonda. (A limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—Starting Dec. 10: "Call It Sleep" (1982; Isaac Cronin and Terrel Seltzer) and "Casual Shopper" (1980-81; Judith Barry), both videotapes. Showings at noon, 1:30, 3, and 4:30 (6 on Tuesdays). Judith Barry will be present on Thursday, Dec. 16, at 2. Closed Mondays.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.

IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

THE ASPHALT JUNGLE (1950)—A competent (often overrated) thriller by John Huston about a group of crooks who plan a jewel robbery and how their characters determine the results. Sterling Hayden is the central figure, and the cast includes Sam Jaffe, Louis Calhern, Jean Hagen, Marilyn Monroe, James Whitmore, John McIntire, and Marc Lawrence. The screenplay, by Ben Maddow and Huston, was adapted from the W. R. Burnett novel. (Remade as "The Badlanders" in 1958, "Cairo" in 1962, and, with a black cast, as "A Cool Breeze" in 1972.) (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 13.)

BARBARY COAST (1935)—Lavish, unconvincing re-creation of San Francisco's vice dens in the

eighteen-fifties. The picture was designed as a showcase for Edward G. Robinson's talents, and he gives a juicy performance as a lovable gangland boss. But the material is too false and studied—and too polite. Miriam Hopkins is Swan, the disillusioned queen of the Coast, who presides over a crooked roulette wheel; Joel McCrea courts her with a volume of Shelley. Howard Hawks directed, from a script by Hecht and MacArthur, and there's plenty of action, but you feel as if you've seen it all before. With Walter Brennan, Frank Craven, Brian Donlevy, and, in a bit part, David Niven. (Regency; Dec. 14-15.)

LE BEAU MARIAGE—B  atrice Romand plays Eric Rohmer's heroine Sabine, a bright working

girl who is studying for her master's in art history. At twenty-five, Sabine is weary of freedom and insecurity and married men; she wants to be taken care of and to make a home for a man and have children. When she meets a lawyer who she decides is her type, she goes after him so briskly and transparently that she might seem a madwoman, except that she has such a dumb little obsession. Seriocomic triviality has become Rohmer's specialty. His sensibility would be easier to take if he'd stop directing to a metronome. In French. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/4/82.) (Cinema Studio; through Dec. 16.)

THE BEST YEARS OF OUR LIVES (1946)—A hefty (172 minutes) piece of moviemaking that

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18

seemed to satisfy the public desire to see what changes the Second World War had made in people's lives. Despite its seven Academy Awards, it's not a great picture; it's too schematic and it drags on after you get the points. However, episodes and details stand out and help to compensate for the soggy plot strands, and there's something absorbing about the banality of its large-scale good intentions; it's compulsively watchable. And it's by no means a rah-rah film—there's an undercurrent of discontent. Fredric March is the infantry sergeant who comes home to his small (apocryphal) Midwestern city and the love of his wife (Myrna Loy) but finds no pleasure in his job as vice-president of a bank. Dana Andrews, an Air Force captain who had been a soda jerk before the war, discovers that his hard-as-nails wife (Virginia Mayo) doesn't want him any more than he wants her; he turns to the sergeant's daughter (Teresa Wright). Harold Russell is the machinist's mate second class who has lost his hands but has retained the love of his childhood sweetheart. Directed by William Wyler, it's clean and unmannered. In 1944, Sam Goldwyn had seen a photograph in *Time* showing a group of Marines coming home, and the accompanying news story had suggested that they might be returning to their families and jobs with mixed emotions. Goldwyn commissioned MacKinlay Kantor to write a screen treatment based on this idea; Kantor, instead, wrote "Glory for Me," a novel in verse, which Goldwyn then hired Robert E. Sherwood to adapt. With Cathy O'Donnell, Gladys George, Hoagy Carmichael, Roman Bohnen, Ray Collins, Steve Cochran, Minna Gombell, Don Beddoe, and Erskine Sanford. Cinematography by Gregg Toland. (Regency; Dec. 16-18.)

BREWSTER MCCLOUD (1971)—Robert Altman's film was shot in Houston. Gentle Brewster (Bud Cort), who is building wings for himself, is a boy Phantom of the Astrodome who is also an imperilled virgin—a sort of mad, murderous Peter Pan, or Rima the Bird Boy. Sally Kellerman is his bird-mother, who deserts him when he loses his virginity. The idea seems to be left over from a Victorian fable, but the style of the picture is manic—like a Road Runner cartoon. The whole thing is amorphous and rather silly, but it's clearly a trial run for some of the effects that Altman brings off in "Nashville." (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 16.)

BRIGADOON (1954)—M-G-M was having an economy drive, and this adaptation of Lerner and Loewe's musical fantasy, which was scheduled to be shot on location in Scotland, was instead done in the studio. Also by executive decree the director, Vincente Minnelli, had to do it in CinemaScope—which, for dance in studio settings, was disastrous. Gene Kelly and Van Johnson play the two Americans hunting in the Scottish Highlands who stumble into Brigadoon, a magical village that went to sleep in 1754 and wakes for a day each century. Kelly falls in love with a local girl (Cyd Charisse), while Johnson maintains a cynical attitude. Probably the material was too precious and fake-lyrical to have worked in natural surroundings, either, but this way it's hopelessly stacy. The movie has one sensational sequence, when the action gets away from that damned idyllic village and Kelly and Johnson go to a jangly, noisy, Manhattan night club with Elaine Stewart; you can feel Minnelli's relief at being able to do something funny and bitchy after staging all those wholesome scenes with grinning men in tartans. Lerner wrote the script; Kelly choreographed. With Hugh Laing, Barry Jones, Eddie Quillan. (Cinema Village; Dec. 12-14.)

BYE BYE BIRDIE (1963)—The Michael Stewart satirical musical about a rock-and-roll idol who gets drafted, with its parodistic Charles Strouse and Lee Adams score, sounds like a good movie idea, but the central character (played by Jesse Pearson) has been softened, the sit-com plotting is tedious, and the film aims for cornball zest rather than wit. Ann-Margret, playing a brassy sixteen-year-old with a hyperactive rear end, takes over the picture; slick, enamelled, and appalling as she is, she's an undeniable presence. The cast, which performs erratically, includes Dick Van Dyke, Janet Leigh, Maureen Stapleton, Paul Lynde, and Bobby Rydell. Directed by George Sidney. (Thalia; Dec. 13.)

THE CHINA SYNDROME (1979)—Directed by James Bridges, with Jane Fonda as a TV commentator named Kimberly Wells. She has been used by TV for her looks, and has endlessly talked brightly about trivia while serious things are going on around her. She gets her chance to be as committed as she wants to be when she learns that a nuclear power station in Southern California appears likely—through carelessness, fibbing, and big-business interests—to kill off a lot of the population of the state. The man who discovers the danger is played by Jack Lemmon. (St. Marks Cinema; through Dec. 9.)

COME BACK TO THE 5 & DIME JIMMY DEAN, JIMMY DEAN—It's doubtful if a major film director has ever before voluntarily taken on as thoroughgoing a piece of drivel as this one—a play by Ed Graczyk set in a Texas small-town 5 & Dime and centering on the reunion of a James Dean fan club on the twentieth anniversary of his death. The movie version shouldn't work but it does. When Robert Altman gives a project everything he's got, his skills are such that he can make poetry out of fake poetry and magic out of fake magic. Moving in apparent freedom, the principal actresses—Sandy Dennis, Cher, Karen Black, and, in a smaller part, Marta Heflin—go at their roles so creatively that they find some kind of acting truth in what they're doing. Also with Sudie Bond, Kathy Bates, and, in the only male role, Mark Patton. The airy and lyrical cinematography is by Pierre Mignot. (11/15/82) (Lincoln Plaza.)

THE CONNECTION (1961)—Adapted by Jack Gelber from his play, and directed by Shirley Clarke, the film became famous because of its four-letter-word censorship troubles. A group of addicts in a New York flat wait for the pusher, Cowboy (Carl Lee), their "connection." There's also a more experimental and more ambitious aspect to the situation: a documentary-film director (William Redfield) and his cameraman are in the apartment, making a film of the addicts, and thus "The Connection" tries to be a comment on the relationship of artist and subject, as well as on addiction. It's painfully obvious that the dialogue is dramatic writing, and this doesn't jibe too well with the conceit of the documentary's being made. And there are characters (such as a Salvation Army sister) who carry a whiff of antique dramaturgy. With Warren Finnerty, Roscoe Lee Browne, Garry Goodrow, and Jerome Raphael. The music includes Charlie Parker's recording of "Marmaduke" and jazz by Freddie Redd, who is on camera, along with his group, among the addicts. (Film Forum; starting Dec. 15.)

DIVA—An up-to-the-minute romantic thriller from France, made by a new director, Jean-Jacques Beineix, who has a fabulous camera technique and understands the pleasures to be had from a picture that doesn't take itself too seriously. The diva is an awesomely beautiful black American soprano (Wilhelmina Fernandez) who refuses to make recordings. Frédéric Andrei is the wide-eyed eighteen-year-old postal messenger who adores her; he

sneaks his Nagra tape machine into her concert in Paris so he'll be able to listen to her at home—and all hell breaks loose around him. The unfazable heroine (the fourteen-year-old Thuy An Luu) is a post-Godardian tootsie—in her short-short skirts and transparent plastic coat she's a lollipop wrapped in cellophane. The film may remind you of Welles' "Touch of Evil;" it's Welles romanticized, packaged. It's a mixture of style and chic hanky-panky, but it's genuinely sparkling. In French. (4/19/82) (Plaza.)

DON QUIXOTE (1957)—A doggedly faithful version of the Cervantes classic. With Nikolai Cherkassov as the Knight. Directed by Grigory Kozintsev. In Russian. (Film Forum; Dec. 12-13.)

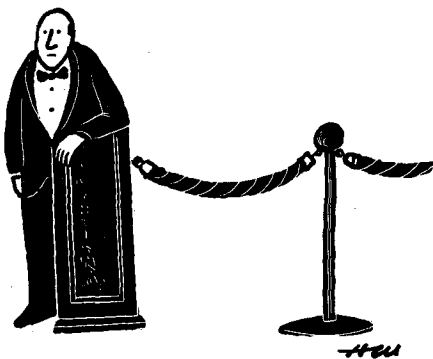
EATING RAOUL—The director, Paul Bartel, and his five-foot-eleven star, the innately kinky Mary Woronov, play a couple of prissy squares—the Blands, of Los Angeles—who consider sex disgusting and want to open a nice, clean country restaurant. They raise the money they need by murdering swinging singles; in their eyes these swingers deserve to be punished. This spoofy black comedy is thin-textured and it's sedated; it doesn't have enough going on in it—not even enough to look at. The nothingness of the movie is supposed to be its droll point, but viewers may experience sensory deprivation. With Richard Beltrami, who brings some energy to the role of Raoul, Garry Goodrow, and Buck Henry. Written by Richard Blackburn and Bartel. (11/29/82) (68th St. Playhouse, and Greenwich Playhouse.)

THE EMPIRE STRIKES BACK (1980)—Darth Vader rallies his Star Ships, Probe Droids, and heavy-breathing malevolence to make more trouble for Han Solo, Princess Leia, C-3PO, R2-D2, and Chewbacca, while Luke Skywalker is detained on the planet Dagobah by his Force seminars with a two-foot-tall, eight-hundred-year-old Jedi master named Yoda. This second installment of the "Star Wars" saga is slightly encumbered by some mythic and neo-Sophoclean overtones, but its inventiveness, humor, and special effects are scarcely less inspired than those of its phenomenally successful predecessor. George Lucas, who is the Wagner of this intergalactic "Götterdämmerung," was the producer and presiding writer this time, and he and director Irvin Kershner have kept things moving at near-Hyper Drive speed, suggesting that the epic may hold us enthralled even through its promised seven further episodes. With Mark Hamill, Carrie Fisher, Harrison Ford, Frank Oz (as the voice of the manikin Yoda), and Sir Alec Guinness (as the shade of the fallen Obi-Wan Kenobi). (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews 83rd Quad, and Rivoli; through Dec. 9.) Criterion Theatres; starting Dec. 17.)

THE END OF ST. PETERSBURG (1927)—The Russian Revolution, from the point of view of a peasant. Pudovkin made this melodramatic celebration film for the tenth anniversary of the Revolution; it's hectic, romantic, and full of beautiful imagery. (Film Forum; Dec. 12-13.)

E.T. THE EXTRA-TERRESTRIAL—Steven Spielberg's movie is bathed in warmth and it seems to clear all the bad thoughts out of your head. It's the story of a ten-year-old boy, Elliott who feels fatherless and lost because his parents have separated, and who finds a miraculous friend—an alien inadvertently left on Earth by a visiting spaceship. This fusion of science fiction and mythology is emotionally rounded and complete; it reminds you of the goofiest dreams you had as a kid, and rehabilitates them. It puts a spell on the audience; it's genuinely entrancing. The stars are Henry Thomas, as Elliott, and E.T., who was designed by Carlo Rambaldi. With Drev Barrymore, Robert Macnaughton, Dee Wallace, and Peter Coyote. The script is by Melissa Mathison. (6/14/82) (Loews New York Twin, and Movieland.) Gramercy and Olympia Quad; starting Dec. 17.)

FITZCARRALDO—The biggest disappointment in this epic written and directed by Werner Herzog is Peru. After a visually promising beginning, Herzog seems to lose interest in the external world (and no one in this movie has much of an internal world, either). Set in the eighteen-nineties, the film is about a three-hundred-and-twenty-ton steamboat being dragged over a mountain that separate one tributary of the Amazon from another



At times, the ship slowly climbing the mountain seems rather magical, but the deliberateness of Herzog's pacing can put you in a stupor. The hero, played by Klaus Kinski, is trying to get rich in the rubber trade so that he can build an opera house in the jungle and bring Caruso to sing in it. He seems meant to be a lovable loser, but it's hard to know quite what Kinski's Fitzcarraldo is because he's not like anyone else in the world—except maybe Bette Davis playing Rutger Hauer. As Molly, the whorehouse madam, Claudia Cardinale is ripely alive in this asexual movie. In German. (10/18/82) (Paris.)

FRANKENSTEIN (1931)—Probably the most famous of all horror films, and one of the best. It was not the first version of the Mary Shelley novel (there had been a "Frankenstein" as early as 1910), but this version, directed by James Whale, with Boris Karloff as the sad, lumbering monster and Colin Clive as the high-strung, tormented Baron Frankenstein, caught the imagination of a large public—and has held it for decades. With Mae Clarke, John Boles, Edward Van Sloan, and Dwight Frye as the monster's first victim. (Olympia Quad; Dec. 12-14.)

FUNNY GIRL (1968)—A bravura performance by Barbra Streisand. As Fanny Brice, she has the wittiest comic inflections since the comedienne of the thirties; she makes her written dialogue sound like inspired improvisation. As the shady gambler Nicky Arnstein, phlegmatic Omar Sharif appears to be some sort of visiting royalty, with a pained professional smile to put the common people at their ease. But Streisand's triumphant talent rides right over the film's weaknesses. William Wyler directed, with musical sequences staged by Herbert Ross. With Walter Pidgeon, Kay Medford, and Anne Francis. Screenplay by Isobel Lennart, from her play; songs by Jule Styne and Bob Merrill; production design by Gene Callahan. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Dec. 12-13.)

GIGI (1958)—A plushy, cheerful, musical version of the Colette story, with Leslie Caron as the adolescent girl who is tutored to be a courtesan but is so enchantingly innocent and eager that she winds up the betrothed of the richest, handsomest young man in Paris. Vincente Minnelli directed, in a confident, confectionery style that carries all—or almost all—before it. The elderly Maurice Chevalier singing "Thank Heaven for Little Girls" may give one pause. With Louis Jourdan as Gigi's catch, and Hermione Gingold, Isabel Jeans, John Abbott, Eva Gabor, Jacques Bergerac, and Monique Van Vooren. Produced by Arthur Freed, book and lyrics by Alan Jay Lerner, music by Frederick Loewe, and costumes by Cecil Beaton. Ten Academy Awards, including Best Picture and Director. (Metro Cinema; Dec. 15.)

HEARTACHES—With Margot Kidder, Annie Potts, and Robert Carradine; directed by Donald Shebib. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Eastside Cinema; through Dec. 9. . . . Quad Cinema; through Dec. 16.)

THE INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS (1956)—A B-picture classic. This plain and inexpensive piece of science fiction employs few of the resources of the cinema (to put it mildly), but it has an idea that confirms everyone's suspicions: people are being turned into vegetables—and who can tell the difference? Kevin McCarthy and Dana Wynter, who try to cling to their animality and individuality, seem inexplicably backward to the rest of the townspeople. Some of the best lines of dialogue are voice-overs—the chatter of the dehumanized. Directed by Don Siegel. With Carolyn Jones, Larry Gates, and Sam Peckinpah (who worked on the script) in a few bits. Based on a *Collier's* serial by Jack Finney; the adaptation is credited to Daniel Mainwaring. Cinematography by Ellsworth Fredericks. (Metro Cinema; Dec. 8. . . . Olympia Quad; Dec. 15-16.)

INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS (1978)—Undiluted pleasure and excitement. The scriptwriter, W. D. (Rick) Richter, supplies some funny lines, and the director, Phil Kaufman, provides such confident professionalism that you sit back in the assurance that every spooky nuance you're catching is just what was intended. This set of variations on the low-budget classic of 1956 has its own macabre originality. Set in San Francisco. With Brooke Adams, Veronica Cartwright, Jeff Goldblum, Donald Sutherland, Art Hindle, Lelia Goldoni, Leonard Nimoy, Kevin McCarthy, Don Siegel, and Robert Duvall, in an uncredited bit. Music by Denny Zeitlin;



Olivier & Patrick de Montal in their family's 17th Century castle in Gascony, France

WHY OUR FAMILY HAS DECIDED TO SURRENDER ITS ARMAGNAC.

For centuries the French have given America Cognac, but have kept Armagnac for themselves. As connoisseurs know, Armagnac existed 200 years before Cognac. It's also aged so long in special handhewn wooden casks that it takes on the smooth, mellow, rustic taste that is unique to Armagnac.

Our family is now bringing Armagnac De Montal to America. It is produced in the oldest tradition of the Gascony region. And every numbered bottle comes in a handsome wooden package. We believe that our decision to surrender our Armagnac is going to cause a revolution in America.



INTRODUCING ARMAGNAC *De Montal*

ARMAGNAC DE MONTAL 80 PROOF IMPORTED BY THE BUCKINGHAM CORPORATION, NEW YORK, N.Y.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

cinematography by Michael Chapman. (Olympia Quad; Dec. 15-16.)

LEAP INTO THE VOID (1979)—The Italian director, Marco Bellocchio ("Fists in the Pocket," "China Is Near"), has a feral sense of the ridiculous and a snake charmer's style. This new film is poised between farce and tragedy, and he keeps it in slippery chiaroscuro—it all might be taking place in a dark dream. Michel Piccoli gives a mesmerizing performance as an Italian judge who's a worm—a spoiled worm wriggling in its comfortable nest; he's a craven fraud, a distant cousin to the characters W. C. Fields used to play. Anouk Aimée is the judge's older sister, a menopausal virgin who has spent her life keeping the nest cozy for him; she has begun to rebel—she has been having fits of hysteria. Bellocchio is probably the only director (with the big exception of Buñuel) whose morbidity is exhilarating; this film about family entanglements and the functions of madness is perverse, horrifying, and funny. There's greatness in it. With Michele Placido as a dashing, bearded outlaw (and sociopath), and the director's small son, Piergiorgio. Written by Bellocchio, Piero Natoli, and Vincenzo Cerami. In Italian. (11/29/82) (Carnegie Hall Cinema.)

MY FAVORITE YEAR—The year is 1954, when Sid Caesar was the king of live TV comedy, and this movie is a fictional treatment of life backstage during the days when many soon-to-be-famous writers worked on his shows, brainstorming together. As the brawny, truculent King Kaiser, Joe Bologna suggests an introverted ox, and Peter O'Toole is King's guest star from Hollywood—the notorious womanizing boozier Alan Swann, who is part John Barrymore and part Errol Flynn. Bologna has an authentic boss-comic aura, and O'Toole plays Swann with a funky daring that is simply astounding. This show-business farce is the first film directed by Richard Benjamin, and it's a creaky job of moviemaking, but it has a bubbling spirit. Bill Macy, Lainie Kazan, Cameron Mitchell, and Anne De Salvo all have a crack at fresh material. Also with Mark Linn-Baker, Jessica Harper, Selma Diamond, Adolph Green, Lou Jacobi, Tony Di Benedetto, Gloria Stuart, and Basil Hoffman. From a terrific script by Norman Steinberg (who appears in a bit as Sandy) and Dennis Palumbo. (10/4/82) (Baronet, and Loews Paramount. . . . Loews 34th Street Showplace; through Dec. 9. . . . Quad Cinema, and Embassy; starting Dec. 17.)

NICHOLAS NICKLEBY (1947)—Alberto Cavalcanti, the Brazilian who was active in the French-film avant-garde of the twenties, is best known in this country for his direction of the ventriloquist episode in "Dead of Night." His fast-moving, English-made version of the early Dickens novel has been undeservedly neglected. It's darker, more grotesque and melodramatic than the other Dickens films, with more attention paid to the visual design and the lighting than to any affectionate qualities in the characters, but the style has its own excitement, and the cast is almost everything it should be. Dickens' heroes never seem to come to much on the screen, and Derek Bond's Nicholas is no exception, but his villainous uncle (Cedric Hardwicke) is a beauty,

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18

and there are Stanley Holloway as a traveling actor, Sybil Thorndike as Mrs. Squeers, Alfred Drayton as the properly horrible Wackford Squeers, Bernard Miles as Noggs, Aubrey Woods as Smike, and Jill Balcon and Sally Ann Howes. The action moves from Dotheboys Hall, where the odious Squeerses board unwanted children, to the King's Bench Prison, where debtors not yet utterly destitute are held. John Dighton did the adaptation. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; through Dec. 12.)

AN OFFICER AND A GENTLEMAN—This formula romantic melodrama seems to come out of a time warp, but the director, Taylor Hackford, has done a smashing job of making the retrograde love story whiz by. Richard Gere is the tightly wound-up loner who is determined to become a flier; the movie centers on his thirteen-week basic-training ordeal at Naval Aviation Officer Candidate School. Gere has a striking moment when the character cracks, after the tough drill sergeant (Louis Gossett, Jr.) has caught him in some petty chiselling and punished him. But after he has broken down he's still Richard Gere, lost in his own placid beauty. As the mill-worker heroine, Debra Winger brings the film sultriness; you pull for this heroine because her tough-chick little-girl insolence plays off the avid look in her eyes that tells you she longs to make human contact. Gossett plays the sergeant bone hard; it's a beautifully hammy austere performance. There are also impressive characterizations by David Keith and Robert Loggia. With Tony Plana as an officer candidate with a Mohawk haircut and Lisa Eilbacher as a woman candidate. The script is by Douglas Day Stewart. (8/23/82) (34th St. East. . . . Loews Astor Plaza. The theatre will be closed all day on Monday, Dec. 13. . . . Cinema II; starting Dec. 10. . . . Embassy; starting Dec. 17.)

PERSONAL BEST—There has probably never been a growing-up story presented on the screen so freely and uninhibitedly. Set in the world of women athletes, this film—written, produced, and directed by Robert Towne—tells most of the story nonverbally and lets its characters reveal themselves in movement. When Towne shows the two heroines (Mariel Hemingway and Patrice Donnelly) arm-wrestling, he concentrates on their throbbing veins and their sinews and how the muscles, play off one another—it's sensual and sexual, and it's informative, too. There's an undercurrent of flabbergasted awe in this celebration of women's bodies, and everything in the movie is physically charged. This is a very smart and super-subtle film in which the authenticity of the details draws us in. With Scott Glenn and Kenny Moore; cinematography by Michael Chapman, with a few scenes by Caleb Deschanel. (2/22/82) (Gramercy; through Dec. 16.)

THE PRINCESS AND THE PIRATE (1945)—The elaborate Technicolor romps that Bob Hope did with Virginia Mayo aren't the best settings for his casual wit; the situations are too strained, the fooling around is too buffoonish. Kids probably enjoy these Hope movies more than adults do. This one is set in the early nineteenth century. Hope is Sylvester the Great, a quick-change artist, Mayo is a princess travelling incognito, and they get kidnapped by pirates. Victor McLaglen and Walter Slezak are the sinister villains; David Butler directed. (Regency; Dec. 12-13.)

QUICK MILLIONS (1931)—An early gangster film, with Spencer Tracy as the man who says he is too nervous to steal and too lazy to work. He compromises by applying business methods to crime. Directed by Rowland Brown. (Thalia; Dec. 15.)

RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK (1981)—Steven Spielberg directed this high-powered cliff-hanger about the exploits of Indiana Jones (Harrison Ford), an adventurer-archeologist. The time is 1936, and Indy, working for the United States government, is trying to find the Ark of the Covenant (a chest holding the broken stone tablets of the Ten Commandments) ahead of his arch-enemy, the suave, amoral Belloq (Paul Freeman), who is in cahoots with the Nazis. Hitler means to use the Ark's invincible powers to lay waste opposing armies and proclaim himself the Messiah. Conceived by George Lucas, the picture is an amalgam of Lucas's follies—plot for its own sake, dissociated from character or drama; the affectless heroine, Marion (Karen Allen), who's a tougher version of spunky Princess Leia in "Star Wars"—and effects that Spielberg the youthful magician has already dazzled us with. Kinesethetically, the film gets to you, but there's no exhilaration, no surge of feeling at the end. It seems to be edited for the maximum number of showings per day. With John Rhys-Davies as Sallah, Ronald Lacey as Toht, and Denholm Elliott. Cinematography by Douglas Slocombe; score by John Williams. Written by Lawrence Kasdan, from a story idea worked up by Lucas and Philip Kaufman. (6/15/81) (Embassy; through Dec. 9.)

RYAN'S DAUGHTER (1970)—Gush made respectable by millions of dollars tastefully wasted. Sarah Miles marries Robert Mitchum but experiences rapture with Christopher Jones. Directed by David Lean, on a cosmic scale, from Robert Bolt's script. With John Mills, Trevor Howard, and Leo McKern. Cinematography by Freddie Young; music by Maurice Jarre. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Dec. 12.)

THE SEVEN SAMURAI (1954)—Seven hired knights defend a village against forty mounted bandits—their pay a few handfuls of rice. This three-and-a-half-hour epic on violence and action—Akira Kurosawa's masterpiece—has been widely imitated, but no one has come near it. With Toshiro Mifune and Taskashi Shimura. (For a period in the fifties, it circulated in a much shorter version under the title "The Magnificent Seven," but in 1960 that title was appropriated by an American version of the story, with the samurai changed to gunmen.) In Japanese. (Cinema Studio; starting Dec. 17.)

SOME LIKE IT HOT (1959)—A comedy set in the Prohibition era, with transvestism, impotence, role confusion, and borderline inversion—and all hilariously innocent, though always on the brink of really disastrous double-entendre. Tony Curtis and Jack Lemmon are the musicians who witness the St. Valentine's Day Massacre and then hide out from the mobsters by disguising themselves as women and joining an all-girl band. Marilyn Monroe and Joe E. Brown are their somewhat confused love partners. Curtis demonstrates a gift for parody with an imitation of Cary Grant (which he went on doing for years afterward), and Lemmon is demoniacally funny—he really gives in to women's clothes, and begins to think of himself as a sexy girl. Monroe gives perhaps her most characteristic performance, which means that she's both charming and embarrassing; Brown is inspired, the way he was years before in Max Reinhardt's movie of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," when he made some of us weep from laughter. With George Raft, Pat O'Brien, Nehemiah Persoff, Mike Mazurki, Tom Kennedy, George E. Stone, and, on the sound-





BALLY
OF SWITZERLAND

For style folder, write:

Rene. Bally Inc., One Bally Place, New Rochelle, New York 10801

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IN THE SPIRIT OF LOVE,
GIVE THE SPIRIT OF THE RENAISSANCE.



• AMARETTO DI SARONNO • ORIGINALE • 1525 •
TO SEND ANYWHERE IN THE U.S. CALL (800) 528-6148. VOID WHERE PROHIBITED.
LIQUEUR 56 PROOF. SOLE U.S. DISTRIBUTOR, FOREIGN VINTAGES, INC., N.Y.N.Y. © 1982. A UNIQUE PRODUCT OF ILLVA SARONNO S.p.A.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S • M • T • W • T • F • S							
			8	9	10	11	
12	13	14	15	16	17	18	

track, Matty Malneck's orchestra, with Art Pepper, Shelly Manne, Barney Kessel, and Leroy Vinegar. Directed (unevenly) by Billy Wilder, who also collaborated on the screenplay with I. A. L. Diamond. For collectors of useless movie memorabilia: in one of the earlier versions of this material, a German musical film, the orchestra girls were called the Alpine Violets. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Dec. 13-14.)

STILL OF THE NIGHT—With Roy Scheider and Meryl Streep, directed by Robert Benton. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews Tower East. . . Waverly, New Yorker, and R.K.O. Century Cinerama Twin; starting Dec. 17.)

TARZAN, THE APE MAN (1932)—Johnny Weissmuller, of the body beautiful—making his movie bow in a loincloth—and pretty, likably coy Maureen O'Sullivan. There is something irresistibly funny about the predicament of a ladylike young lady abducted by a man who has lived like an ape, and who pokes and pummels her with the gestures of an ape. The picture, which is (and always was) great, parodistic fun, doesn't attempt to be realistic about jungle life: it's an entertaining romantic adventure—lighthearted and agreeable. W. S. Van Dyke directed this M-G-M film, based on Edgar Rice Burroughs' durable kitsch. Weissmuller was by no means the first movie Tarzan, but he was the first Tarzan of the talkies; he played the character in almost a dozen films, and others also got into the act: Buster Crabbe, Herman Brix (later known as Bruce Bennett), Lex Barker, Glenn Morris, Gordon Scott, Jack Mahoney, and Mike Henry. In 1959, M-G-M did a color remake of the first Weissmuller film, starring Denny Miller, and in 1981 another remake—this time with the emphasis on Bo Derek as Jane. (Olympia Quad; Dec. 17-18.)

TEX—An oddly quiet, tepid, soft film about adolescent travail in Oklahoma. Making his debut as a director, Tim Hunter uses setups that are drably simple, and the locations are hazy—the cinematographer (Ric Waite) might be in some personal watery-pastel fog. This adaptation of one of the S. E. Hinton novels that became favorites of high-school kids in the seventies has an amiable, unforced good humor that takes the curse off the film's look and even off its everything-but-the-bloodhounds plot. As the prankish fifteen-year-old Tex, Matt Dillon radiates a mysteriously effortless charm. With Jim Metzler as Tex's older brother; Ben Johnson as the heavy; and Meg Tilly, Pamela Ludwig, Bill McKinney, and the author, Susan Hinton, in a bit as the typing teacher. The script is by Charlie Haas and the director. (10/4/82) (New Embassy 49th Street. . . Greenwich Playhouse; through Dec. 14.)

TIME BANDITS (1981)—Written by two members of the Monty Python group, Michael Palin and the American expatriate Terry Gilliam, who also directed, this surreal adventure fantasy has been conceived as a movie for children and adults. It's about a little English boy who is hurtled from one era to another by a pack of six dwarfs who have stolen The Supreme Being's map of the holes in the spacetime continuum, and it's as picaresque as you can get, with Ian Holm as Napoleon, John Cleese as Robin Hood, Sean Connery as Agamemnon, Ralph Richardson as The Supreme Being, who's too busy to get his three-piece suit pressed, and David Warner, who's a great-looking Evil Genius—he wears talons and a Nixon nose out of a David Levine drawing. (The light shining up from Hell makes his nostrils red.) All this seems to do something for the eight-to-twelve-year-old boys in the audience—the ones known to be very high on D & D (Dungeons & Dragons)—which it may not do for adults, who will probably see and hear a lot of jokes without feeling much impulse to laugh. The whimsical rhythms of the vaudeville-skit humor often seem to be the result of mistiming; the interludes with Palin and Shelley Duvall as wonky sweethearts are especially musty—the two of them seem more amused than the audience. Gilliam has a cacophonous imagination; even the magical incongruities are often cancelled out by the incessant buzz of cleverness. It's far from a bad movie, but it doesn't quite click together, either. The director doesn't shape the material satisfyingly; this may be one of those rare pictures that suffer from a

surfeit of good ideas. With David Rappaport, Kenny Baker, Jack Purvis, Mike Edmonds, Malcolm Dixon, and Tiny Ross as the bandits; the boy is Craig Warnock. Songs by George Harrison. (Loews Orpheum; through Dec. 9.)

UP THE RIVER (1930)—The setting is Sing Sing, and damned if the inmates don't file into their cells at night and break into melodious lullabies, their trained voices ringing in the stone corridors. In this coeducational prison, gracious women prisoners engage in badinage—and occasional dalliance—with the men. The picture—a true curiosity—started out to be something quite different. A highly publicized uprising in Auburn Prison, in New York, led to a spate of plays and movies about prison life. On Broadway, Spencer Tracy had a great success in "The Last Mile;" M-G-M rushed to prepare "The Big House," a melodrama, and Fox commissioned Maurine Watkins to write "Up the River," which was also to be a melodrama. But "The Big House" came out first and Fox was going to cancel "Up the River" when John Ford, who was scheduled to direct it and had already hired Tracy, came up with the idea of turning it into a spoofy comedy featuring prison baseball instead of a riot. In the finale, Tracy and Warren Hymer, who have broken out in order to help their buddy Humphrey Bogart, who had got caught in a jam after he'd been released, go back in so they can play in a big baseball game. Bogart here is not much more than a shiny-faced, gum-chewing, smiling juvenile with a long, skinny jaw, but Tracy, making his film debut, is assured and lively as a cocky, tough mug—he keeps his scenes going by a lot of byplay with the other actors. Still, the big galoot Warren Hymer, playing a blissful sort of innocent stupe, gets most of the laughs. The picture—which is slow and bizarrely corny, especially when Bogart is at home with his proper mom, or goes on a hayride with his convict pals—was very popular. With Claire Luce, William Collier, Sr., Ward Bond, Sharon Lynn, Noel Francis, Wilbur Mack, Morgan Wallace, Robert E. O'Connor, and two actors known as Slim and Clem playing Black and Blue. (Remade in 1938, with Preston Foster.) (Thalia; Dec. 15.)

VICTOR/VICTORIA—The writer-director Blake Edwards' rough-and-tumble boudoir farce centers on Julie Andrews as Victoria, an English singer stranded in Paris in 1934, who pretends to be a man so that she can get work as a female impersonator. The picture is at its yeastiest in the slapstick embellishments of the preparatory sequences; when the infuriatingly sane and distant Julie Andrews finally gets into men's clothes, there's nothing remotely funny about it. And you

don't believe that she could successfully impersonate a woman on the stage. Edwards pulls laughs, though. He does it with the crudest setups and the moldiest, most cynical dumb jokes. This is an audience pleaser in the worst sense. As an aging homosexual entertainer who trains Victoria to pass as Victor, Robert Preston brings an unholy glee to his work. He plays a sentimental stereotype so heartily and likably that he redeems the musty material. (This is yet another movie in which a girl's best friend is a homosexual.) James Garner, with a mustache and acting like a funny, scowly Clark Gable, is a nightclub owner from Chicago, and, as the girlfriend he discards when he falls for Victoria, Lesley Ann Warren, gone blond, does dippy, exaggerated versions of Jean Harlow's nasal petulance. She's a comic-strip eccentric, and you feel her sweetness, but Edwards ties tin cans to her tail—he makes her into a nasty, screeching floozy. This picture features speeches about sexual politics that are the latest in show-biz enlightenment; it also features a chorus line, headed by Lesley Ann Warren, that may be the most contemptuous display of women's bodies ever seen in a major-studio movie. With Alex Karras as Garner's bodyguard. The songs by Henry Mancini and Leslie Bricusse are bland and forgettable. Based on the 1933 German film comedy "Viktor und Viktoria," this is at least the fifth version. (5/3/82) (New Yorker; through Dec. 16.)

WHAT'S UP, DOC? (1972)—Rehashed humor. Peter Bogdanovich tries to resuscitate screwball comedy; his chief source is the 1938 "Bringing Up Baby," with Cary Grant and Katharine Hepburn—an extended absent-minded professor joke that's a lovely piece of lunacy. That film's underlying assumption is that if you repress your instincts you can get so disjointed you can forget your own game. Grant, a square pedant engaged to a bossy girl pedant, was a paleontologist, putting together the bones of a dinosaur. Hepburn was a live-animal lover, an uninhibited girl with a fluffy wild mane. She undermined the orderly absent-mindedness of Grant's life, and everything in the movie flowed from that. Bogdanovich takes the plot and the externals of the characters but loses the logic. His picture goes every which way; he restages gags from Buster Keaton, Laurel and Hardy, and W. C. Fields, plus using a lot of cornball devices. Ryan O'Neal and Barbra Streisand are asked to play Grant and Hepburn. They're given no other characters, and O'Neal is embarrassing as he diligently goes through the Grant motions and mannerisms; Streisand comes off better because she sticks to her own rapid, tricky New Yorkese line readings. As the fiancée, Madeline Kahn does a traditional bossy-female caricature that is strident but sometimes funny, and Liam Dunn has a pleasant bit as a judge—another facsimile. There are a couple of wonderful fresh moments (seconds, really) when Sorrell Booke trips Mabel Albertson and when they wrestle together in a hotel corridor. Though the picture works only fitfully and at a rather infantile, imitative level, that was enough to make it a box-office hit. Also with Austin Pendleton, Kenneth Mars, Michael Murphy, John Hillerman, Randy Quaid, and M. Emmet Walsh. Script by Buck Henry, David Newman, and Robert Benton, from Bogdanovich's story line; cinematography by Laszlo Kovacs. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Dec. 12-13.)

YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN (1974)—A farce-parody of Hollywood's mad-scientist movies. You have to let this Mel Brooks comedy do everything for you, because that's the only way it works. If you accept the silly, zizzy obviousness, it can make you laugh helplessly. Gene Wilder is old Baron Frankenstein's scientist grandson, Peter Boyle is the new Monster, and Madeline Kahn is the scientist's fiancée, who becomes the Monster's bride. The picture is in black-and-white, which holds it visually close to the films it takes off from. It's Brooks's most sustained piece of moviemaking—the laughs never let up. The script is by Wilder and Brooks. With Cloris Leachman, Marty Feldman, Teri Garr, Liam Dunn, Richard Haydn, Kenneth Mars, and Gene Hackman, bearded, in a masterly bit as a blind man. (Olympia Quad; Dec. 12-14.)



WHAT MAKES NEIMAN-MARCUS NEIMAN-MARCUS

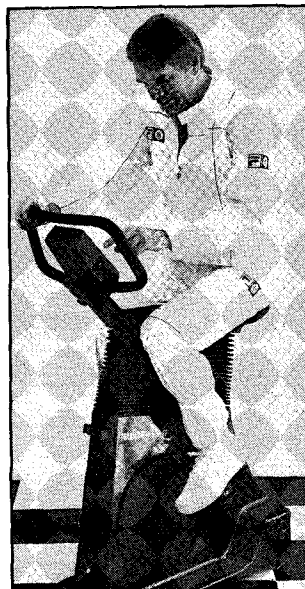
A continuing series

Over the decades, we've exercised our authority in many fields. Now, we've got a new system.

When the Haden Dynavit Aerobitronic 30 was brought to our attention there were questions asked, tests we put it through and decisions rendered. The outcome? We were convinced that concerning the state of your heart—this is the state of the art. No one except N-M has the Haden Dynavit ... or anything of its caliber.

Here's how our new system works. It's a computer-programmed system capable of providing efficient cardio-aerobic fitness. It offers the same benefits you'd get from jogging, swimming and other important exercise. Exercise

you can't fit into your office or your home. The Aerobitronic 30 does. It will give you a visual readout of heart rate allowing you to actually listen to your own pulse rate. Added information: the calories burned, jog equivalency readings and a lot more. Today, over 20,000 Europeans, health clubs and clinics use it for preventative



health and rehabilitation exercise. (It was initially created for a German executive who suffered two heart attacks in his late 30s.)

Our own "quest for the best" has turned up some unusual and fantastic things in the past. Some purely whimsical, some totally decorative,

others wholly functional ... many a mix of two or more of these qualities. This Haden Dynavit Aerobitronic 30 is different. It's the sort of thing that shows N-M doesn't rest upon its laurels. We're out to win more! There's a test ride on the Aerobitronic 30 waiting for you at every Neiman-Marcus. 3443.00.

Neiman-Marcus

Dallas Fort Worth Houston Atlanta Bal Harbour Fort Lauderdale Westchester Washington, D.C.
Northbrook, Ill. Oakbrook, Ill. St. Louis Las Vegas Beverly Hills Newport Beach San Diego San Francisco



THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THERE is a limit to the significance of advertisements. An anthropologist from an alien culture would have to know that we all take ads with a big heaping of salt before he could draw any conclusions from them about our way of life. He would have to know that advertising is full of complex forms of playfulness that can be read accurately only from inside our culture. As insiders, however, we can see that two recent promotional gimmicks, though one seems to be exaggerated and the other whimsical, are actually exact reflections of the disorienting situation in which we all find ourselves. Throughout the city, a local television news program is being advertised with posters that show a blowup of one of several handsome broadcasters with the caption "If it concerns you, it concerns us." And B. Dalton's bookstore at Sixth Avenue and Eighth Street has lately had a display of recently published books topped by a sign saying, "Fresh Books—Just Picked by B. Dalton." These are not impertinences that we can brush aside with a laugh, for they are barbed with truth.

We would like to say to the posters, "What concerns me does not, by any stretch of the imagination, automatically concern you." But in fact we are hard pressed to think of a concern, no matter how private, that the ingenious editors of the news program could not, in their effort to counter the boredom of public affairs and the monotony of disaster, turn into a topic for a story. And, on reflection, the deeper insult is not the invasion of our private realm by a public one but the way our public realm is being invaded by the private. As for books, we realize that it would be quixotic to protest that books by their very nature are things that defy time. It's hard to know where blame

lies for the ascendancy of the book that is meant to be merely consumed—or half consumed—and forgotten: whether writers have learned that their books will have a "shelf life" that is shorter than that of the hardier vegetables and so write accordingly or whether bookstores, reacting to a new, consumable kind of book, have changed their idea of what books are, and treat them accordingly. It's hard to say which is more distressing—the clusters upon clusters of the truly disposable kind or the presence among them of the kind that is of lasting value but is not visibly distinguished from the wilts and is destined to be disposed of along with them.

The barb of truth within these two gimmicks is that we are becoming lost in an ever-enlarging wilderness of subjectivity. If a book is something that, like food, we enjoy and then forget, then books are little different from the stream of thought that flows endlessly through the mind of each of us and disappears unrecorded. Millions of us may read the same book, but it doesn't stand outside us as something that we share. It doesn't create a bit of territory more lasting than our ever-vanishing personal experience: it is not a distillation of experience—it *is* experience. And to the extent that what really interests us in the news is topics that have to do with our intimate concerns rather than with what is happening in the realm of public affairs, we have no public affairs—only private ones. Millions of us may watch the same news program, but with this trend there is less and less that connects us. Under these circumstances, we read books and follow the news in

the same way that we eat vegetables and cope with personal problems—that is, within the compass of our own immediate worlds, those vivid little worlds that fall into nothingness at the speed of time. The result is not just a drastically reduced horizon but a situation in which the big world seems to dim into vagueness and abstraction. In this wilderness of perishable personal experience, it becomes more and more difficult to even glimpse the actuality of our life together.

Harvard vs. China

WE'VE received the following pre-vacation communication from a student at Harvard:

Hard on the heels of our football team's glorious massacre of Yale in The Game, I wandered across the Charles River to watch the very first basketball game ever to be played in our newly refurbished Briggs Athletic Center—the former Briggs Cage, which in its previous incarnation had a dirt floor and served as an indoor practice area for lacrosse, track and field, and baseball. (The Red Sox sometimes worked out in it off-season.) Now there's a new hardwood floor, so polished it could conceivably be used for ice hockey, and the Harvard varsity five was about to take that floor against, of all non-Ivy League opponents, the Jiangsu Club, from Peking. A huge Chinese flag—Harvard, like the Waldorf-Astoria, stands ready to unfurl the colors of guests from almost anywhere—was draped from the ceiling. While the twelve-man Jiangsu squad was warming up, I took an empty seat right behind the Crimson head coach, Frank McLaughlin. He was telling a companion that the Chinese looked tired, and that that was understandable: they were on a twelve-day tour of the United States—California,



Oklahoma, Louisiana, Virginia, New York, Rhode Island, and Massachusetts—and this would be their ninth game in ten days. Affixed to his blue blazer McLaughlin had a pin with Chinese and American flags on it. He got it, he was saying, two years ago, when the Harvard varsity—on a spring tour of the Far East largely underwritten by the Friends of Harvard Basketball and the Harvard Club of Hong Kong—played five games in China. It lost to Jiangsu then, 85-73. In a game with another Chinese team, it was even more soundly trounced—in part because that contingent had a center who measured seven feet eight inches. On this occasion, Jiangsu's tallest competitor was six eleven—a height that gave China a mere two-inch edge over our tallest. McLaughlin was hoping to even the international score, but his optimism was guarded. "After all," he was saying, "for the Chinese, basketball's a year-round thing." According to the program for the evening, six of the visiting Chinese, ranging in age from eighteen to twenty-nine, had an occupation directly related to athletics. Harvard's fourteen-man squad was top-heavy with government and economics majors.

In China, two years ago, as many as eighteen thousand spectators had watched Harvard play. In Cambridge, the Briggs Center was filled to only about a third of its three-thousand-seat capacity. President Derek Bok was prominent among the home-team rooters. "The president was quite a basketball player at Stanford," said McLaughlin, who prepped for his Harvard job at Fordham and Notre Dame. There were a lot of Orientals in attendance, too—how many of them Harvard students I couldn't guess, though in truth when you walk through the Yard these days you see an awful lot of Oriental faces. Part of the Harvard Band was also in the stands, with two Oriental faces in the group. One was topped by a Chinese peasant's cap. A refreshment booth displayed a sign that read "GO HARVARD BEAT CHINA."

Just before the tipoff, the band played our national anthem—live, loud, and strong. Then came the Chinese anthem—recorded, thin, and scratchy. The players exchanged handshakes—Harvard in white shirts, Jiangsu in orange—while their team officials beamed. One Chinese coach, in a gray garment that used to be called a Mao jacket over here, had

pinned to his chest a button that said, in English, "I Love Basketball." With the game forty-two seconds under way, the Crimson scored first. The Orange got even, but soon Jiangsu was falling steadily behind. A knowledgeable woman spectator near us said, "I don't believe this is China's best team. I think that that one's back home, getting ready for the 1984 Olympics." Harvard led at halftime, 54-37.

From then on, it was something of a rout—like playing football against Yale. With the score 107-61 in our favor, a male undergraduate sitting near me, perhaps a micro-oceanography major, said to his girlfriend, "How many grains of sand does a beach have?" She said she was hungry. Final score: H 113, C 73. There were more intercontinental handshakes, and then the whole Harvard squad scampered up into the stands and applauded the band—a very nice touch, I thought. The shiny new Briggs floor was hardly scuffed at all.

Clarke's World

WE always enjoy catching up on the latest activities of our old friend Arthur C. Clarke, the science-fiction writer. Clarke lives permanently in Colombo, Sri Lanka, from which he dispatches regular bulletins—printed by what is evidently a word processor, and sometimes several pages long—describing what he has been up to. He doesn't come over here as much as he used to; in fact, until a couple of weeks ago, he had not visited the city since 1977, at which time he informed us that he had given up writing and was going into "retirement." We tend to be a bit skeptical when a writer of Clarke's energy discusses retirement, so it did not come as a total surprise to us to receive, a month or so back, a copy of Clarke's latest novel, "2010: Odyssey Two." The novel, which has only recently been published, is already No. 7 on the *Times Book Review* best-seller list. Clarke was in New York for a few days to help promote the novel and to see old friends. We called

Clarke up at the Waldorf-Astoria where he was staying, and asked if he had time to see us.

"Yes," he said cheerfully. "I have an hour to spare, but in two-minute intervals spread over the next three days. But come over anyway."

Upon entering Clarke's suite at the Waldorf, we found him wearing bright-colored sarong—his habitual dress at home—with an elegant blue and-white striped dress shirt and blue tie with rockets on it (the British Interplanetary Society tie). Although he is sixty-five, he had a youthful air about him; certainly he looked no older than he did the last time we saw him, five years ago. The first thing he said to us was "Have you seen this?" and he handed us a newspaper clipping. "It is the most astonishing thing I have ever heard of. It totally defies all the laws of probability." The clipping dealt with the recent passage of a meteorite through the roof of the house of Robert and Wanda Donahue of Wethersfield, Connecticut, and noted that this was the second time in eleven years that a meteorite had hit the house in Wethersfield. We remarked that, with all the construction in midtown Manhattan, it might well have happened here, too, and simply gone unnoticed. Clarke then handed us a typed document headed "Interviews," which contained Clarkean statements on how he planned to handle such encounters. The first statement read "Given due warning, I'll see anyone on the basis of one photo, one autograph, one question. (And a bonus: an extra question for anybody who can ask me one I've not heard before.)" The document ended with the note "Sorry about this; I'm grateful for the interest shown in my writings (even by people who can't spell my name), but I feel I've done my bit and deserve rest."

On the assumption that we might get only one question in, we asked Clarke what he had been doing in the last five years, and in response we were rewarded with a forty-five-minute summary. Even if we'd been given a *carte blanche*, we wouldn't have needed to think up a second question.

"Did I tell you about my movie career?" Clarke began. "I'm playing the role of Leonard Woolf in the filming of his novel 'The Village in the Jungle,' which is being done in Sri Lanka. He didn't appear in the novel of course, but he was out there from 1904 to 1911 in the Ceylon Civil Service, and he's been written into the





"I read 'Art News.'"

n. He was quite a bit younger then than I am now. We did the filming at the exact site in Hambantota where the trial in the novel takes place. It's really unchanged—except for the microwave tower. Since I saw you, I've bought two computers, on one of which, an Archives III, I now do all my writing. I wrote the first third of the new novel, which has been gestating for about fourteen years, on my electric typewriter and the rest of it on a word processor—I'll never use anything else now. I also have an apple, with all the color graphics, which I intend to use for fun and games when I have time. I've moved to a new house. It's a much bigger house, and I've got about twelve people living in it, including some of the writers who work for me in my business taking tourists underwater. The tourist business is booming, and there

are new hotels springing up all over the place. In Colombo, there are even high rises.

"Do you know about my thirteen-part series for the ITV? It's called 'Arthur C. Clarke's Mysterious World.' It deals with UFOs, the Loch Ness monster, and sea monsters, among other things. We were extraordinarily lucky—a giant squid washed up on the shore when we were filming by the Indian Ocean. One of my conditions for doing the series was that I wouldn't have to travel much outside Sri Lanka. The series will probably run on PBS over here. I am about to start a sequel. By the way, I just had lunch with Stanley Kubrick"—the director who did the film adaptation of Clarke's "2001." "He's now moved into a house near London that is so big that when I first went there I thought the stables were the

house. He told me that he thought 'Blade Runner' was the most visually beautiful film he had ever seen. Do you know how much '2001' cost to make? Ten and a quarter million. It seemed like a lot of money then, but now it's almost nothing for a science-fiction film. You know, I am now Chancellor of the University of Moratuwa, near Colombo. Would you like to see a photo of me in my academic robe?"

Clarke produced the photograph, which was in color. The robe was a dark red, and we told him that we thought he looked very dignified in it.

"Last June, I got the eighth Marconi Fellowship, for having suggested the communications satellite back in 1945," he continued, and he gave us a copy of his acceptance speech.

We were struck by a paragraph that began, "I am not indulging in false modesty—a concept which all my

friends would reject with hysterical laughter—when I say that my contribution to satellite communications was largely a matter of luck. I happened to be in the right place at the right time.”

Clarke went on to tell us, “I am using most of my award to help endow the Arthur Clarke Centre for the Study of Communication, which will be situated near the university. It’s for training people from the developing countries in the use of advanced computer and telecommunications technology. We hope to have a budget of five million dollars to spend over the first three years. I will be reporting to the Marconi Council on what I did with the award, and that will give me a reason to visit New York more often. In fact, my next trip will be in 1984—in the spring.”

It was now after noon, and Clarke’s lunch, which he had ordered from room service, was wheeled in. It consisted of a pâté with a side order of sliced bananas and cream.

The Whole Life

WE attended the Whole Life Expo at the Sheraton Centre the weekend after Thanksgiving, and

we’re sorry to report that living the whole life will not be easy. (Or cheap. For instance, beneath a banner that read “Our Goal: To Establish the Condition of Optimum Health and Well Being for Everyone on the Planet” young men were peddling wheatgrass juice for a dollar an ounce.) But you’ve got to start somewhere, unless you’re content to live out your days fragmented, so here are some of the suggestions provided by purveyors at the Whole Life Expo, which we list by category for convenience in your personal growth:

SPIRITUAL AIDS: Potentials Unlimited, Inc., of Grand Rapids, Michigan, which markets a breathtakingly wide range of self-hypnosis tapes designed, simply, to “make your life better,” ran a particularly busy booth at the Expo. One of the tapes, which are to be played at bedtime and again during the day, makes your life better by helping you overcome fear of success. (If you listen to it too often, don’t worry; there is also a tape that can help you overcome fear of failure.) Others make your life better by teaching you “how to be popular” and how to make decisions, speak effectively, play baseball (specify catching, pitching, or hitting

when ordering tape), hit golf balls, o bowl. Tapes are also available to help you overcome facial tics, worry, jealousy, hair loss, and anxiety. One cassette even makes you a more effective soldier in the fight for world peace (“Use this tape as your guide. Return the planet to a Garden of Eden where love and light and life abound!”) In the center aisle, right next to the Acme Juicer display, a crowd surrounded a television set on which a bearded man was talking about eternal something or-other. “That’s the Bhagwan!” an ebullient Expo-goer shouted. Indeed it was. Not far away, a booth was dispensing pamphlets about Eckankara (ECK for short), a spiritual discipline with a Tibetan “torchbearer” who “looks to be in his middle thirties but is thought to be over five hundred years old in his physical body.” For those who wanted something more solid than the Tibetan torchbearer to hold on to, Gemstoned, Ltd., of West Forty-seventh Street, was marketing gems and crystals for healing and meditation (“tanzanite to excite spiritual state,” “emerald for prosperity and harmony,” “coral to build up prana,” “moonstone as an aid for astral travelling,” and “aquamarine to lower blood pressure”). Garry Davis was the only practicing whole-life politician we met at the Expo, an even as a politician he was a mite unconventional. Instead of starting with a small political base and building on it, Davis, on September 4, 1953, declared himself “World Governor of World Citizens,” and soon he named himself “World Coordinator.” Despite his awesome theoretical power, Davis seemed to us a humble and concerned man, a man of the people. For much of the last thirty years he has been issuing World Government passports and other documents (so far they have been used successfully to gain admission to some seventy countries) and writing letters to other politicians. The day before Ronald Reagan too

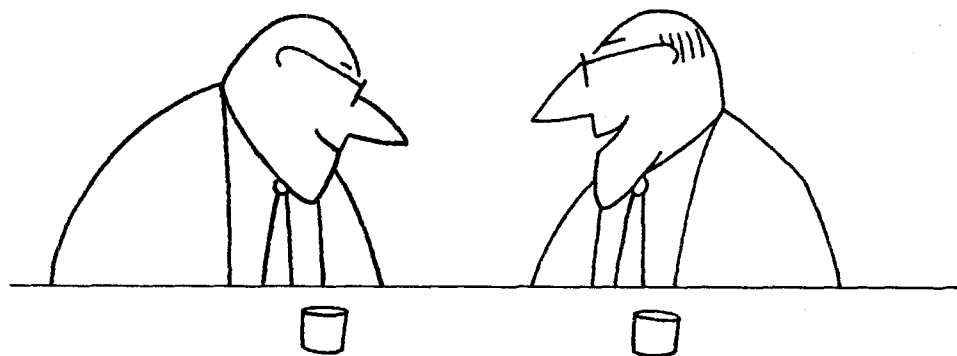


“If Roscoe were a horse, he’d be a Lipizzaner.”

over the relatively puny responsibilities of the American Presidency, Coördinator Davis wrote to inform him, according to a report in the *World Citizen News*, that "the government which represents us in matters pertaining to inclusive or global concerns—such as international war, for instance—is the World Government of World Citizens." Mr. Reagan, the report continued, "did not reply to this letter."

MEDICINE: "Ask Me About Holistic Dentistry," said a large sign over a table in the middle of the hall. Unfortunately, the table was empty, and we never did get our questions about holistic dentistry answered. But we learned about some other staples of the whole-life health-care system. Several booths, for instance, featured iridologists, who hold that, in the words of one pamphlet, "each of us is, in fact, equipped with . . . a miniature recording screen—the iris of the eye." An iridology chart divides the iris into tiny pie slices, each one labelled with a part of the body; by examining eye discoloration and looking at his chart the iridologist can figure out where in the body trouble lurks. Somewhat the same process is followed by foot reflexologists, several of whom were present at the Expo. Their charts of the soles of the feet allow them to manipulate points corresponding with various body parts, and thus eliminate pain from head to toe. A prominent local reflexologist, Richard Minarik, claims he has treated Muhammad Ali, Jacqueline Onassis, and the 1978 Miss Universe, among others. Everywhere we looked at the Expo, massage was under way. Some people were vibrating scalps; others were rubbing feet, or backs, or foreheads. Our favorite, a practitioner of acupressure eye massage, had a sign declaring, "There Are a Billion Chinese. But Few Use Glasses." Other healers recommended ingestion of the Bach Flower Remedies, which address certain negative states of mind. The one called Holly, for example, cures suspicion, and Wild Oats "handles the dissatisfaction of not finding one's goal in life." If all else fails, you can always follow the advice of the United States Virgin Islands Division of Tourism, on display at the rear of the exhibition hall, and take a "Caribbean holistic health vacation."

FURNITURE: We found the Seiza, a small, slanted bench, to be quite comfortable. To use it, one kneels, sets the bench over the ankles, and sits back, which "automatically places



"Well, figuratively speaking, I've jumped a few turnstiles in my day."

the body in a straight, relaxed posture, reducing strain and encouraging the natural flow of energy." A lot of people were sitting on Seiza benches (*seiza* is Japanese for "correct or peaceful sitting"), and many of them were looking placidly across at a nearby booth where a number of other people were bouncing up and down on miniature trampolines, more than likely encouraging *their* natural flow of energy. In other sections of the room, three competitors were marketing various models of a device designed to put you in a decidedly unnatural position and thereby ease backache and possibly a number of other pains. Simply told, these contraptions turn you upside down. Many people tried them out. As one woman righted herself, her companion exclaimed, "The bags under your eyes! They're gone!"

DIET: If there is one thing most whole-lifers seem to agree on, it is the value of a vegetarian regimen. We were approached by a man who asked whether we were vegetarian and, if so, whether we would sign a petition. When we confessed to eating meat, he looked hurt and shocked, and refused to tell us what his petition was about. "You wouldn't understand," he said as he stalked away. A minute later, an old man walked by wearing a button that read, mysteriously, "Don't Be a Sheep Gone Astray. Be a Vegetarian." Some flesh-tearers probably think herbivores have a pretty dull time of it—all those *soybeans*, after all. But not so; vegetarians can have a whole and productive life, just like us. When their friends head out for burgers, they can tag along, provided it is to one of eleven eateries (ten in Manhattan, one in Morgantown, West Virginia) that serve "Sunshine Burgers, the burger

that builds its protein from the energy of the sun." A leaflet advocating consumption of Sunshine Burgers points out, "Just like a mother who feeds her baby by the milk transformed from her body, our earthly mother feeds her creatures through her earthly body which transforms itself into plants," and explains, "Sunshine Burgers are made from sunflowers, which always turn themselves to face the direction of the sun." Sunshine Burgers—or, for that matter, Barbecue Gluten Ribs, from Nyota's Ting ("Foods for the Superior Man")—could be topped with sprouts (Sproutman Steve Meyerowitz wore to the Expo a shirt decorated with cloth reproductions of sprouts) and washed down with home-distilled water ("when you thirst for excellence") or Green Magma, which is the juice of young barley plants and brown rice.

"It tastes like water," said a young woman who was trying out the Magma.

"Terrific! I'm glad it goes down so easy for you," the Magma salesman replied.

"But it does give a little *oomph* as you swallow," the woman added.

"A little *oomph*?" said the beaming salesman. "Well, that's *splendid*. You must have a very good system indeed!"

After dinner, a whole-lifer might take a garlic tablet or two ("pure garlic with all of garlic's benefits and none of its odor"), or perhaps a pellet of a Rumanian formula whose merchandisers ask, in large letters, "Is this the fountain of youth?" In front of the Rumanian-formula display, an elderly couple were having words. "I don't care," the woman said. "I'm going straight home. I'm tired and I've had enough."

THE BLACK PEUGEOT

PEOPLE call wanting to know how I am, how Ben is, if I have heard from him. Adrienne called this morning and said she had heard that he had lost weight and looked haunted—or was it hunted? And how are they saying that I look, I asked. No one has seen you, she said. She suggested, half joking, that we both take vitamins, and I mentioned that the last time I had spoken to Ben he said he was taking B₆ to help him remember his dreams. She said she hadn't heard of that one. If I speak to him again, I said, I'll ask if it works.

How can there be love at one moment and not the next? This is what I am wondering. If, indeed, it was love. Or at what moment did Love put on his or her hat and trenchcoat and shut the door softly? Did Ben look up from his crossword? Thinking the postman had come? Did I immediately put on a record? One of my Arethas? That Dolphy-Coltrane he likes? "The Doors Greatest Hits"?

At this moment, given the difference in time zones, he may be waking and writing down one of his dreams. No doubt the black Peugeot is pursuing him down a narrow, winding mountain road. Whenever he dreamed of the black Peugeot, he and Dr. K. seemed to decide that it was me. (Or do I give myself too much importance in the narrative of his life? I can hear

his voice saying that this interpretation reflects my wish to usurp the drama, as well as to avoid analyzing my own story. His assessment of my motives became so shrewd that I began to watch myself through his eyes.)

The Peugeot 504 was our first and last new car. It was waiting for us in Le Havre, and we virtually lived in it for our first year. Five years later I totalled it in a front-end collision, from which I emerged miraculously intact. The only marks on me were claw marks from the cat, who had dived screaming onto my back. Oh, yes, and a small greenish swelling under my bangs. (That cat, that moaning Burmese, is a whole other story.) I could look at the wreck this way—that it saved us from a custody battle at the end.

Yesterday Carl called asking for Ben's number, not knowing Ben had left the city. The three of them—Carl, Catherine, and Toby—had been in Jamaica for a few weeks. Catherine was on some sort of assignment for her magazine. We talked about Jamaica, then, since I hadn't talked to him for some time, and, knowing he had heard only Ben's side of things, I couldn't help saying something to the effect that I hoped he didn't see me as a villain, or simply as a villain. (Today Adrienne quoted Ben as saying, "Molly wants to be independent, but

she wants it on her own terms." I must think about this. I mean, I give him credit for not being illogical. Anyway, using the word "villain"—I suppose it was to make a play for Carl's sympathy. As it turned out, didn't need to. All I needed to do was to bring up the subject and the flood gates opened. Carl has a store of theories, all of which came pouring forth. His is the sociocultural perspective—one which, I confess, has not consumed a great deal of my thinking. It's his field (he teaches American Studies), although in this conversation he seemed more prone to generalize from personal experience.

He claims that of eleven initial couples in their after-college crowd—two touch-football teams, he call them—he and Catherine are the only pair remaining. I said that this must open possibilities, since there are many more games for two than for twenty two. His point, he said seriously, was that he has seen "this" happen with others and that the patterns were "incredibly" similar.

"What patterns?" I asked. I said I would not acknowledge myself to be mere figure in the carpet. I said this with ironic indignation, but he knew meant it.

"Not a mere figure," he said. "An who do you think you are to be exempt?" It's a good question.

"Tell me your theory," I said.

Briefly, according to Carl, there's a pattern of male inertia/female force. New laws of sexual dynamics: It is the tendency of the male body at rest to remain at rest, and if in motion to remain in motion in a straight line; the corresponding tendency of the female force is to disturb either the rest or the motion.

"Men in a marriage relationship tend to entropy," he said.

"You mean atrophy," I said. "I think I don't understand entropy."

"Not necessary," he said. "Men resist growth and change, while women change and grow in ways that at this time seem inexorable."

"At this time?" I said.

"The historical moment—it's favorable to women. Men are threatened and want to hold to the



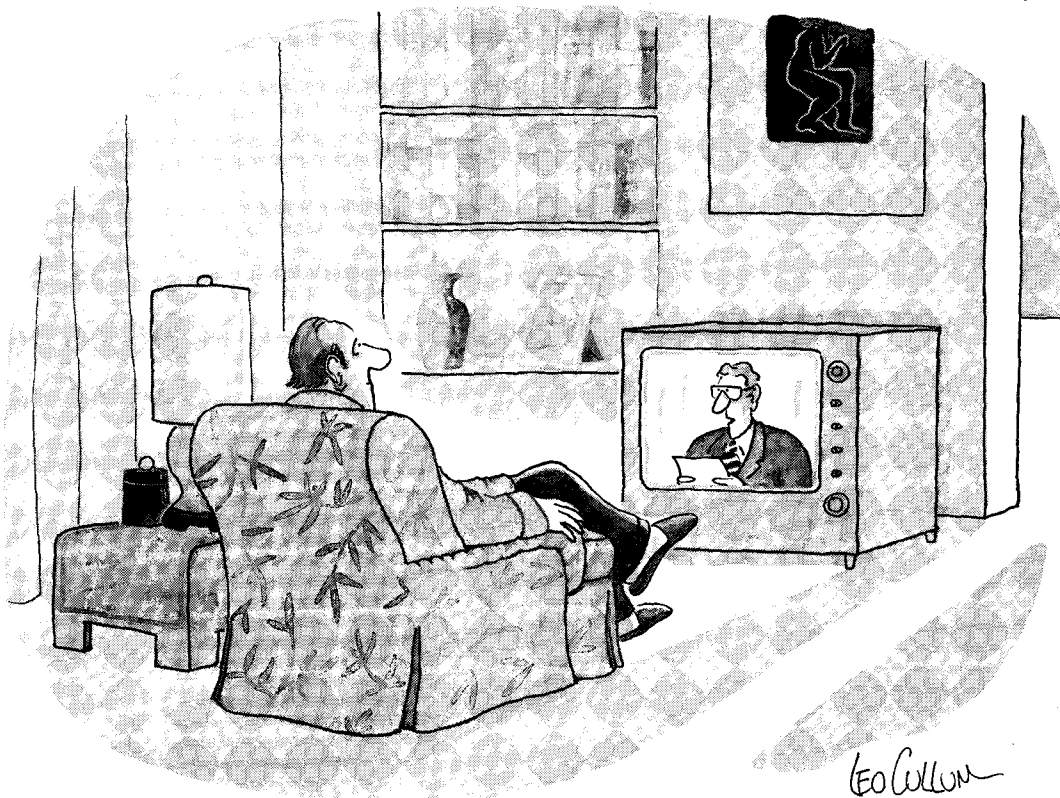
little they've got. Life is tough for men today, you have to realize. Much more difficult than men admit. Then there are women—persuading, pursuing, pushing, pulling, dragging. Either women create compatible creatures or they go off—in despair, resignation—and become noble savages creating brave new worlds of their own. Well, it hasn't gone that far. No one quite acknowledges all this. They're too busy feeling bad about the manifestation, the day-to-day business."

He said more, but this is the essence, I think. I listened, resisting—if for no other reason than not wanting to be included in anything. (Wanting to be excluded?) Not that he is wrong. Maybe I am simply suspicious of theory. Everyone I know is so good at it, weaving cunning tapes—tries out of the evasion of experience.

I suppose I would prefer their saying, "God, Molly's strange. There she goes, off on one of her things again." Leaving it at that. But they have you coming and going: either you're Doing This or That or you're Not Doing It—the verdict of fatal complacency.

INSTEAD of thinking more about Carl's doctrine, I find myself going back to the black Peugeot—to that historical moment. It was our beginning, and perhaps our ending as well. (What was Blake's phrase—"the marriage hearse"?) Perhaps I ought to remind myself again that the car was my father's gift—for whatever symbolic worth that is. My father's idea was that we start out with "a good car," though he never intended that we go "over there" to buy it, or that we stay indefinitely and without plans. It turned out to be a gift he would have liked to retract, and the moment we refused to see it his way he professed indifference to our fate.

What we spent on the car we meant to save on hotels and other transportation. We chose the least expensive model, and the option of reclining tan leather seats. Immediately on taking possession, we tried those seats and



"This afternoon, lightning struck twice in the very same place. Wait—here's an update on that story. Well, it seems that after all it did not."

discovered that as beds they were hardly that, but our bodies adjusted and we lived in the car for most of our time in Europe. Family, friends, the familiar past we traded for new landscapes, new languages, new marriage. We had only each other to hold on to. Oh, we had our separate selves, but when did anyone find his or her self sufficient to hold on to?

As we were driving through the Dordogne, toward the cave district, the car began to stutter during acceleration. It turned out to be a wiring problem, nothing major, but I was afraid we had got a defective car. Ben put up a brave front (he had a very convincing one) and said that all new machines have one or two bugs to be ironed out. The bugs took us out of our way, however, for only certain garages were authorized on the warranty. We never did get back to the caves.

Brave guess or not, his was right. The car was not defective. But one only knows these things later, and I remained anxious for some time. I was different then—my moods were constructed and dismantled as if by some outside agency. He appeared to be without moods of his own. I must have seemed a strange, inefficient creature. If the car was not seriously

flawed, perhaps he wondered if his new wife was. Fortunately, she was usually reading. I think I read him the whole of Henry Adams' "Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres" while he was driving. The main drawback of living in the car was not having a real reading light at night.

We both became attached to the car in a way that is difficult to explain. I know he felt it, too. In the beginning we made jokes about our feelings, which then seemed relatively simple, uncomplicated. When we had to leave the car overnight one time in Lyons, for its fifteen-hundred-kilometre checkup, he proposed staying with it. "They let parents sleep with children in hospitals these days," he said. But later, at some point, we became silent and secretive, as though the feelings had become too intense, too obvious, or had taken some disturbing turn. For my part, I think I probably felt them as a perversion of some sort. (But I was quick to see my feelings in a sordid light. I was reading Georges Bataille at the time.)

It may have been at the Pont du Gard, when we almost lost the car, that something crucial shifted in our relations. We had climbed to the top tier of the aqueduct, where we sat eating our usual midday meal: bread,

LAST WORDS

If the shoe fell from the other foot
 who would hear? If the door
 opened onto a pure darkness
 and it was no dream? If your life
 ended the way a book ends
 with half a blank page and the survivors
 gone off to Africa or madness?
 If my life ended in late spring
 of 1964 while I walked alone
 back down the mountain road?
 I sing an old song to myself. I study
 the way the snow remains, gray
 and damp, in the deep shadows of the firs.
 I wonder if the bike is safe, hidden
 just off the highway. Up ahead
 the road, black and winding, falls
 away, and there is the valley where
 I lived half of my life, spectral
 and calm. I sigh with gratitude,
 and then I feel an odd pain rising
 through the back of my head,
 and my eyes go dark. I bend forward
 and place my palms on something rough,
 the black asphalt or a field of stubble,
 and the movement is that of the penitent
 just before he stands to his full height
 with the knowledge of his enormity.
 For that moment which will survive
 the burning of all the small pockets
 of fat and oil that are the soul,
 I am the soul stretching into
 the farthest reaches of my fingers
 and beyond, glowing like ten candles
 in the vault of night for anyone
 who could see, even though it is
 12:40 in the afternoon and I
 have passed from darkness into sunlight
 so fierce the sweat streams down
 into my eyes. I did not rise.

A wind or a stray animal or a group
 of kids dragged me to the side
 of the road and turned me over
 so that my open eyes could flood heaven.
 My clothes went skittering down
 the road without me, ballooning
 out into any shape, giddy
 with release. My coins, my rings,
 the keys to my house shattered
 like ice and fell into the mountain
 thorns and grasses, little bright points
 that make you think there is magic
 in everything you see. No, it can't
 be, you say, for someone is speaking
 calmly to you in a voice you know.
 Someone alive and confident has put
 each of these words down exactly
 as he wants them on the page.
 You have lived through years
 of denial, of public lies, of death
 falling like snow on any head
 it chooses. You're not a child.
 You know the real thing. I am
 here, as I always was, faithful
 to a need to speak even when all
 you hear is a light current of air
 tickling your ear. Perhaps.
 But what if that dried bundle
 of leaves and dirt were not dirt
 and leaves but the spent wafer
 of a desire to be human? Stop the car,
 turn off the engine, and stand
 in the silence above your life. See
 how the grass mirrors fire, how
 a wind rides up the hillside
 steadily toward you until it surges
 into your ears like breath coming
 and going, released from its bondage
 to blood or speech and denying nothing.

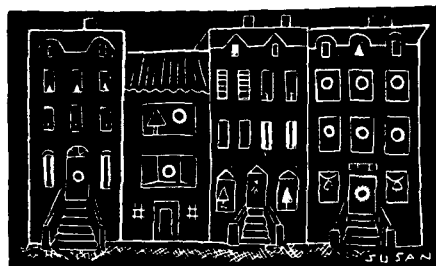
—PHILIP LEVINE

cheese, chocolate, yogurts—those
 thin, runny French brands that are
 now in supermarkets here. Fruit? Was
 it cherry season? I think it was.

The sun came out—as always,
 opening that division between us. I
 love to lie in the sun, whereas he burns
 easily and avoids the sun whenever
 possible. I stretched out along the aqueduct's
 stone molding, which was
 wide enough but curved, sloping down
 on each side, so that to fall asleep
 would be dangerous. He curled himself
 into the old water channel and, I suppose,
 finished off the cherries (if there
 were cherries). Then he complained
 of a urine smell, and I agreed to leave.
 I was amenable in those days, as
 though I only wanted him to make my
 decisions, to plan our itinerary.

We climbed over to one of the paths
 that led down to the road. There were

few tourists at that time of year and
 the place was nearly deserted. He suggested
 taking a "detour" (our joke)
 into the woods, but I said no, as if I
 had a premonition. (Or perhaps I remember
 it wrong. Perhaps we did go
 into the woods despite my premonition,
 which gives another slant to the story.)
 When we came to the parking
 lot where we'd left the car, we discovered
 the Peugeot clinging to the very
 edge of a steep drop into the Gard



River. Ben had forgotten the emergency
 brake. Fortunately, a fender had
 been snagged by a retaining post at the
 edge of the lot. A few inches to one
 side or the other and our car would
 have toppled into the river. I insisted
 he get a tow truck from a local garage
 rather than try to drive the car out by
 himself. If he didn't let the clutch out
 just precisely, the car would lose
 ground. I refused to try myself. I'm
 sure I was in a panic.

The car was rescued, and after the
 initial relief I noticed a change in my
 attitude toward Ben. It wasn't that I
 didn't forgive him, although I never
 trusted him in the same way again.
 But there was the luck of the retaining
 post to consider. I gave him credit for
 that. It was Ben's kind of luck, and
 once the car was safe I could acknowledge
 it. In my mind, I mean. I wanted



"Could be worse. Could be worse. Ho-ho-ho, Merry Christmas! Ho-ho-ho!"

be identified with someone who managed to avoid calamity, someone not subject to serious incident. I felt that by staying with him I was avoiding some mysterious other fate waiting for me to show myself alone. An interesting motive for marriage—but not uncommon, I imagine.

I'm reminded of a childhood experience. During the hot summers in Virginia, where I grew up, I usually slept in a screened-in porch upstairs. One night I woke to a noise; I thought it was a call. I opened my eyes and just outside the screen, on a branch near my head, an owl sat looking directly into my eyes. I lay petrified, afraid to shut my eyes, afraid to move or to tell anyone. My mother said that she came in in the early morning to find me lying wide awake, although she aimed not to see the owl. I was sure she was still there. But her not seeing it convinced me that either my owl was imaginary or it was possible to refrain from seeing it. The imagination might be put to many uses, it seemed. I suppose that ever since I have wanted to sleep with someone who knew nothing about peril (eyes of owls, wings of

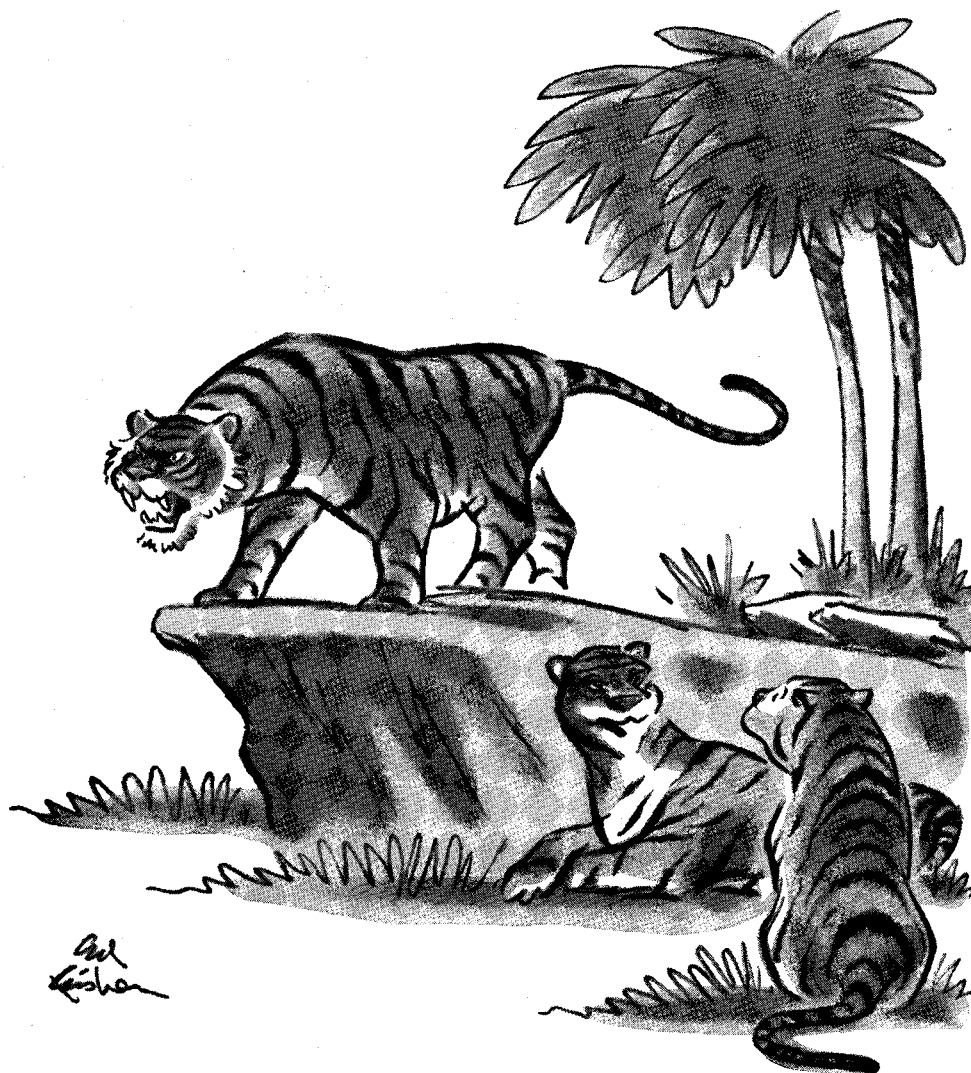
bats, black of night, etc.). I wanted a husband capable of carrying me with him through a life of inconsequence.

By avoiding catastrophe, the car appeared to be identified with Ben. It went on to lead a fairly uneventful existence, serving us well and faithfully. That first year, we lived day in and day out—night in and night out—within its leather interior, wearing the same clothes most of the time, sleeping inside, eating inside when it rained. We bathed occasionally in public baths and relieved ourselves in out-of-the-way public places. When the weather turned cooler we headed farther south. We had prepared ourselves with good down sleeping bags.

On the one hand, the car was our child, and the child was the likeness of him. It was innocence unprotected, and I wanted to protect them both. From me, of course. (The cat assumed this role later, after the Peugeot.) But there was another side to all this—this projection, Ben would say. Remembering the soft leather, the smooth lining, brings it home for me. We were also siblings in the womb—the un-

born, incipient, or rudimentary forms of ourselves. From the beginning Ben had been convinced that we looked alike. I couldn't see it, except for the coloring and our both being quite thin. We were a handsome, clearly American young couple, I suppose. People liked us, wanted to take us in, provide us with meals, and so forth. This happened so often that we came to depend on it. I resented it—his being content to let others do what he ought to be doing.

I said that the poor Peugeot led an uneventful existence, but of course it perished well before its time. And in a flaming wreck. I was speeding, though I wasn't cited for it. A blue Chevrolet turned left across my lane. The driver, a free-lance photographer, said he simply did not see me coming, perhaps because my car was black. Ben never accused me. But then that would have seemed bad form when it was a miracle that I escaped at all. Did it ever occur to him to blame me—I mean, later, after his initial relief and all? Or did he keep it to himself? For that was another evolution: he grew more and more skillful at keeping things to him-



"Underneath all that he's really a pussycat."

self, while I lost tact the way children lose mittens.

THAT was three years ago. Now he is there and I am here, and in my imagination he is waking from his dream. His eyes are still closed, and he is careful to maintain his body position as an aid to memory. I see him clearly—lying on his left side, partly covered, his fair hair receding, as I never imagined it would—and I see the dream, too. He is picnicking in a glade on a mountainside with his new family. It's premature, but I've provided him with all the trappings—wife, two children, one Labrador retriever. The children are named Jason and Jessica, the wife Caroline. (I'll let him name the dog.) Caroline, in her efficient, graceful way, has prepared a decorative but sustaining meal. There is a colorful patchwork bedcover to arrange it on. Wine—his choice—a '75 Sancerre. I won't go into the menu,

which is casual, suited to the tastes of the children as well.

There they are, the happy family about its business of being happy, when a black Peugeot appears from the far side of the mountain and approaches on the narrow country road. From a distance he recognizes the model. Of course it *can't* be the same car, he thinks, because that car has long since been brutally compressed into scrap or buried unceremoniously in the far reaches of Long Island. He cannot make out the driver's face. Something, however, impels him to rise and walk quickly toward the road to meet the car. The road turns out to be much closer to the picnic site than he remembers, and he is standing in the middle of the road before he knows it.

The car is heading for him. It is not clear whether the driver means to kill him or simply to speak to him, but he finds himself running away from the family scene, down the mountain, the

car relentlessly accelerating behind him. It's like a Hitchcock movie, and the look on his face—mingled fear and intent—is Cary Grant's as the crop-dusting plane bears down on him. A quick glance over his shoulder and he can see there is a woman at the wheel (as if he didn't know), her eyes glazed, face impassive, as mechanical in her way as the automobile itself.

Often this sort of flight dream ends here, with the dreamer waking in terror, but, since I invented this particular menace, I feel an obligation to release him.

Tiring, giving up the impossible flight, he begins to slow down. The car does also. In fact, he turns around to discover that the car has stopped some time ago. The driver has emerged and is standing next to the car, examining it critically, as if to see that all is intact. He becomes curious and begins walking back to see if there is something he can do. (His service instinct aroused.)

"I felt an unusual vibration," the driver says. Close to her now, he sees that she is not as young as he had expected. There are lines of intensity—painful concentration—around her eyes.

"I know this model inside and out," he says. "I used to have one myself." Feeling spiteful about the chase, he adds, "I wouldn't be seen in one these days, though."

The driver laughs, seems unhurt by the remark. "You think it's on its last legs, then?"

"No," he says, thinking the matter over. "It could probably go on forever."

"Figuratively," she says, frowning. "By the way, I don't know where you were running so fast. I could give you a lift. I mean, if you don't mind being seen in one."

But the dream is mine and not Ben's. The man in the dream, when come to think of it, is someone altogether different. Even the car is changed. It takes me away from what have clung to, into a strange territory for all I know as empty as the moon.

—GEORGIA A. BROWN

When the first residents come home to The Waterford in October of 1982, they will be greeted by a 24-hour security guard on their way into one of the most beautiful spaces in Denver: the Waterford lobby. Vincent Van Gogh said, "A thing of beauty is a joy forever."—*Condominium brochure distributed in Denver.*

In Dutch, of course.

THE SLEDDING PARTY

CATHERINE discovered that it was really two parties. The indoor party took place in the warm, implicit playroom, with its out-of-tune piano that did not quite conceal a added-up Ping-Pong table, and the outdoor party took place on the snowy slope of the Anderson back yard. From the top of the slope you could look down across the floodlit driveway to the dark, open garage at the side of the house. Under the floodlight the snow-limped bushes, glazed and glistening, looked like crusted pastries with rich, soft centers. Now and then the inner door leading to the playroom would open, and there would come a burst of voices, laughter, and rock-and-roll, followed by sudden silence. A few moments later a shadowy, winter-coated figure would step from the garage into the glare of the floodlight, revealing itself to be Linda Shulick or Karen Altis or Bill Newmeyer or Roger Murray or anyone else who might want to leave the hot crowded room and come into the fresh winter night. The figure would cross the driveway, trudge up the hill, and join the group beside the willow for a smoke in the cold air or a ride down the path in the snow. The good thing about two parties was that you could pass back and forth between them. You never felt trapped.

The sledding path itself was simply wonder. The path began at the top of the slope, beside the willow, and after a veeping curve it headed sharply down. Then came a second, less-curve, and a little more than half-way down the path ended abruptly. You could steer to the right and continue down to the high snow and half-buried hedge near the bottom of the driveway, or you could steer to the left and pass the wild cherry and end up in the high snow near the mountain laurel in the flat part of the yard. From the bottom of the path you could look up at the yellow windows of the playroom. To everyone who arrived, Len Anderson ex-

plained that he and his father had shovelled the path all that day; and after dinner, when the temperature had fallen to twenty-six, Len had carried out pot after pot of water, coating the path carefully with a layer of ice. That was to ensure maximum speed. Mr. Anderson was a mechanical engineer, and Len always said things like "maximum efficiency" and "ensure maximum speed." But Catherine thought it was a lovely path anyway. The snow on both sides was a foot and a half deep.

A new white Studebaker turned into the driveway, and at the same time, from the bottom of the hill, came shouts and laughter: Bob Carwin and Bonnie Baker tumbling into the snow. "Hey, Bobby boy, none of that, now!" "He did that on purpose." The night sky was a rich, dark blue. It seemed to Catherine, taking deep breaths, that she smelled the richness and freshness of the dark-blue winter night. She wondered whether it was possible to know a winter night by its smell, the way you could know a summer night or an autumn night by its smell. The Studebaker stopped at the top of the drive, and under the floodlight Sonia Holmes got out. Perhaps it was possible to smell snow. It would be a white,

cool, fresh smell, like the smell of a cool white sheet. Or was snow simply an absence of smell: of the sharp green aroma of grass, the faintly acrid smell of moist earth? Bev Carlotti came over to Catherine. "I can't believe it. Do you see what she's wearing?" Sonia Holmes went into the garage.

Roger said, "Have you seen my sled? I left it against the tree. It's gone."

"Oh, look!" said Catherine. She was stunned. "Was that a rabbit?" A little animal had gone hobbling across the dark upper yard.

"A cat, I think," someone said.

"A rat," someone else said.

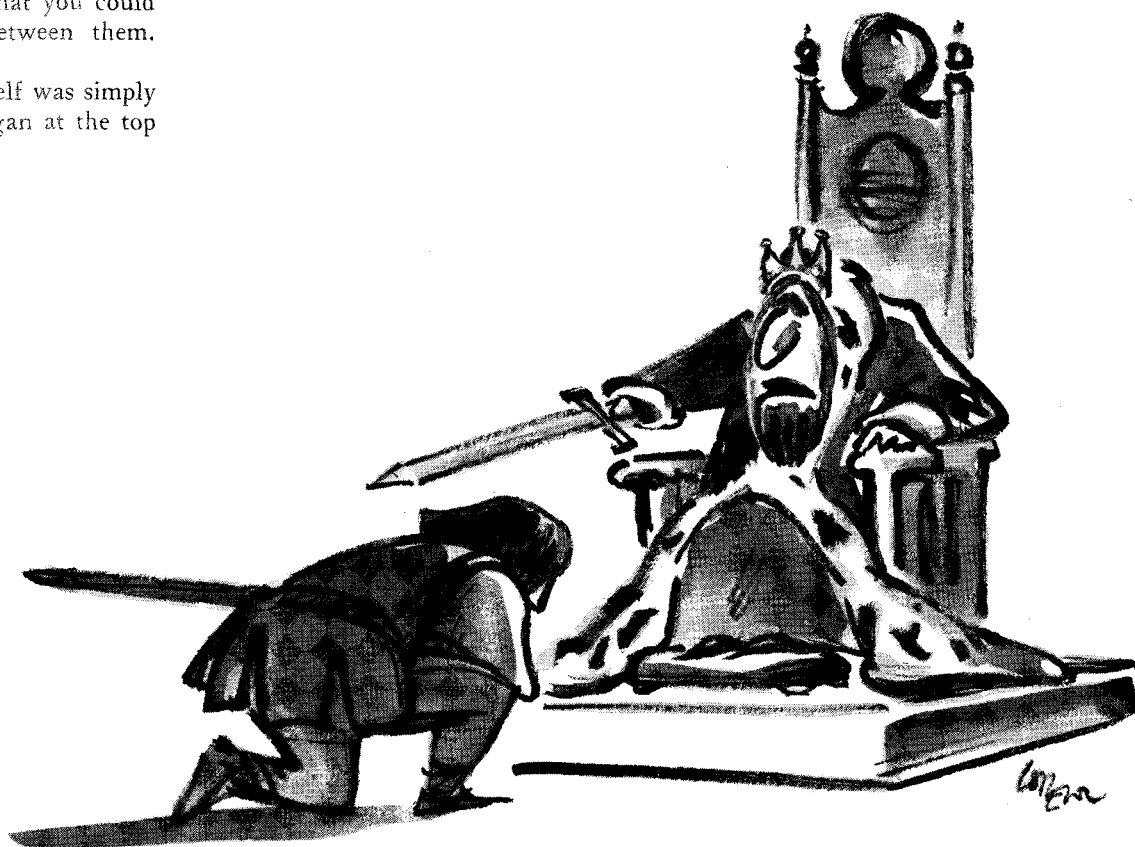
"A skirt to go sledding in. Nylons; the whole bit. She kills me. She's probably wearing heels. I suppose she thinks it's the spring dance."

"Well," said Brad, "at least she didn't come in a bathing suit."

"Don't bet on it. She gives me a swift pain I hate to say where. She ought to wear a sign on her chest: Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair."

"It didn't look like a cat," said Catherine. "Unless cats hop. Cats don't, do they?"

"They might," said Roger, "in the snow. They might have to. Someone stole my sled. This isn't a bad



"My son, you have survived the ordeal by fire and the ordeal by water. You now face the final challenge—ordeals by media."

party. At least they let you smoke."

"You sound like my father," said Catherine. "This party is not unwonderful."

"This party," said Roger, "is very unbad."

Sonia Holmes had come to the sledding party wearing nylons. Catherine imagined her long, sleek legs glittering in the moonlight as she sledded down the path, under the dark, rich-blue sky. It seemed festive. Why not?

"Maybe she isn't planning to go sledding," said Brad. "I hope she is, though. It might be worth watching—especially if she falls off."

"I bet she came to the wrong party," said Bev. "Whoops, 'scuse me, folks. I just stopped by to use your convenience. Can someone point the way to the powder room? Cath, what on earth are you doing?"

"I was looking at the moon. My eyes were closed because I was trying to see if I could tell whether the moon was out even if my eyes were closed. Parties make me feel a little insane.

Listen, here's what we'll do. We'll call Mr. Holmes. Mr. Holmes, a dreadful accident has occurred. Mr. Holmes, I regret to inform you that your daughter has lost her pants. She's hiding in the cellar, Mr. Holmes. Mr. Holmes, I know we can trust you to be discreet."

"Well, could you?" said Roger.

"What are you talking about?"

"The moon. You said you were trying to tell if the moon—welcome, stranger."

"Ride down with me, Cath?" It was Peter Schiller, holding a sled.

"Sure. But let me steer, all right? Listen, do you know what Bev said? She said Sonia ought to wear a sign around her chest: Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair."

"Ozymandias," said Peter.

Catherine looked away in sharp irritation.

"She came in a skirt and stockings," he said.

"We know."

"But you don't know what she said.

When she came into the room Hel said to her, 'Are you going sledding like *that*?' She gave Helen one of her looks and said, 'I didn't think you *had* to go.' That was how she said it: 'I didn't think you *had* to go.' Peter laughed. "Well, come on. Have you done it with two before?"

"Not exactly."

He put down the sled. "Well, it's a little tricky." He bent over the sled, pushed it lightly to the start of the path, and lay down. He looked over his shoulder. "Just think of me as a sled. Try not to get off center. I can steer much with my hands on the sides, but I can help a little. It's better to get a running start, but we ask Brad to push us off this time O.K.?"

"I'll just think of you as a sled, Peter." As she said it, laughing, Catherine was startled at the cruel and mocking sound of her words, but no one seemed to notice. Peter lay on the sled in his heavy coat and tucked scarf. She lay down on top of him, shifted about, and grasped the outsides of the rudder. She felt awfully high up. Her boots kept sliding off his legs. "Put your feet on the sled, Cath, safer. O.K., Brad. Give us a push. Easy." Brad bent over them and eased them forward along the flat start of the path. He gave a light push and released them.

Catherine steered clumsily around the curve and felt herself slipping one side, but she managed to stay on. They swung onto the downward path. The runners rushed over the glassy snow, and she felt herself still slipping to one side as they took the second curve and came to the fork. She turned sharply to the left, rocking the sled and feeling a boot drag against the snowbank. She jerked to the right, and suddenly they were rushing at a right bank; Catherine braced herself but somehow they were back on the path. Half on and half off, they rushed past the wild cherry and came to an abrupt stop in the high snow. Catherine fell off. "Damn." She burst into laughter, lying on her back in the snow. The sky was dark, radiant blue. The moon was so bright that it seemed lit from within. It reminded her of the eye of a great cat. That night was a dark-blue cat with a moon eye. Snow burned on her cheeks and a soft powder of snow stirred the air about her. She could feel the coil of hair on her snow-wet cheeks.



e stretched out her
ns and began moving
em back and forth in
e snow, as if she were
ring semaphore sig-
ls. Peter stared down
her. "You'd better get
, Cath. What are
u doing?" "Snow-an-
ls. Didn't you ever
that as a kid?" He
red down at her and
e burst out laughing.
Oh, Peter, you look
bewildered!" She
od up, dusting off
ow.
They trudged uphill,
ter's buckled boots
gling.

THE second time it
went much better:
atherine took the first
rve smoothly, swung
ortlessly onto the left
rk, steered past the
ld cherry, and never
ce felt herself slip-
ng. She drove into
air tracks beside the
urred snow-angel,
d brought them to a
p five feet beyond their first mark.
She was exhilarated as they walked
hill. "Isn't there something festive
out snow? Festive and solemn. I
n't explain it. Oh, I can. It's festive
cause it turns everything into odd
apes, and solemn because it's white,
e nurses, and hushed, and very
ooth and formal, like a linen table-
oth."

Peter laughed. "That's wild. Have
u got your scores back yet?"

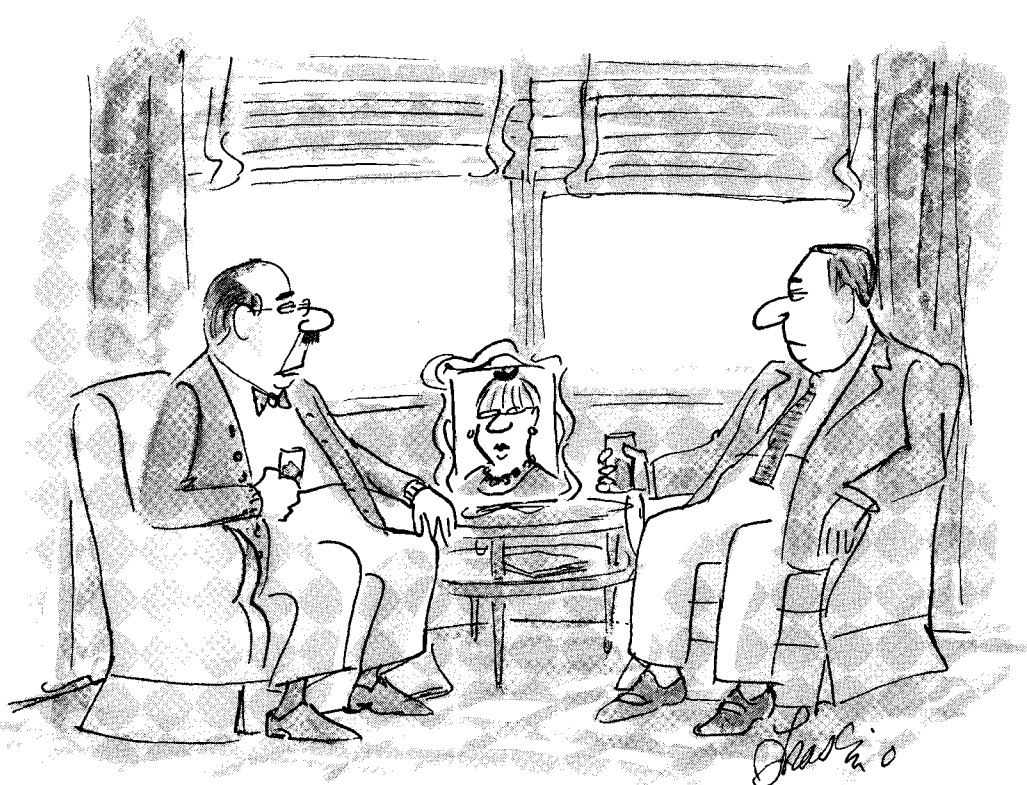
"Not yet. Brad got 787 in Math."

"Well, he can always join the
my."

"He had to break the news gently to
s mother. I hear Sonia got an 800 in
sture."

Peter burst into loud, nervous
ughter.

The third time, it was Peter's turn.
atherine lay on the sled and grasped
e inside of the rudder. "Watch out
r that tree, Peter. Remember old
han Frome." He pushed the sled,
nning behind as he bent over it, then
rew himself lightly and easily on top
her as he took the outside of the
dder. She could feel his chin press-
g into her thick fur collar. They
ant much faster, took the curves



*"This year we went to Hawaii for two weeks,
and Evelyn decided to stay."*

well, rushed into the left fork, and
flew past the wild cherry. At the bot-
tom they came to a halt a few feet past
their second mark—a record every
time. She felt Peter moving her hair
and kerchief away from her ear, and
she heard him say "Love you" or "I
love you." She stayed very still. Noth-
ing happened. All at once the weight
left her body; she heard the jangle of
boot buckles and a sharp crunch of
snow.

When she was sure he was going
away she looked over her shoulder and
saw him walking across the driveway
toward the garage.

Catherine dragged the sled up the
hill and stood beside the willow. He had
moved away her hair and said those
words. She felt violated, betrayed.

Brad came over. "What happened
to Peter?"

"Nothing. He got cold, I guess."

"Would you care for company on
the downward path to ruin?"

"Not now, Brad. I've had it, for a
while."

"Where's Peter?" asked Bev.

"God, Peter Peter Peter. He just
went inside. What's all the commotion
about?"

"Nothing. You're standing there
with his sled."

"That is not a sled," said Brad. "It
is Peter, bewitched. Let us honor the
memory of our late friend, Miss
Carlotti, by sharing a ride."

Catherine handed him the sled and
walked through the soft, hanging
twigs of the willow into the snowy
flatness of the upper yard. Her red
galoshes, black-red in the moonlight,
sank almost to their furred tops. The
black twig-ends of some buried bush
stuck up out of the snow; a small
withered leaf still clung to one of the
twigs, and shook slightly. The sight
of the trembling leaf disturbed Cather-
ine, and she looked away. She came to
a tall, broad pine that leaned to one
side, as if it had begun to fall but had
changed its mind. The long lower
branches, heavy with clumps of snow,
grew close to the ground. A few of the
branches had been broken off, leaving
an open space.

Catherine bent over and entered the
prickly shelter of the tree. The outer
parts of the branches were heavy with
snow, but toward the trunk the
branches showed their bark. She
dusted off the bark of a thick branch

and sat down, leaning back against the trunk and laying one leg along the branch. Through black and snowy pine-needles she could see the crowd by the willow, the bottom of the sledging path, and the open, dark garage.

It was not possible that Peter Schiller had said those words. It was so impossible that she wondered whether he had said something else, something that sounded like it. She tried to think of something that sounded like it, and began going through the alphabet: above, dove, glove—remembering, at “glove,” that in the ninth grade she had written an awful sonnet just that way, and wondering what had ever happened to that sonnet. Was it in the attic? Maybe he had said “I’m above you” or “A glove for you.” But she knew perfectly well what he had said. And he had walked away. He had said it and walked away. He had no right. And he knew it: he was ashamed. She and Peter Schiller were friends, they had been good friends for more than three years, but if they were good friends it was precisely because there was nothing more to it than that. She had never thought of him in that way. He was sweet, and irritating, and she could almost be herself with him; she liked to tease him about his horrible French pronunciation, and he had once written a limerick beginning “There was a young lady called Cath, Who was better at English than Math.” They were comrades. They hit it off. Catherine knew she had a playfulness about her, even a flirtatiousness, and she needed friends who were playful as well as intelligent. In the auditorium, where members of the National Honor Society were allowed to sit after lunch, she enjoyed a sense of light-heartedness, of pleasurable release from the routines and responsibilities of school, and not everyone rose to the occasion as Peter Schiller sometimes did. The

fact was, they got on well together; and that was all. He was not her type. No one was her type. She had ridden down with him on the sled because he had asked her, but she would have ridden down with Brad or Roger or even Bill Newmeyer. They were all friends.

He had moved away her hair and whispered it. She had felt his finger on her ear. Suddenly she realized that he must have removed his glove. He had trapped her on the sled and said it.

Catherine heard a jangle of boot buckles; her stomach tightened, as if she were about to be punched. She wanted to run away, over the snow, into the sky, beyond the moon, but it was only Brad. He looked in at her, bending over and resting his gloved hands, leather and wool, on his knees. Bits of snow clung to his thick orange scarf, and a thread of snow hung from one eyebrow.

“Is anything wrong?”

“No, I’m just sitting here.” She gave a shrug and hugged herself. “I like it here. Did you make it down?”

“I think we went through the tree and came out the other side, but other than that. You’re sure nothing’s wrong?”

“I like watching from here. You have snow on your eyebrow. No, no it’s worse. You have snow on your glove.”

When he left, Catherine felt forlorn. Forlorn! The very word was like a bell. She was sitting alone in a colt tree, and everyone else was laughing and sledding, and running up and down hills. He had said it, and there was no way he could unsay it. Catherine had vaguely expected to hear those words someday, just as she vaguely expected to hear “Will you marry me?”—she felt it was inevitable, there was no way around it—but they would be uttered by someone she could not even imagine. They had nothing whatever to do with anyone she knew or with this town, or with this life. When she heard them, she would be somewhere else. She would not even be herself.

He had looked down strangely at her, lying in the snow. Now she would never know what he was thinking. She could never trust him. She wondered whether he had felt that way all of a sudden, or whether he had been feeling that way a long time. Once, in sophomore year, he had drawn a heart in the black wax of her dissecting pan. It had been a frog’s heart with labels like “PULMONARY VEINS” and “RIGHT AURICLE.” He had drawn a feathered arrow going through it.

“Hey, are you all right?”

Catherine started she had not heard Brad come up.

“Yes, I’m fine. I’m fine. What’s wrong with everybody tonight?”

“You’re sitting in tree, Cath. Nobody else is sitting in tree.”

“Well, I believe in Nature. I believe Americans ought to go back to Nature, like the Indians. God can’t a poor working girl enjoy Nature without everybody having a conniption fit? Slaving in the factory nine to five, six days



Mother's Eternal Presence

week, ten children, my husband drunk every night—"

"Hell, honey, you think you got problems. My husband don't drink, but I got ten drunk children. Listen, a bunch of us are going inside now, O.K.? I've had enough of Mother Nature for one night. Time to catch a little of the Sonia Holmes show. They've got Potato Pills, Cath. Suit yourself, tried."

Catherine watched them ramp down to the driveway and into the garage. The inner door opened, and she heard shouts and laughter and music: piano chords, not records. Only Roger and Bill Newmeyer stayed outside, sledding hard, over and over again, with a concentration and seriousness that seemed to her beautiful. Someone smoking a cigarette came up from the house—it was George Silko—and joined them for a time, but the spirit of pure, silent concentration had been broken, and soon all three went down to the house. Catherine was alone, in her tree.

She could never go down there, because Peter Schiller was there. He had pinned her to the sled and put those words inside her, and then he had gone back to the house and left her here with the words inside. It was as if—she tried to think how it was—he had suddenly touched her breast. She felt he had delicately wounded her in some way.

A LIGHT went on over the garage: the party had spread to the kitchen. Through a sliver of window between translucent curtains she saw someone pass clearly between blur and blur. Down in the playroom someone must have opened a window, for Catherine could hear the out-of-tune piano coming from the front of the house. A voice cried "I can't find it." There was a burst of laughter. The window shut.

For a moment she had been drawn into the warm room and the laughter, and now she was banished to her cold tree. She remembered standing at the top of the slope, feeling the moonlight



"Hello, dear, or is it goodbye?"

pour into her face. It seemed a long time ago. Catherine felt that something strange was happening, that at any moment the house below might start slowly sliding away over the snow, like a great, silent ship with yellow windows.

She heard the piano again: someone was coming to get her. From the garage Len Anderson, wearing a sweater but no coat, stepped onto the driveway. He had his hands in his pockets, and he hunched his shoulders quickly against the cold. He looked up at the willow, and then at the pine, and walked rapidly across the driveway, stopping at the side of the hill. "Catherine?" he called. She wondered if he could see her through the dark branches. "Here," she answered, feeling absurd. Len raised an arm and waved. "O.K.!" he said, and turned around and went back into the house.

She supposed they were all talking about her. Where was Catherine? Sitting in a stupid tree. Everything was strange, all the houses were about to float away, the moon was looking sorrowfully for Catherine, but no one was there.

She hugged herself in the cold, shivered dramatically, as if someone were watching, and tried to understand what had happened. She had been in one of her moods, wide open to the blue mystery of night and the festive, solemn snow. There were times when the world seemed to Catherine a whole series of little explosions, going off one after the other, and all she could do was stand transfixed, feeling it happening all around her. And so they had ridden down on the sled, and she had lain on her back in the snow, looking up at Peter Schiller's bewildered face. And perhaps, without intending to, she had encouraged him to say those words. She had caught him in her wonder. She had bewitched him. She had offered herself to the night and the snow, and poor old Peter had misunderstood. It wasn't his fault. And the longer she stayed in her tree, the more awkward everything was becoming. It seemed to her that she must go down to the house quickly, quickly, and set things right. She would behave as if nothing had happened. And then, in a moment when they were alone, she would explain that she had been touched by what he

had said—really touched, Peter—but that she preferred to think of him as a dear friend. She hoped he would think of her that way too. She was not in love with anyone at all.

Catherine was so relieved that she clapped her gloved hands, sending up a faint snowspray. She felt that if she could see him quickly, and explain, then the words would go away, as if they had never been spoken. Everything would be all right between them. Nothing would have happened at all.

Catherine tried to hurry through the high snow. She had to take big, awkward steps, and snow got into her boots. She thought of the rabbit or cat she had seen at the back of the house. She wondered if it had found a warm, dry place, out of the snow. On the driveway she looked down at the little mounds of snow on her boot-toes and stamped each foot hard. As she entered the garage and passed along the side of a darkly gleaming car, a nervousness came over her, but she hurried on.

The inner door opened onto a tiny

hall. Wooden steps covered with black rubber led up to the kitchen. Directly on her left was the dark-red door of the playroom. On her right was a dusky workroom where, on a long workbench under a dim yellow bulb, dripping coats lay carelessly heaped.

"The mystery woman returns," said Brad from the couch. He gave a little wave. The room was hot and dimly lit and full of smoke. She did not see Peter. She felt her cheeks tightening and tingling in the warmth, as if her face were being pulled carefully into place over her skull. Ned Toomey, seated at the piano with a cigarette in the corner of his mouth and his eyes narrowed in the upstreaming smoke, was playing "Sloop John B." Beside him, looking intensely at the music and holding in one outstretched hand an empty glass, stood Richie Jelenik, singing in a deep, mournful voice. On the other side Ken Jackson stood with one foot on the piano bench, playing the guitar and leaning close to the music as he looked back and forth quickly

from the notes to his left hand. The two couches were full, people walked about, on the floor in a lamplit corner Roger and Bill Newmeyer were building a high tower with small colored blocks. "They said you were in the tree," said Nancy Russell, and Catherine noticed that Nancy Russell's eyebrows were not the same length. A bowl of Potato Frills appeared. A hand held out a paper cup of ginger ale. Catherine, glancing at a window, saw with surprise her surprised face through herself she saw brilliant yellowish snow and a yellow-lit lantern on a black pole. Ned Toomey and Ken Jackson came to the end of "Sloop John B," and Richie Jelenik put his glass down on the piano. They began to play "Goodnight Irene." Catherine moved across the room toward Brad. "I'm back," she said, and sat down next to him as he shoved over. "Isn't it awfully smoky in here?"

"It goes with the décor. We can have a tree brought in for you, if you like that. We could set it up by the piano."

"I had a wonderful time in my tree thanks. All it needed was a heater. Where's Bev?"

"Upstairs, enjoying the absence of smoke, music, and teen-age fun."

"I guess Peter fled up there too."

"I don't know. He was here when we came in, moping in that corner. I thought he went out again. What do you say to him, cruel woman? Or are they're good at this one."

Ned Toomey had broken off "Goodnight Irene" and had passed without pause into loud rock-and-roll choruses with his left hand. There were shouts of applause. The right hand came with a series of climbing, suspenseful phrases, and Richie Jelenik sang deeply, soulfully, soaringly:

Ah
Found
Mah
Thri-hill

"Louder!" cried Brad. "Sing it, Richie babel!"

Own bluebayry hih-ill

"Go, Ned!"

Own bluebayry hih-ill

"These guys are too much." Richie Jelenik's eyes were closed, his head flung back, his face twisted in a paroxysm of passion; and the tense fingers of his



"This is Grace Fairlawn, and these are her gift catalogues."

stretched hands were hooked like awns. His cheek glistened, and Catherine was shocked: she thought he was crying. But she saw that he was sweating in the close, warm air. All at once she saw a bright green hill, covered with tall trees, ripe blueberry bushes, and winding paths. Sunlight streamed in through the leaves and fell in shafts onto the lovely paths; and all was still and peaceful in the blue summer air. It was as if the world were waiting for something, waiting and waiting with held breath for something that was bound to happen, but not yet, not yet. Suddenly Catherine felt like bursting into tears. She looked out. Her temples throbbed in the noke-filled air; she felt a little sick. "I think I'll go up and say hello to everybody," she said.

"Tell her to come on down and join the party. These guys are terrific."

Catherine escaped from the room and climbed the wooden stairs toward the kitchen. On her left at the top of the stairs was the dark, moonlit living room, glowing like an enchanted cave filled with chests of precious jewels. You were not allowed to go into the Anderson living room. In the bright-yellow kitchen to her right, Bev was standing at the stove, gently shaking a black frying pan containing dark-yellow corn kernels. Sue Wilson, Linda Mulick, and Joey Musante were sitting at the kitchen table. On the table stood a large bottle of 7Up, a bowl containing crumbs of popcorn, and a smaller bowl filled with thin straight pretzels. Catherine went over to Bev and, leaning close to her ear, said, "Boo." Bev gave a little start. "God, you scared me. I thought you were hibernating for the winter. Do you know, Len thought you were angry at him? Come on, you guys, pop." "Oh no, no. That's crazy. Len?" "Through a door in the kitchen Catherine saw the small dim den, crowded with people. Sonia Holmes sat on a couch surrounded by her courtiers. Her glittering legs were tucked under her skirt. You could not noke in the den or kitchen, you could not play music in the den, you could not drink beer, and you could not set foot in the living room. You could use the top of the stove but not the inside. It's so hot down there," Catherine continued. "Have you seen Peter around?"

"Peter? You and Peter are some air."



"Hi, Mr. Tepper. This is the I.R.S. Say, back in April, when you paid your tax, we had no idea of the sort of bills Uncle Sam would be running up, and—well, the long and the short of it is that we have to soak you again."

Catherine drew back her face sharply, as if she had been struck on the cheek. "Oh?"

"You go sit in a tree, and Peter goes home."

"Peter went home?"

Sue Wilson said, "He didn't even tell anybody. Janet saw him. She thought he went to get something in his car, but he got in and drove away. I call that rude."

Bev said, "Peter isn't rude."

"He left his sled," said Catherine. A restlessness came over her, and she thought how irritating and boring all these people were, and this kitchen, and this universe, and above all, above all, those little straight pretzels. Why weren't they the three-ring kind?

"It's about time!" said Bev, as a kernel burst into flower. She thrust the cover on and shook the pan; there was

a crack-crack-cracking. Catherine went over to the den and looked in quickly. Then she turned, walked across the kitchen, and went downstairs.

THROUGH the half-open door of the playroom Catherine saw drifting smoke and the corner of a couch. She went into the workroom and put on her coat, fumbling with the plump buttons, shaped like half-globes. Pulling on her boots, and tying her kerchief under her chin, she strode through the garage.

When she stepped outside she saw that some of the party had returned to the slope. She had thought only of escaping from the house, and now she was standing in the floodlight, exposed. She felt like putting her hands over her face. The only private place



"Apparently, the formalities were dispensed with."

was the leaning pine. She climbed the slope at the back of the house, away from the sledding path, and headed across the deep snow toward her tree. Under the moon and the dark-blue sky the snow was luminous and tinged with blue.

Catherine stopped; in the open space of the pine she saw Bob Carwin, standing with one arm against the trunk as he leaned over Bonnie Baker, who sat on a low branch. Catherine turned back angrily into the upper yard. There was no place where she could be alone. There were people at the willow, people at the bottom of the sledding path, people in the pine. There were people in the playroom, people in the kitchen, people in the den. The party was spreading; soon it would flow across the yard, over the hedge, and into the next yard. It would spread into the dark-blue sky, all the way to the snowy moon.

Catherine stood in the empty upper yard. She felt restless, yet there was no place to go. He had walked to his car and driven home. He had not told anyone he was going home. Catherine thought it was a strange, upsetting

thing to have done, and all at once she felt an immense pity for Peter Schiller, and for herself, as if someone had done something to them and gone away. But it was Peter Schiller who had gone away. Catherine shook her head, as if to shake out the words. She looked about. Everything seemed suspenseful and mysterious—the blue snow, the deep boot-hollows in the snow, the floodlit black of the driveway, startling as spilled ink rushing across a table. It seemed to her that everything she looked at was about to change shape suddenly. But it all remained peaceful, suspended, still. And the sledders rushing down the slope were part of it too, as if their motion were only another form of stillness. A hill of summer blueberries, sledders in the snow. Catherine felt lifted up into stillness, as if things were about to shift slightly, or crack open like kernels, thrusting up inner blossoms. She felt a faint cracking inside her. In another moment she would understand everything. And as she waited, she bowed her head against the cold, as if in prayer.

A shout from the hill startled her. Catherine hugged herself, and shiv-

ered in the cold. It had slipped away, whatever it was. She felt tired, as if she had been running for a long time. It seemed to her that she had been set spinning, like a top that travels across a table, touches an object, and, still spinning, rushes off in another direction. The words had set her spinning to the tree, and from there to the playroom, and from there to the kitchen, and from there to the snowy wasteland of the upper yard. And once you were set spinning, who knew where you would stop? She was spinning, spinning, and now she was about to go spinning off again, because she could not bear to be alone. She no longer knew what was going to happen to her. She no longer knew anything at all.

Gravely, her head

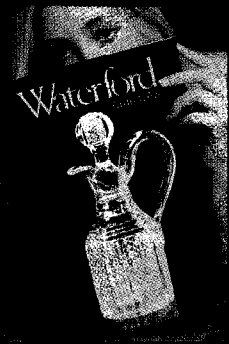
bowed slightly, Catherine walked down the hill.

But in the glow of the floodlight her spirits revived, and when she stepped into the smoky warmth of the playroom she felt so soothed, so enfolded that she enjoyed the feel of her own smile as it pushed against her tightening cheeks. Bev and Brad waved from a couch; Catherine waved back. At the piano they were singing "Auld Lang Syne." These were her friends, her dear friends who were waving to her and laughing and playing the piano and singing. There was a clatter of descending footsteps, and Catherine turned to the half-open door. Len Anderson entered, frowning as he lit a cigarette in cupped hands. "You're leaving?" he said, looking up harshly. "Arriving," she answered, and untied her kerchief. "And Len, I can't tell you what a wonderful party it is." Pleasure surged in her; and everyone was surprised when she gave him a big hug.

—STEVEN MILLHAUSEN

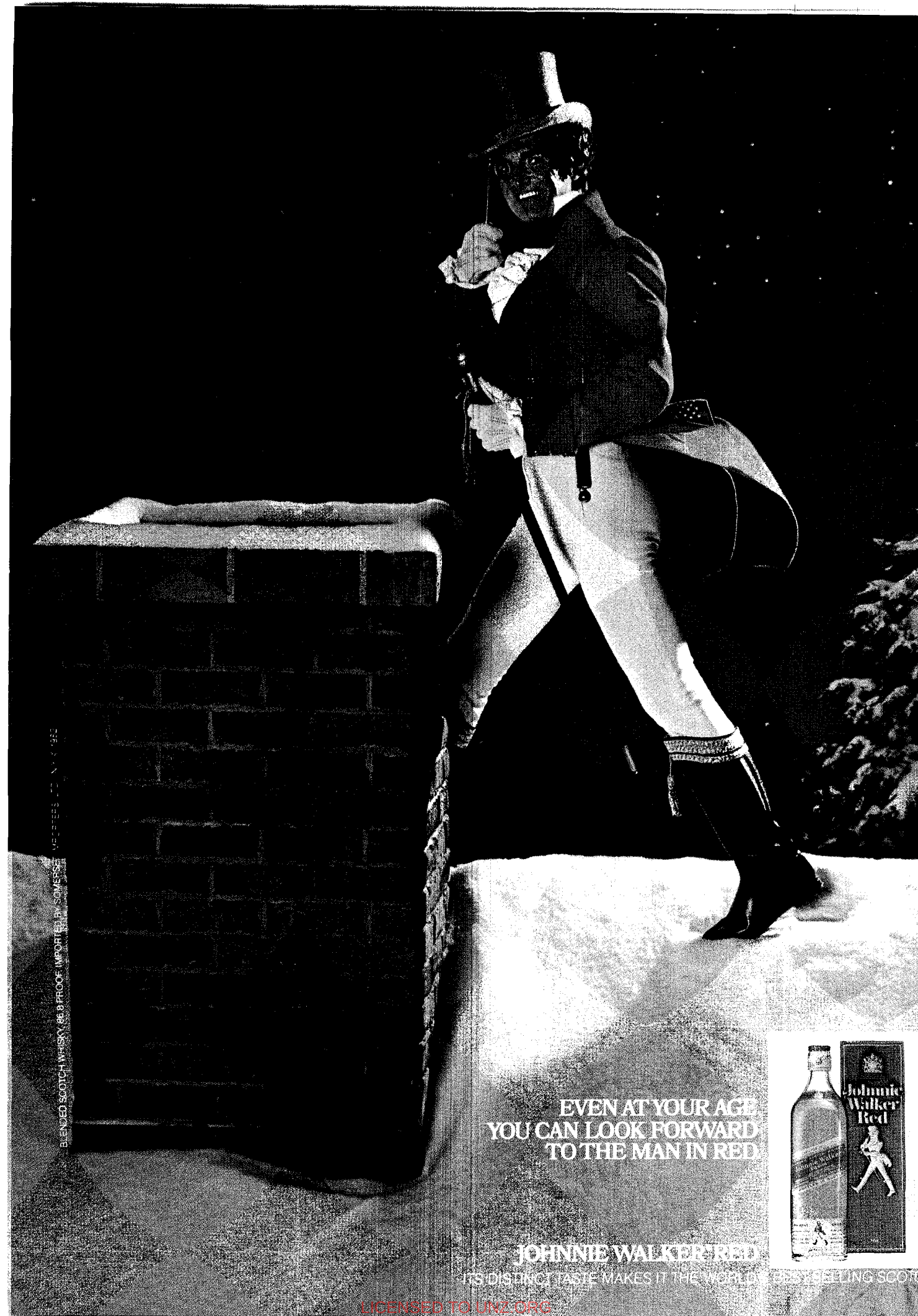
IT'S ABOUT TIME DEPARTMENT
[Headline in the Reading (Pa.) Times]
HELD NAKED IN JAIL.
WOMAN WINS SUIT

WHAT is immediately apparent to the cognoscenti is the affinity between old and new Waterford. Centuries have not altered the inherent grace of cutting and design. The continuing thread of tradition is clearly cherished, nurtured and protected by Waterford at all costs. —Quoted from "Waterford: An Irish Art"



Authentic Waterford is now signed. Write for illustrated booklet. Waterford Crystal, 225 Fifth Avenue, NY 10010

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY, 86.8 PROOF, IMPORTED BY SOMERSET, NEW YORK

EVEN AT YOUR AGE
YOU CAN LOOK FORWARD
TO THE MAN IN RED

JOHNNIE WALKER RED

ITS DISTINCT TASTE MAKES IT THE WORLD'S MOST SELLING SCOTCH



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A REPORTER AT LARGE

POLITICS AND MONEY—II

THE idea that Presidential campaigns have been freed from private money and that the candidates proceed on an equal financial footing is a myth. The laws governing the contributions and expenditures for Presidential campaigns are riddled with loopholes, one of them, according to Robert Keefe, a Democratic consultant, "big enough to drive a President through." Richard Wirthlin, the pollster for Ronald Reagan's 1980 Presidential campaign, says, "My own feeling is that the law hasn't changed the access to resources; it's simply changed the channels that are used to get those resources into the campaign." Wirthlin was talking of both congressional and Presidential campaigns. One new channel is provided by the so-called "independent committees"—committees established for the purpose of raising and spending money on a Presidential candidate's behalf, and supposedly independent of the official campaign. These independent committees are different from political-action committees (PACs), which can make direct contributions to a number of candidates, although some PACs—particularly the ideological ones—also conduct large-scale "independent" activities in both Presidential and congressional campaigns. Another new channel takes the form of what is called "soft money": money that cannot legally be spent in federal campaigns. Soft money—union dues, corporate-treasury money, and individual contributions beyond the federal limits—played an important, if largely unnoticed, role in the 1980 campaign. In addition to these new ways of raising and spending money for a Presidential campaign, there are also ways in which large amounts of party money can be spent to uneven the balance. In 1974, Congress passed a law that established a system of public financing of Presidential campaigns,

and also set limits on what could be contributed to and spent by congressional candidates. Under the 1974 Act, candidates for the Presidential nomination received federal matching funds for part of the money they raised in individual contributions—which are limited to one thousand dollars from an individual and five thousand dollars from a political-action committee—and were subject to limits on what they could spend in each state. If a candidate chose not to accept federal funds—as John Connally did in 1980—he was still subject to the contribution limits, but not the spending limits. Once a candidate was nominated, he received a certain amount from the federal government for his campaign—\$29.4 million in 1980—and could receive no private contributions. The 1974 Act limited independent expenditures on behalf of any candidate to a thousand dollars. The scheme was paid for by a voluntary dollar checkoff on tax returns. The system, like the rest of the campaign-finance law, was to be super-

vised by a Federal Election Commission. One Presidential campaign—the 1976 campaign—was fought on roughly equal financial terms after the 1974 law went into effect. But this campaign was followed both by some changes in the law and by increasing ingenuity in getting around the law. The result was a striking imbalance in what the two parties spent in 1980—an imbalance in the Republican Party's favor. No one argues that Ronald Reagan defeated Jimmy Carter because of Reagan's advantage in money. But the 1980 campaign offers an object lesson in the ways in which outside money can once again play a big role in the Presidential campaign and, unless the laws are changed, will continue to. In an election that is otherwise close, this could make the difference. The 1980 election and subsequent events also indicate that large contributors and fund-raisers are rewarded with ambassadorships and other important positions. In effect, the Presidential-campaign reforms that followed the Nixon





"There's an element of truth in everything that George Plummer says."

scandals have to a large extent been nullified. And if the past is any guide, what was done in 1980 to get around the law will be amplified in the future.

One of the Republicans' major financial advantages in 1980 grew out of a change that had been made in the federal election law the year before. The change, which came in the clothing of high-minded reform, allowed state and local party organizations to spend unlimited amounts for voter registration and for getting out the vote in Presidential elections. It also allowed the local party organizations to spend unlimited amounts on the paraphernalia of campaigns—bumper stickers, billboards, and the like—and on expenses connected with volunteer activities. The rationale for the change was that in 1976 so much of the federal money given to the Presidential candidates had gone into television advertising that the role of state and local parties, of "grass roots" activity, had been severely diminished. Though it can be argued that spending the money on television was the decision of the national campaigns, and that most of the money will always go into television, and so be it, the case was made to Congress that it was its

solemn duty to encourage "party-building activities." But beneath the high-minded rationale were some tactical calculations being made by both parties. Just as in 1974, when changes were made in the election law which led to the explosion of political-action committees, the Democrats and their labor-union allies thought that the 1979 change in the Presidential-election law would work in their favor. And, just as in 1974, they were mistaken. The 1979 change was pushed largely by Morley Winograd, who at the time was the chairman of the Democratic Party in Michigan, where the United Auto Workers and the state party had a very close relationship, and who was also president of the association of Democratic state-party chairmen. The theory was that money that could not otherwise be spent in federal elections, such as union dues—soft money—could be channelled into the all-important voter-turnout activities conducted in the states. (Before the law was changed, the Federal Election Commission had held that such activities on behalf of any federal candidate would be tightly controlled; the parties wanted to get these activities out from under any

federal supervision.) The Democrats figured that to work with the unions, using union money, to get out the vote, was a natural Democratic thing. What they didn't figure on was that raising big money was not a Democratic thing but a Republican thing, and that the Republicans would be alert to the opportunity that the change in the law provided. Patrick Caddell, the Democratic pollster, says, "Everyone said, 'What a great idea. We're going to help Morley and the U.A.W.' The only state party that was benefitted by this was Michigan. It wasn't until too late that we realized we were going to be outspent."

What was not contemplated by the congressional sponsors of the change was the raising and distributing of large sums of soft money at the national level

—that a supposedly state-party activity would be taken over by the national committees and used as a way of infusing money raised nationally into the states. The Republican National Committee had already been looking for an opening through which to make additional expenditures in the publicly financed Presidential campaign. Robert Perkins, who had been finance director of the Republican National Committee in 1977 and 1978, says that the Republican Party was eager to get the provision into the law. "We were very excited about it," Perkins recalls. "We knew we needed a big, coordinated, sophisticated operation." And after the change was made, that is the kind of operation the Republicans mounted. The Republicans argue that the change in the law was necessary in order to offset the indirect help that the Democrats received as a result of union efforts to get their members registered and to the polls. While there is no question that unions had been helpful to Democrats in that respect, virtually every Democrat one can find will say (though never for attribution) that the unions are not always as effective as Republicans—and the unions—would have people think. It has been a



You can take it with you.

Because the all-new Teleram 3000 is the first truly portable personal computer that operates everywhere, a Teleram Office is anywhere. Wherever business wants or needs to be.

Taking it with you.

Weighing less than 9 lbs. and hardly bigger than a 3" notebook, the Teleram 3000 is easy to take... in a standard briefcase. For operation anywhere on internal rechargeable batteries. For capabilities as powerful as desk top computers.

While others are stuck at their desks, take your Teleram Office home. Work on the way. In cars, planes, anywhere.

Leaving it behind.

Look at the spec's for the Teleram Office Station. For interface with networks and peripherals. Plus, cost-effective office pooling potential.



In your office or out, the Teleram 3000. With non-volatile bubble memory up to 256kbytes. A standard-size keyboard. Flat panel display of 80 character lines. Standard CP/M* applications without modifications. More desirable features than hand-held and suitcase models put together. More versatility than any desk top.

The Teleram Office. The heavenly place and way to do business.

Specifications:

The Teleram 3000: 8 lbs.-13 oz. 13" x 9 1/4" x 3 1/2"
Powered by 5-10 hr. internal battery, auto cigarette lighter or 110/220 VAC
Typewriter keyboard plus numeric/cursor keypad & 16 soft function keys
64k RAM/4K ROM
128k or 256kbyte non-volatile bubble memory
4-line x 80-character Liquid Crystal Display (LCD)
RS232C Interface (communications or printing)
CP/M 2.2* operating system

Expansion capabilities

Teleram Office Station which contains:
floppy disks and/or Winchester disk drive, text/graphics CRT display, additional bubble memory, networking and additional communication interfaces

TELERAM

Teleram Communications Corporation
2 Corporate Park Drive White Plains, N.Y. 10604
(914) 694-9270 TELEX 646658

*CP/M is a trademark of Digital Research.

0 760 GLE.
T THING YET
ECT CAR.



THE VOLVO THE CLOSEST TO A PERF



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG

While it may be true that it's impossible to build a perfect car, it's also true that—given enough time—you can come close.

The new Volvo 760 GLE is a case in point.

It took ten long years to develop. And before it developed, it went through the mill.

Prototypes of the 760 GLE were driven a total of two million miles—through some of the worst conditions on earth. They lugged trailers over the Alps, plowed through snowbanks near the Arctic Circle, pounded through potholes in New York City and ate dust in Australia. They endured five summers of searing heat in the Nevada desert, where they were frequently driven 24 hours a day.

What emerged from all this design and testing was a car which, not too long ago, would have been called impossible.

A car that's more aerodynamically efficient than a Porsche 928, yet roomy enough for five adults. A car that can outhandle a Jaguar and can outmaneuver an Audi. A car with one of the best climate control systems in the world.

Introducing the Volvo 760 GLE...the first totally-new Volvo in 16 years.

It took a long time to get here. But we assure you, it was worth the wait.

THE VOLVO 760 GLE

© 1982 VOLVO OF AMERICA CORPORATION

truism in politics for some time that labor does not necessarily "deliver the vote." It especially doesn't deliver the vote when its constituents are unenthusiastic about the Democratic candidate, as they were in 1980. (In 1982, labor did turn out, because it had an issue to rally around—unemployment.) Reagan received more than forty per cent of the labor vote in 1980. But the Republicans like to invoke the spectre of the unions—in fact, they almost need to do so—in order to keep up the pressure to raise money. Labor, in turn, invokes the spectre of "big business."

Perkins says that in 1980 he suggested the idea for a national drive to raise soft money for the Presidential campaign to William Timmons, who was then the Reagan campaign's political director, in charge of field operations, and is now a Washington lobbyist. According to Perkins, Timmons said, "Let's run with it." Systematically, they raised large sums of money from individuals and corporations, and funnelled it into the states where it would have the most impact. Under the public-financing law, of course, there are supposed to be no individual contributions to the candidates once they are nominated. Perkins, who is thirty-five, is now the executive vice-president of Polygon, a company that deals in diamonds. He ran the soft-money operation on a part-time basis, out of an office at the Republican National Committee. The laws vary from state to state on the spending of union and corporate money; many states, including some of the most populous ones—California, New York, Illinois—do permit such spending. In all, twenty-eight states permit corporate contributions and forty-one states permit labor contributions. (In some instances, there are limits on one or both categories.) The limits on individual contributions also vary from state to state (twenty-five states, including Texas, have no such limits). But the state restrictions presented no particular problems for the Republicans. For example, Missouri allowed corporate money, but Texas did not. So money that the Republicans raised from individuals in Missouri would be sent to Texas, and money that was raised from corporations in Texas—of which there was quite a bit—was sent to Missouri or California or any of the other states that permitted corporate funds to be used. And there were in effect no limits on what the parties could funnel into the states for voter-

registration and get-out-the-vote drives. Perkins says, "We tried to raise money for the states where voter identification and get-out-the-vote would have the most impact. Pennsylvania, Florida, and Texas were high on the list. As the program got rolling and we got successful, we went down the list." The directions on where to send the money, Perkins says, came from Timmons and his deputy, Stan Anderson. Perkins says, "We picked out the states that needed the money, identified money from major contributors, and funnelled it into the states. This was outside any federal limits; there were no federal limits on these contributions." Thus, a contributor could give unlimited sums from his own corporation or his own pocket for the state drives, to be distributed as the Reagan campaign and Republican Party officials saw fit. And so there are still no limits on the amount of money an individual can give to help elect a President. Someone who wished to could give a hundred thousand dollars or more to each of several state parties in order to get out the vote for his candidate. The money is not counted as a contribution, and is therefore not reported at the federal level. The state reporting requirements vary in stringency.

In other words, contributions of the size that were given to the Nixon campaign of 1972 and that so shocked the nation—and paved the way for public financing of Presidential campaigns—can still be made. And the contributions by corporations which were illegal then can now be made legally. The only difference is that the methods by which the money is contributed are more circuitous. Robert Keefe, who headed the Democrats' soft-money drive, says, "People used to spend large amounts to elect a President. I'm not sure we've left that." A

Washington Democratic lawyer-lobbyist says, "Soft money is where rich people can play again." He adds, "There's nothing to keep me from putting a million dollars into a campaign if I wanted to." A former official of the Federal Election Commission says, "It's a fraud on the American people, who think we have a totally federally funded Presidential campaign." Perkins says that his soft-money drive raised nine million dollars. (Other Republican Party soft money is raised from large contributors who prefer to give corporate, rather than personal, funds.) Paul Dietrich, who is the president of the Fund for a Conservative Majority, an independent political-action committee that worked on Reagan's behalf in 1980, and who also ran the Republican National Committee's state-fund operation in Missouri in 1980, says, "The Republican state operation made a mockery of the law."

What soft money could be used for was fairly loosely defined in 1980 (and the definition has become even looser since then). For example, it could go to cover the expenses of volunteers. The Republicans got a ruling from the F.E.C. that volunteers could be reimbursed by as much as thirty dollars a day for their "expenses." This amounted to more than they would have been paid under the minimum wage—which is what the Democrats were paying people, out of the Party's own "hard money" funds, to run phone banks. (And, unlike the Republican "volunteers," the Democratic workers had to pay taxes on their income.) The work of an advance man who went into a state to set up a rally could be paid for with soft money by charging it off as "coordinating volunteers." So could the work of volunteers who stuffed envelopes for direct-mail campaigns or prepared material for rallies. Lyn Nofziger, a longtime Reagan political aide who is now a Washington consultant, says, "In a state where it's allowed, you get corporate money and spend it for damn near anything. And if I give fifty thousand dollars in corporate funds in California, that frees the campaign to spend fifty thousand dollars for whatever it wants." To the extent that soft money goes to the parties to pay for their state activities or, as is also permitted, to pay for the costs of their headquarters, this allows other money to be used for other purposes. Timmons says, "It doesn't make much difference what you can use it for, be-





Cuvée du Centenaire.
A rare French masterpiece for the fortunate few.
To commemorate its centennial anniversary, the House of
Marnier-LaPostolle created this remarkable edition of Grand
Marnier. As with all fine art, its availability is extremely limited.
For delivery anywhere call 800-528-6148 (except where prohibited by law)

WANT A BETTER REASON THAN JUST A REBATE TO BUY A HOME COMPUTER?

ATARI®



What you get out of your computer is only as good as what you can put into it.

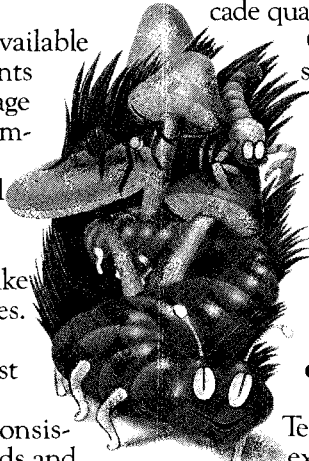
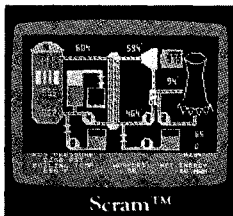
If you just go for the biggest memory or the biggest rebate when you buy your home computer, you may wind up with a second-rate machine. Memory and price can be misleading. It's what a computer can do—the range and variety of programs you can put into it—that determines what you get out of it.

Atari programs (there are over 1,000 available for Atari computers) are the reason parents who buy Atari give so much: the advantage their kids need to stay ahead in a very competitive world. Plus a complete home entertainment center that everybody will enjoy.

Exclusive programs—Only from Atari.

Atari offers useful, relevant programs like **Scram™** (Other computer systems may offer just one, or none!) And **Scram™**, where the consistently superior sounds and graphics of the ATARI Home Computer (no one else has capabilities that come close) create a realistic simulation of an operating nuclear power plant.

Even the youngest can get a leg up with the



CENTIPEDE

ATARI Early Learning Series, featuring the unique and involving My First Alphabet™

A home entertainment center featuring the world's most popular games.

Play the extraordinary, soon-to-be-released "E.T."† game, along with exclusive hits like Pac-Man,* Centipede,™ Star Raiders,™ Defender†† and Galaxian♦. All with sensational graphics and sound that challenge arcade quality.



Other computer systems can only offer pale imitations. Don't you want the real thing?

The ATARI 400™ Computer is a terrific start in computing. With its powerful 16K memory and practically kidproof keyboard, it's the perfect introductory-level computer. Or you can get the powerful ATARI 800™ Computer with 48K storage capacity.

Atari backs its products with a national network of over 1,000 independent service outlets.

Only Atari puts so much in it for you. Terrific hardware. Superior service. Over 1,000 exciting software programs available. Hit game after hit game.

And now is the time to get it all. Because, for a limited time, Atari offers \$10 off every software program and every peripheral (up to a \$60 saving).**

So, to the wise, a final word: Atari.



ATARI® HOME COMPUTERS

W A Warner Communications Company

††"E.T." and the "E.T." character are trademarks of and licensed by Universal City Studios, Inc. *Estimated availability of "E.T." first quarter 1983. © 1982 Universal City Studios, Inc. *Trademark of Bally Midway Mfg. Co., licensed by Namco-America, Inc. †Trademark of Williams Electronics, Inc. ♦Trademark of Bally Midway Mfg. Co., licensed by Namco-America, Inc. For more information, write: Atari, Inc., Dept. A3W, P.O. Box 16525, Denver, CO 80216. © 1982 Atari, Inc. All Rights Reserved. **Special rules apply. See participating dealer for details.

cause it frees up your other money.”

In 1980, the Republican National Committee raised \$2.2 million in soft money to pay for the Eisenhower Center, a four-story brick building on Capitol Hill that houses the national committee and the National Republican Congressional Committee. (In 1982, Mr. and Mrs. Averell Harriman loaned the Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee three hundred and ninety thousand dollars to buy a building on Capitol Hill, to be used as a radio and television studio. The Republicans have had such a facility for ten years.) Soft-money contributions for building funds do not have to be reported to the F.E.C.

The funds raised by Republicans in soft money were used in the states *in addition to* money raised by the state parties—which was itself substantial. The Texas state party alone, under the enthusiastic leadership of Governor William Clements, raised three million dollars, and it is estimated that another three million dollars was raised by the local parties in Dallas and Houston. In fact, the first trip the Reagan-Bush team made after the nominating Convention was to Houston, to encourage the Republican Party's fund-raising efforts. Reagan returned to Houston for a fund-raiser in mid-September. It was estimated that in some other states, such as New York and California, the Republicans raised at least one million dollars. In other words, the Presidential and Vice-Presidential nominees are still involved in fund-raising in the general election—in a system that is ostensibly paid for with public financing. They encourage people to give to both the national and state parties. The only thing they can't do is ask people to give to their own campaigns—at least directly.

Under another section of the law, the national parties are permitted to spend a certain amount per voter per state (two cents per voter) in a Presidential campaign. The Presidential campaign organization directs how the money is spent. In 1980, under this provision, each party was allowed to spend another \$4.6 million on the Presidential race. But it is artificial to make distinctions between what the national parties can spend for Presidential, as opposed to non-Presidential, candidates. Whatever helps the ticket helps the nominees. John Sears, who managed Reagan's 1976 effort to obtain the Republican nomination and managed the 1980 effort until he was

ousted in a power struggle in February, says, “Quite clearly, the Party can do all kinds of things that are of benefit to the Presidential candidate and that are counted as Party functions for the ticket at large—such as polling, fund-raising, running phone banks. People are getting more sophisticated about writing off spending to those activities. So there are all sorts of ways of getting around the limits of what a Presidential candidate can spend.” Therefore, the sum total of what each of the national parties was able to raise and spend in the 1980 campaign is relevant. In hard money, the Republicans spent \$64.6 million and the Democrats spent \$13.9 million. The Republicans spent the full \$4.6 million allocated for the Presidential account, while the Democrats have thus far reported spending \$3.4 million. (Other costs the Democrats want to allocate to this account are in dispute at the F.E.C., which is also investigating whether the Reagan campaign exceeded its spending limits.) William Brock, the Republican National Committee chairman from 1977 to 1981, went around the country emphasizing how important the money that the Party could spend on the Presidential campaign was, and he was so effective that he raised the amount that could be spent two or three times over. Thus, the Party had a great deal of money that it could put to other uses, such as television advertising—advertising that was ostensibly for the Party as a whole but, obviously, helped the Presidential candidate—and get-out-the-vote drives. The Republicans were so successful at raising both soft and hard money that the Reagan campaign was relieved of spending virtually any money for field organization in, for example, Texas—one of the most important and expensive states. Richard Wirthlin says, “One reason we were able to maximize our money in

the Reagan campaign was that those kinds of questions had been considered by the Party a year and a half before the election. The field operation of our campaign is a side of the campaign that hasn't been told fully. Timmons had that down to a gnat's eyelash. There was no question in his mind or mine that we would deliver that vote.” Of the total amount that can be raised via the various accounts, Timmons says, “You add all these things up and it's a pretty good hunk of change.”

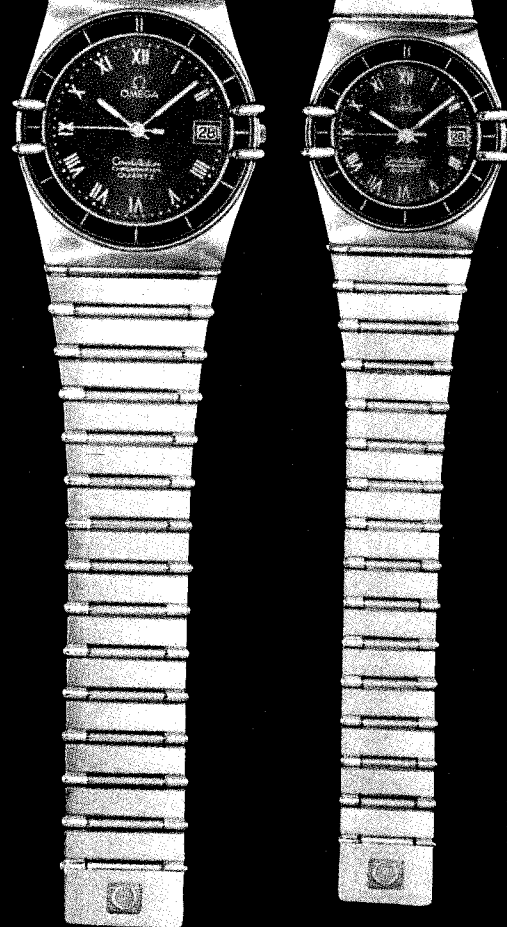
Thus, by conservative estimates, the Republican Party was able to spend directly—that is, not even counting Party expenditures at large—on behalf of its Presidential candidate: the \$29.4 million in federal funds, the \$4.6 million in hard money contributed by the national committee, the at least nine million dollars in soft money, and the money raised by the states. An additional amount was spent by “independent committees” on Reagan's behalf—of which more later. The Democrats raised about \$1.3 million in soft money and another two to four million altogether at the state level—or less than the Republicans are believed to have raised in Texas alone. Although it is often argued that the unions' get-out-the-vote drives are of great value, there is no way to put a price on them. In fact, all sorts of estimates float around as to how much money the Democrats and the Republicans spent respectively. And each side tends to exaggerate the amount that the other spent. But no one knows the exact numbers, because they are not reported in sum anywhere. So, in a system that is supposed to be equitable and measurable, no one really knows what is going on. The real point is that a path around the intent of the law has been found. And once such a path has been found it is usually widened. The problem is not the disparity itself so much as the fact that there is so much money in Presidential elections beyond what is allocated under the federal-financing law.

It is the amount of both hard and soft money that still goes to the election of a President—beyond the amount provided under the federal-financing scheme—that leads the former F.E.C. official to say that the idea that Presidential campaigns are no longer dependent on private money is a “fraud.” Robert Keefe agrees. “No kidding” was his totally unsurprised reply when I suggested that this was the conclusion one reached after learning of all



OMEGA.
WHEN YOU CAN HAVE
WHATEVER YOU WANT.





Introducing the Omega Manhattan.
The finest Swiss quartz chronometer
money can buy.

Water-resistant. Available in stainless
steel and gold, 18K gold, or stainless steel.

To find out where you can acquire one,
write to us. We're at 301 East 57th Street,
New York, New York, 10022.

Two floors above Rolls Royce.


OMEGA[®]

In Canada, write to: Omega Watch Company (Canada) Ltd./Ltée.,
70 Wynford Drive, Don Mills, Ontario M3C 1J9.



© 1982 CHANEL, INC. CHANEL N°5® The Classic Bottle®

the rivers of private money that still flow into the Presidential campaign. It is this that leads Keefe to say, "They are overregulating the penguins on the tip of the iceberg."

There is actually a great deal that an individual who wants to give a lot of money to elect a President can do. Individuals may contribute up to twenty thousand dollars to a national committee, but this counts against their limit under the law for all federal contributions—the limit being ostensibly twenty-five thousand dollars for all candidates per two-year election cycle but in reality fifty thousand dollars for candidates and parties if the right moves are made. Both parties encourage large donations by offering special status and access to important people. For ten thousand dollars a year, for instance, one can belong to the Eagles—a special Republican Party group. At one point in 1980, there were eight hundred and sixty-five Eagles. For five thousand dollars a year, one can belong to the Democratic Party's Finance Council. At its zenith in 1980, the Finance Council had about seven hundred members. (The Democrats later established a Business Council, with a ten-thousand-dollar membership fee.)

THE Republican drive to raise soft money and channel it into the states in 1980 was thorough, and it was successful—and it enabled a number of people to give large amounts of unreported money. Nofziger says, "You won't find in the reports what individuals were doing to try to help elect Reagan."

I asked him if that meant that the F.E.C. reports showed only a piece of what is actually going on in a Presidential campaign.

"Oh, sure," he replied.

When several people who knew about the Republican drive for untraceable, unreported soft money in 1980 were asked for the names of those who were most generous, some familiar names emerged. The drive was headed by Ted Welch, of Nashville, Tennessee, an investor and a former finance chairman of the Republican National Committee—"one of the greatest fund raisers in America," Perkins says—and Robert Mosbacher, a Houston oil and gas producer, who had been George Bush's finance chairman during Bush's campaign for the Presidential nomination. Among those who were most valuable in helping the Reagan campaign raise

soft money were Charles Wick and his wife, Mary Jane. The Wicks and the Reagans had been close friends in California. "Wick was really the honcho of the whole thing," one Republican I talked to said. Wick, now the director of the International Communication Agency, is a former booking agent for bands who made a fortune in nursing homes (he also co-produced the movie "Snow White and the Three Stooges"). Wick and his wife not only contributed money themselves but also raised money from others whose names and financial generosity have been associated with Reagan's political career from the outset: Justin Dart, of Dart & Kraft, Inc., and Holmes Tuttle, a Los Angeles automobile dealer. One person who was close to this enterprise says, "Charlie Wick went out and raised a lot of money for the Republican National Committee. I wouldn't be surprised if it wasn't more than two million bucks. The Wicks held parties and all kinds of events—and one thing and another." (Wick has declined to answer any questions on this subject.) Joseph Coors, a familiar name among donors to right-wing causes, has also been cited as a donor to the soft-money campaign. Among the others who are said to have been major benefactors is David Murdock, a Los Angeles builder, who is the largest stockholder in Occidental Petroleum and owns Cannon Mills. A great deal of soft money was raised in Texas, especially from people in the oil industry. One contributor was H. E. (Eddie) Chiles, of Fort Worth, who is chairman of the board of a large oil-field-services firm and is famous in the Southwest for doing his own radio ads, saying "I'm mad"—usually at the federal bureaucracy for one outrage or another. Chiles is also well known in political circles for funding conservative candidates. Another was James Lyon, a Houston banker who had been Reagan's finance chairman for Texas in 1976 and whom few Republican candidates fail to court. Perkins says,



"Twenty or thirty per cent of the money came out of Texas, and Oklahoma and Kansas were very helpful, too. You talk less about state lines than areas of influence. The area of influence in Texas and Oklahoma and Kansas is the oil business." Most of the money, Perkins says, "came from people who are first-generation rich—oil people, entrepreneurs." He adds, "All the Republican committees are successful at raising from them; they want to preserve the system that made them successful." It was this segment of the oil industry that also poured a lot of money into the Republican efforts to unseat Democratic incumbents in the House and Senate in 1980. And it is this same group that some Democrats, in their desperation for money, tried to woo by offering tax breaks in 1981, thus setting off the "bidding war" over that year's tax-cut bill. Perkins says that donors were asked to give twenty-five thousand dollars, and that the donations ranged from ten thousand to fifty thousand dollars. "What we asked for was whatever we could get," Perkins says. The donors were told which states to send their money to. In order to reward people who contributed, and tempt others to contribute, the Reagans gave a party in late October at Wexford, the house in rural Virginia where they were staying between the nomination and the election. Perkins remembers the evening well, because on the previous day a fall storm had blown down the tent in which the dinner was to be held, and everyone ended up inside the Reagans' house. "Obviously, the party was a good recruitment technique," Perkins says. "The general plan for the party was that the people there had already given, but that doesn't mean some weren't asked for more." Besides the Reagans, various campaign officials were present, and gave little pep talks. Timmons recalls, "All of us were paraded out there before these heavy hitters." This was actually the second event that the Reagans held at Wexford for large contributors. In September, they had a party there for Eagles—and potential Eagles.

Contributors were also given opportunities to show their regard for the Reagan Administration after the election. A separate fund, called the Transition Foundation, was established to help pay for the costs of the transition—contributors were asked to give five thousand dollars. Then yet another organization, this one called the Presidential Inaugural Committee,

which established an Inaugural Trust Fund, was formed by Charles Wick and Robert Gray—who was then the head of the Washington office of Hill & Knowlton, the public-relations firm, and is now the head of his own lobbying firm—to contribute funds to help pay for the Inauguration. The government pays two million dollars for the transition, and covers only a small part of the cost of the Inauguration. These “foundations” accepted corporate and personal contributions of as much as thirty thousand dollars. A former Reagan campaign official says, “That’s when you can really go to town. Of course everyone wants to buy in with the new President.” The Inauguration was both the most splendid in the history of the country and the most expensive—it cost over sixteen million dollars. Gray said, “This was free enterprise at its best.” Early in 1981, the still enthusiastic and energetic Wick set out to establish a committee—the Coalition for a New Beginning—that would accept funds from private contributors to help get the President’s economic program passed. Wick and Justin Dart, another enthusiastic backer of the project, had the idea that corporations should contribute fifty thousand dollars each. Corporations, and their chief executives, stood to gain from the President’s program. Some eight hundred thousand dollars had rolled in by the end of March, but by then the project had become such an embarrassment that White House aides forced it to shut down. Wick and Dart were said to have been a bit heavy-handed in their techniques; a White House aide said that Wick had told businessmen that if they didn’t come up with the fifty thousand dollars the Administration wouldn’t be their friend. The Reagan White House people finally decided that this whole approach lacked subtlety—projecting as it did the image of the rich getting together to back a program that would be of particular help to them. One Reagan adviser says, “Those are things you would rather do quietly.”

Many people from Texas and Oklahoma who had been so helpful in the Republican soft-money drive in 1980 also turned up, along with the Reagans’ California friends, on the list of benefactors who had contributed to the Reagans’ redecoration of the White House. The project’s announced goal had been two hundred thousand dollars, but such was the interest in contributing to this fund that it amassed

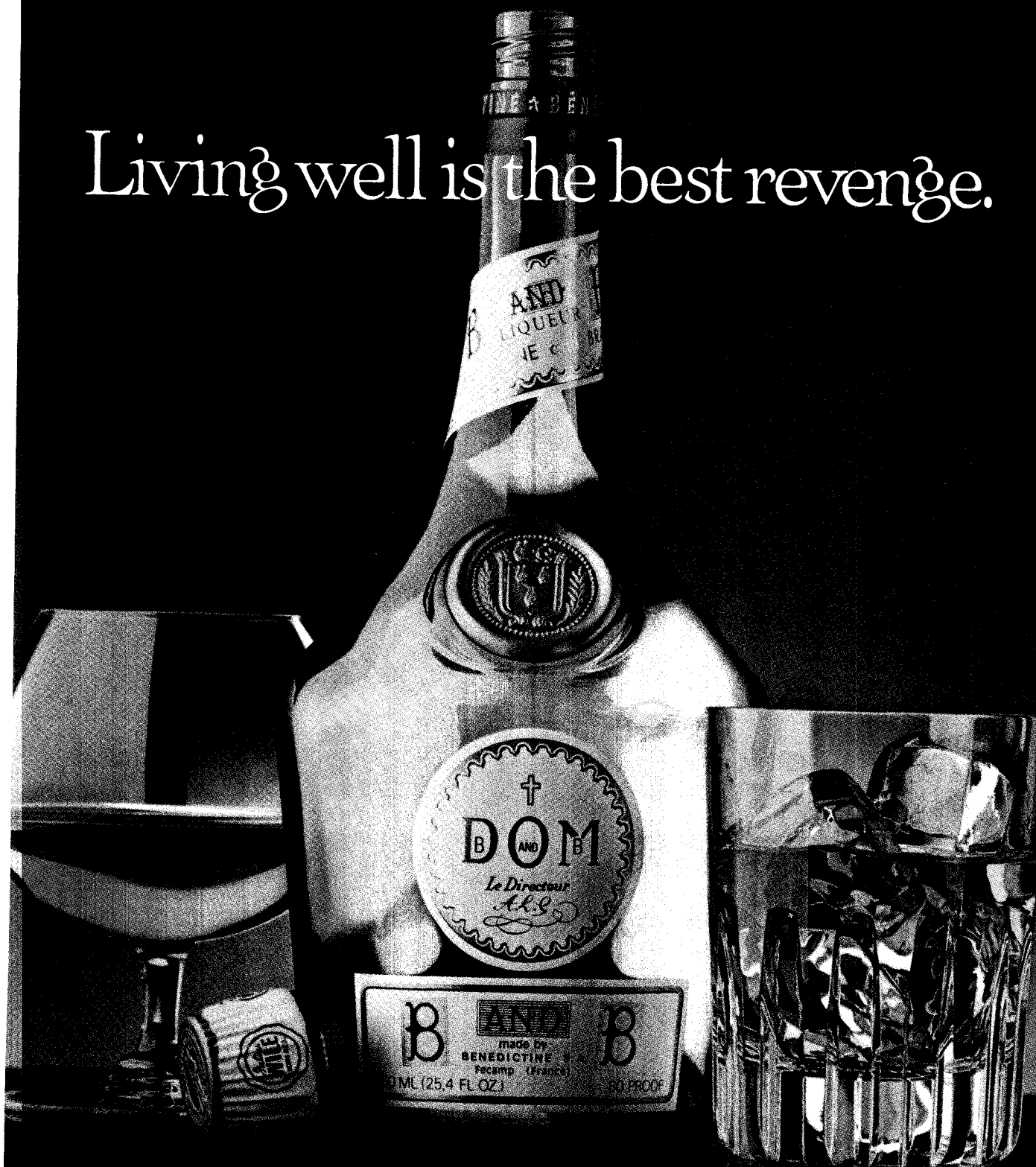
over eight hundred thousand dollars. (The contributions were tax-deductible.) This drive, which was headed by Holmes Tuttle, was ended after it became known that twenty-three of its contributors with oil interests had given a total of two hundred and seventy thousand dollars within weeks after Reagan speeded up the phased decontrol of oil prices. Tuttle had given parties in Oklahoma City and Houston to appeal for contributions. Contributors were asked to give ten thousand dollars apiece. Also on the list were a number of the Reagans’ close friends, including Justin Dart, Alfred Bloomington, a founder of Diners’ Club, Earle Jorgensen, a steel magnate, and Tuttle. And the George Bushes were helped out in the redecoration of the Vice-Presidential mansion by a group of wealthy Texans. That drive was headed by Earle Craig, an oil producer and a friend of Bush’s, who said that though he would ask for contributions of ten thousand dollars each, there were no limits on how many members of a family could contribute that amount. He said he had solicited members of his own family, who, he was quoted as saying, “wouldn’t be where they are today if it weren’t for Uncle Earle.”

It is also to be recalled that the members of Reagan’s “kitchen cabinet”—Dart, Tuttle, Jorgensen, and others—installed themselves in offices in the Old Executive Office Building, next to the White House, after the Inauguration and stayed there until some White House aides, disturbed about the propriety, and even the legality, of this, got them evicted. The kitchen cabinet had already played a large role in selecting the members of the Reagan Cabinet and other officials. Reagan advisers are wont to say that these people did not play a significant financial role in the campaign, because

of the public-financing system. Now it is clear that they were in a position to be of great help. Because of the streams of unreported money, the contributions of these people can never be fully known, but even from the reports at the Federal Election Commission it is clear that several longtime Reagan backers contributed heavily to the 1980 elections. Not all the money went to the Reagan primary campaign or to the Republican National Committee; some of it also went to “independent committees” that were working on Reagan’s behalf, and some went to other conservative candidates. And none of the following summaries of how much some large givers contributed take into account the unreported soft money they donated. In all, the extended Coors family put into the 1980 elections almost a hundred and fifty thousand dollars in money reported at the federal level—over four thousand of it to Reagan, and the rest to various Republican committees, to the Coors brewing company’s own political-action committee, and to such groups as the Committee for the Survival of a Free Congress and the Moral Majority. Joseph Coors and his wife, Holly, together contributed over eighty thousand dollars in reported sums, and their two sons contributed thirty-five thousand dollars; the Coors committee contributed a hundred and nineteen thousand dollars—three thousand to Reagan, and almost all the rest to conservative Republican candidates for the House and Senate. The Holmes Tuttles contributed nineteen thousand dollars in reported money—a thousand each directly to Reagan (the maximum), and four thousand to the Dart & Kraft political-action committee. Justin Dart and his wife, Jane, gave almost fifty thousand dollars in reported contributions. Each gave Reagan a thousand dollars, and together they gave twenty thousand dollars to the Dart & Kraft PAC, which, in turn, gave over three thousand dollars to Reagan. But the Dart & Kraft PAC appeared to take out some insurance: it gave three thousand dollars to Carter. In all, the Dart & Kraft PAC, one of the top contributors in 1980, gave out two hundred and forty-one thousand dollars, most of it to conservative Republicans but some to strategic Democrats. Among these were Dan Rostenkowski, the chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, which writes tax legislation; Elliott Levitas, a Democrat from Georgia, who is the sponsor of legisla-



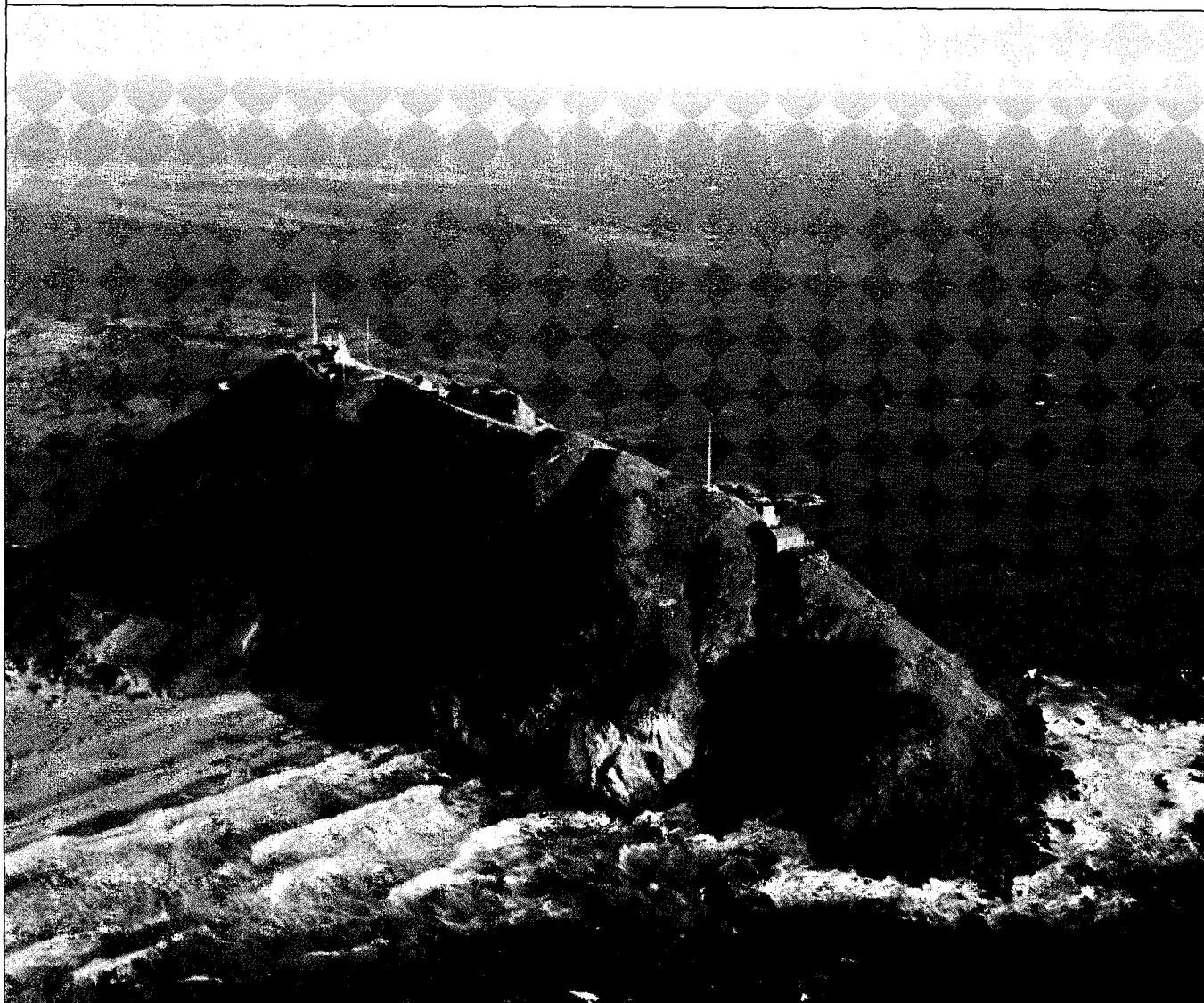
Living well is the best revenge.



B and B
The drier liqueur. Imported from France.

© 1982 80 PROOF IMPORTED FROM FRANCE, JULIUS WILE SONS & CO., LAKE SUCCESS, N.Y. 11042

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



BARON WOLMAN

6 rms, Ocean vu.

From sea to shining sea, Uncle Sam is selling real estate... and raising fundamental questions about how America should manage its land.

A historian once observed that government can make only two irretrievable errors: misusing atomic energy and misusing land.

Of the two, mismanaging land is the subtler menace—insidious, invisible to all but a few—but ultimately perhaps quite as destructive. The government's recent proposal to sell thirty-five million acres of public lands makes it, suddenly, a very real concern.

Not all the lands to be sold look as desirable as the parcel in our picture. But questions do arise. Is this, for instance, the best time to sell land? Will the government come to regard public

lands as a vast piggy bank, to be raided at will?

Considerations both theoretical and practical prompted TIME to appraise the pros and cons of environmentalist anxiety and realtor enthusiasm. Perhaps the real issue, suggested TIME, is not the proper use of specific properties, but a confrontation of deeply rooted social values, and the relevance of our whole land-use policy. Because, by definition, public land belongs as much to those who seek the energy under it as to those who want to preserve forever the beauty on top.

The news that affects our lives is not always sudden, dramatic or global.

Reporting and writing on events and circumstances of broad social significance has long been a hallmark of TIME. And because it is uncommonly readable, engaging and provocative, TIME continues to attract a responsive audience as well-read as they are well-off—an audience of 29 million men and women whose demographic qualities encourage advertisers to invest more dollars in TIME than in any other weekly magazine.



More goes into it.

© 1982 Time Inc.

Sources: SMRB 1981; Time Subscriber Study Updated to 1981

tion to allow Congress to override rulings of the federal regulatory agencies; Richard Gephardt, a Democrat from Missouri, who is an influential young member of the Ways and Means Committee; and Thomas Foley, a Democrat from Washington and the House Majority Whip. Dart also gave another five thousand dollars to the Republican National Committee after the general election.

The Democrats, distracted by the Carter-Kennedy struggle for the nomination, didn't consider the soft-money matter until late in the game, and didn't raise very much by that method. Most of the Democrats' soft money—the \$1.3 million raised at the national level and the three to four million at the state level—came from the unions. Toward the end of the campaign, Robert Strauss, then the chairman of the Carter-Mondale reelection campaign, put a great deal of energy into raising soft money from labor and also from some of his wealthy connections. Actually, since there is no record, no one is quite sure how much the Democrats raised in soft money. Robert Keefe says, "Even those of us who were involved can't tell you exactly how much." The Democrats were having trouble raising money for their federal accounts—hard money—as well. Keefe told me, "I call hard money 'hard' because it's hard to raise." He added, "We had what we called hard, soft, and squishy money. Most federal or state laws require that you account for where the money comes from. You can't always do that. 'Squishy' is what you can't account for. If a ten-thousand-dollar cash contribution comes in from a fund-raising event in Chicago, you don't know who the hell it came from." The squishy money, Keefe said, was put into states—for example, Illinois—that allowed cash transactions. The other help that the Democrats could get was from the unions' own activities—which weren't notably successful at delivering the vote in 1980—and from nonprofit voter-education groups, such as Operation Big Vote, which registered blacks, and the Southwest Voter Registration Project, which registered Hispanics.

So the Presidential campaign is not free of the race for money, or of the influence of private money and interests. Some think that it may be only a matter of time before some Presidential nominee who has access to large amounts of money simply forgoes the

federal contribution altogether, and thus frees himself from any limits on spending. (He would still be subject to the limits on contributions.) But, given what has already been discovered about how to raise private money in addition to the federal funds, that might not be necessary.

The big contributor or effective fund raiser is not forgotten, of course, if his candidate gets into the White House. One former Carter White House aide says, "You'll try to do a favor for someone you know to be a big fund raiser." Another says, "Clearly, if a big fund raiser wanted attention he got it. Unless it would get us in big trouble, we'd try to do what he wanted." The rewards of having helped the successful candidate at the right moment and to the right extent go beyond that. This former Carter White House aide says, "People making policy in the other parts of the executive branch, as well as in the White House, are sensitive to the fund raisers." And if the help was provided by a group—a union, for example—the kindness will be repaid, if possible. The Carter White House pushed for a separate Department of Education—which many people felt was a bad idea—because of the important help that the National Education Association had provided in 1976. The help provided by the maritime unions in 1976 led the Carter Administration to back legislation requiring that a certain percentage of imported oil be transported on (more expensive) American ships. Only an attack on this by the Republicans, and publicity about it in the press, led to the proposal's defeat. Carter, it may be recalled, had cam-

paigned on the theme "I owe the special interests nothing."

TO determine how an individual could have a big money-raising role in a Presidential campaign despite the restrictions, I constructed a hypothetical person named Fred and asked political advisers in both parties what Fred could do. Said a Democratic aide who has been involved in Presidential campaigns, "Fred is someone with a corporation, and identity in his community, and a variety of interests. He might live in New York, Chicago, L.A.—or a number of other places." Fred, this man explained, could give the candidate for the nomination the maximum of a thousand dollars, and so could his wife and children, and so could his mother and father, his in-laws, his brother, his brother's wife, and on and on. (The rules are vague on how old children have to be to be deemed potential contributors; under F.E.C. rulings, the money has to be the children's own, and they have to be of a "sufficient age"—otherwise undefined—to have "donative intent." A donation by a three-year-old would raise questions.) If the fund raiser's children were married, their spouses could contribute. "There are a lot of big families around," the Democratic aide said. Then—and this is where Fred can be especially valuable—he could reach out to business associates, to high-level employees, to subcontractors. The aide said, "When Fred goes through his executives, his suppliers, his vendors, his subcontractors, his customers, maybe even his landlord—Fred might be the largest tenant—you've got somebody with economic reach." He continued, "Fred can host a number of events for a candidate, to introduce him to his friends and business associates. That's not unimportant. But, better yet, he'll just get on the phone for a day and call them up and ask them to contribute." Moreover, many states, such as Texas, allow contributions to people running for delegate to the national Convention. So a contributor who has done his all for the candidate can also give to someone running for delegate who is pledged to support that candidate at the Convention. Then, once a candidate is nominated, the contributor can give twenty thousand dollars to the national party and unlimited sums to the soft-money state-party account. Thus, despite the fact that there is now a system of federal financing for



Presidential campaigns, Fred can still be a big man—one whom the candidate will court and listen to—because of both what he can contribute and what he can raise from others. As early as three years before the 1984 election, all over America potential Presidential candidates were auditioning before Fred and his friends. If a candidate for the nomination believes he has enough contributors and fund raisers behind him, he might decide—as Connally did in 1980—to forgo the federal financing, with its spending limits. One major Democratic fund raiser remarked this fall, “If we had a really hot one for a Presidential candidate in 1984, we wouldn’t worry about federal money.” One former Reagan campaign official said, “Fred, if he’s a savvy guy, can leverage his ability to raise money and become a very important person. The possibilities are infinite.” When I presented my “Fred” question to another man closely involved in the 1980 Reagan campaign, he replied without hesitation, “Ray Donovan is Fred.”

Raymond Donovan, now the Secretary of Labor, was a star fund raiser for Reagan. He was the classic right man at the right place at the right time—and he made a smart move. Another former Reagan campaign official said, “The reason Ray Donovan is Secretary of Labor is that he was virtually the only heavy hitter in the Northeast who was raising money for Reagan between 1978 and 1980.”

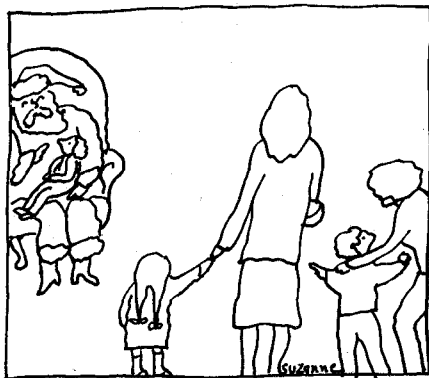
Donovan, then an official of the Schiavone Construction Company, in Secaucus, New Jersey, had raised some money for James Buckley’s Senate races in New York in 1970 and 1976. Beginning in 1979, according to Reagan campaign officials, Donovan set out early to raise a great deal of money for Reagan: he contributed, he got his friends to contribute, he got his company’s subcontractors to contribute. How it goes, one Reagan campaign official says, is “Joe, can you give me two thousand—one from you and one from your wife—and can you raise me four?” And he adds, “The myth is that there is a limit. There really is not. You can’t ask too many people; you can’t ask too many times. If Joe Smith in Houston has given his federal limit, he can ask his brother-in-law.” According to a campaign official, “In the period between the Iowa caucuses and the New Hampshire primary, when Reagan was really strapped for funds, Donovan was out there raising money like a bandit. And he came to

the attention of Ronald and Nancy Reagan because he raised more than any other individual.” It is estimated that Donovan raised at least six hundred thousand dollars for the Reagan campaign. Donovan, who became finance chairman of the Reagan New Jersey campaign, had the Reagans attend a fund-raiser at his country club, Fiddler’s Elbow, in Bedminster, New Jersey, in September, 1979. The Reagans brought along Frank Sinatra for the occasion. Officials of Donovan’s firm were responsible for selling half the tickets to the event, which raised an estimated hundred and sixty thousand dollars. In 1980, Donovan co-hosted another event for large contributors—fund raisers, at the Meadowlands, in New Jersey, with Sonny Werblin, the president of the Madison Square Garden Corporation. “Donovan tried to spend a lot of time with the candidate and his wife,” a Reagan campaign official says. “That’s a good way to get a Cabinet job.” Leon Silverman, who was appointed a Special Prosecutor earlier this year, to investigate allegations that Donovan had had links to organized-crime members—but found “insufficient credible evidence” to prosecute—referred some questions about Donovan’s fund-raising methods to the Federal Election Commission. Among the allegations the F.E.C. is understood to be investigating are that Donovan’s aides used coercion on his company’s employees and subcontractors, and that the use of employees to solicit funds may have violated federal prohibitions against direct or indirect corporate contributions. According to the Special Prosecutor’s report, an official of Donovan’s company was heard on an F.B.I. wiretap of an alleged organized-crime figure in June, 1979, saying that Reagan would be visiting Donovan soon, and that Donovan and his associates wished to “give this guy here, you know, a wad . . . green.”

Donovan told people during the

campaign that he wanted to be either Secretary of Labor or Ambassador to Ireland. After Donovan got the Cabinet post, the Reagan Administration’s first choice for Ambassador to Ireland was, as it happens, William McCann, a New Jersey insurance executive, whom Donovan had got involved in fund-raising for Reagan. But then a rivalry had developed between the two men. When McCann started trying to obtain the Ambassadorship, Donovan called the White House to try to put a stop to it. After McCann was selected for the post, it was found that his firm’s business practices were under investigation and that one of his close business associates was a convicted swindler and allegedly had ties to organized crime. The plans to nominate McCann were dropped.

Other major fund raiser-contributors did succeed in obtaining ambassadorships. Maxwell Rabb, who is Ambassador to Italy, was an early fund raiser for Reagan. Rabb, a former secretary to the Cabinet in the Eisenhower Administration and a New York lawyer, raised a lot of money for Reagan in 1979 and 1980, when this was not fashionable—“smart money” in New York was on Connally or Bush—and he had the credentials to go to others in New York and get them to raise money for Reagan, too. Rabb was helpful in raising soft money for the state campaign as well. John J. Louis, who is Ambassador to Great Britain, had tried to obtain this post from Richard Nixon, having contributed to his campaigns. In 1969, Louis, an heir to the Johnson Wax fortune, had lost out to Walter Annenberg, the wealthy publisher. In 1968, contributions did not have to be reported, but in 1972 Louis gave nearly three hundred thousand dollars to Nixon’s reelection campaign. (Annenberg contributed a quarter of a million dollars to Nixon’s reelection campaign in 1972.) Louis continued to be disappointed, as Gerald Ford named Elliot Richardson and then Anne Armstrong to the post after Annenberg left it. In the 1980 election, Louis covered his bets by giving contributions to Reagan, Bush, and Connally. These were subject to the thousand-dollar limit, but Louis and his wife also gave large sums to the Republican National Committee and related groups. Louis says he really can’t remember when he might have made what contributions to Reagan’s election. By this time, Mr. and Mrs. Louis had become friendly with the Annenbergs, and Louis says,

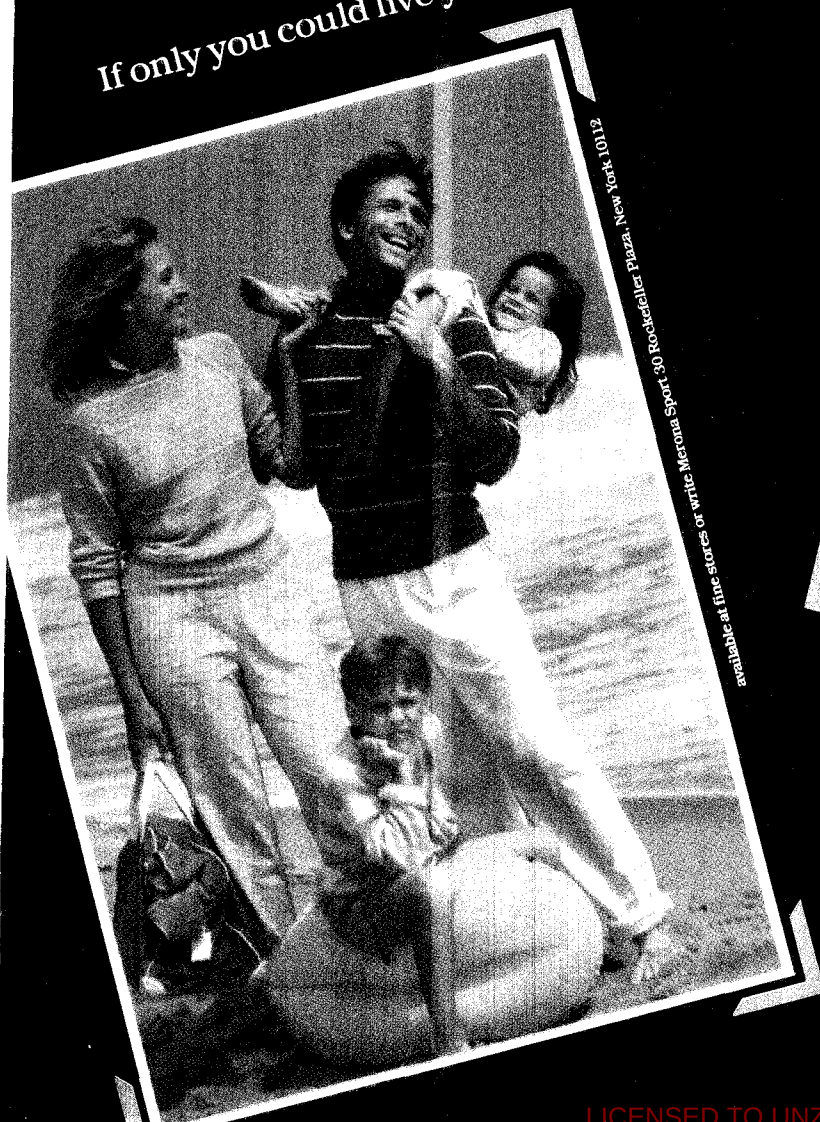




© 1983 Merona Sport



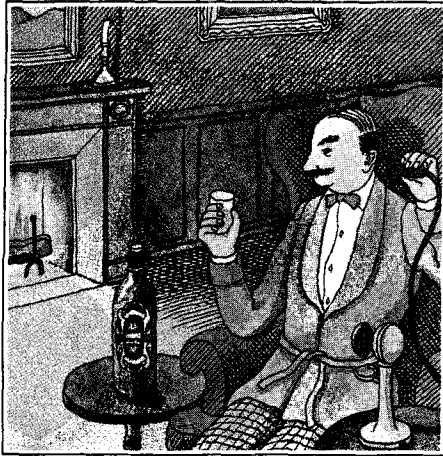
If only you could live your whole life in Merona Sport



available at fine stores or write Merona Sport 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 10112



THE CASE OF THE IMPECCABLE PRESENT



I was nursing a nip of *Glenfiddich* when I received an urgent call from Lady Harriet Hollyhock. "You must help me!" she pleaded. "I can't decide what is more fitting for my husband... the gun or the dagger."



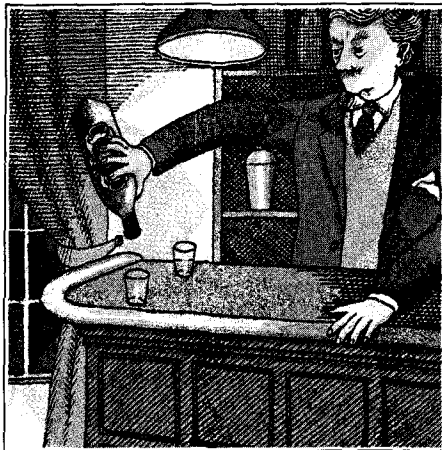
Did Lady Harriet have designs on her husband's life? Setting aside the celebrated single malt, I raced to Hollyhock Manor. But I was too late! For there, on the couch, lay the body of Lord Henry Hollyhock.



I found Lady Harriet upstairs. "I believe in giving Lord Henry exactly what he deserves!" she cheerfully exclaimed. "He deserved better," I coldly replied, demanding that she hand over the deadly weapons.



What she handed me was a pair of elegantly framed antique armaments. Unfortunately, they slipped from my hands and clattered to the floor. At that, a familiar voice bellowed from below, "I'm trying to take a nap!"



"Now what will I give Henry for the holidays!" Lady Harriet wailed as I dashed to the parlor. An unharmed Lord Hollyhock stood behind the bar. "Hello!" he cried. "I'd offer you a *Glenfiddich*, but we seem to be out."



As it turned out, Lord Hollyhock received *Glenfiddich*. "And I was afraid you'd give me another bloody antique!" he chortled. Whatever the occasion, a gift of *Glenfiddich* is proof of impeccable taste.

GLENFIDDICH®



SINGLE MALT

Scotch Whisky

Glenfiddich Highland Unblended, Single Malt Scotch Whisky. 86 Proof. Bottled in Scotland. © William Grant & Sons, Inc., New York, N.Y. 10020.

"It occurred to Mr. Annenberg and a couple of his other friends that maybe I, John Louis, might go into public service." So Louis and his wife were invited by the Annenbergs to spend the New Year's holiday at the end of 1980 with, among others, the Reagans at the Annenbergs' home in Palm Springs. The day after Louis left, Reagan called him and offered him the post of Ambassador to the Court of St. James's. John Loeb, Jr., who is now Ambassador to Denmark, was also helpful to the Reagan campaign. He gave a thousand dollars to Reagan and twenty-five hundred to one of the "independent committees" that were formed on Reagan's behalf, and, more important, he helped raise money for Reagan in New York. Yet the major reason for Loeb's getting the Ambassadorship, according to Reagan sources, was that he had curried favor with such people as Dart and Tuttle. Helene von Damm, Reagan's executive assistant, had the role of seeing that the Reagan supporters got government jobs. (Miss von Damm was later made head of the personnel office.) Miss von Damm is said to have been indignant over Loeb's appointment; she felt that he had not raised enough money to earn it, in comparison with, say, Donovan. Other ambassadorial appointments also went to men whose only credentials appeared to be that they had been financially helpful to the Reagan effort. John Shad, a former investment banker and a director of E. F. Hutton, raised a lot of money for Reagan on Wall Street. He is now the chairman of the Securities and Exchange Commission.

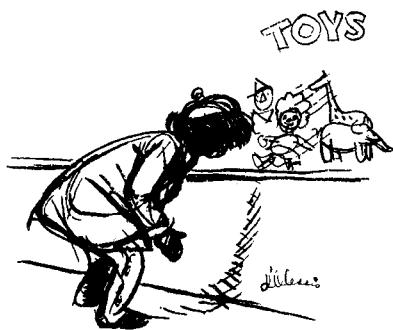
Each party has its own itinerary for seeking out the fund raisers. (Senatorial candidates follow much the same routes as Presidential ones.) And while the person who is individually wealthy and gathers his wealthy friends—the "Malibu liberals," for example, for the Democrats—is valuable, the businessman with an extensive business network is even more valuable. A former Carter Administration official says, "If you want a hundred people to come up with a thousand dollars, you have to have a businessman who can hit up his suppliers and business cronies." Moreover, certain fund raisers consider themselves the *sine qua non* in their areas. Says the former official, "The fund-raising structure is not unlike the Mafia. If you want to do business in that area, there is one person you have to deal with." If the big donors don't

want to commit themselves early to a particular candidate, lesser lights are sought out in the meantime. The former Carter aide says that Lew Wasserman, the chairman and chief executive officer of MCA and the kingpin of Democratic fund-raising in Los Angeles, "put Carter in a box" in 1980. He says, "If Wasserman doesn't return your phone calls, you can't do business in Los Angeles. Wasserman will put you through Chinese water torture before he'll raise money for you, and he won't let anyone else do it." Among other things, Wasserman was reportedly irritated with Carter for not coming to his house, and he also wanted to be in charge of fund-raising. Eventually, Wasserman relented and raised money for Carter. Steven Ross, the chairman of Warner Communications, has been considered the most important Democratic fund raiser in New York, because of his company's large number of suppliers. Nathan Landow, a real-estate magnate in the Washington area, has become an important fund raiser. One Democrat says, "Nate is popular because he comes through. He just enjoys being the main guy in his area, and palling around with politicians."

The Democrats' route is New York, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Chicago, Miami, and—depending on the candidate—Texas. The Republicans' route has been changing, moving west, toward the new entrepreneurs, with the changing ideological balance in the Party. The Republican geographical shift, according to John Sears and others, began with Barry Goldwater. Sears says, "Since the Eastern interests didn't finance him, he had to go other places." The Republican candidate will still trek to New York, because there is so much money there, but a John Connally or a George Bush is more likely to raise money in New York than a Ronald Reagan. But whereas a Robert Taft or an Eisenhower went to New York, Chicago, and Boston, and contemporary candidates might buzz through

these cities, the more rewarding stops now are Dallas, Houston, Tulsa, Los Angeles, and San Diego. Each candidate, of course, may have a particular strain he can tap. In 1980, George Bush did well with fellow Yale alumni, and, according to a Bush campaign aide, even used the mailing list for the J. Press catalogue. John Sears says, "The Democrats thought they were erasing the Republican advantage in money with the campaign-finance law putting limits on contributions, but if there are people with money they're going to surface. And there are more Lew Wassermans on the Republican side."

RECENTLY, potential but unannounced Presidential candidates have increasingly turned to yet another device for raising money beyond the limits of the public-financing law, and so furthering their ambitions: they establish their own political-action committees, whose funds they draw upon to make contributions to other politicians and to defray the expenses they incur while actually or ostensibly campaigning for candidates for the Senate and House, or state and local office. Even after they officially announce their candidacy, their PACs can still be used for some purposes. By November of 1982, Edward Kennedy (who later announced he would not run), Walter Mondale, Ernest Hollings, Morris Udall, Robert Dole, Jack Kemp, and Howard Baker all had their own PACs. Jesse Helms has had a PAC, the Congressional Club, for some time, which he has used for a variety of purposes. For the potential nominee, using PAC money is a way of making an appearance on behalf of another candidate without the candidate's having to pay for it—of helping himself by helping others. The PAC can make an out-and-out contribution to another candidate—for which it is assumed he will be grateful when the race for the nomination is on. Since it is a PAC, it can make a contribution of five thousand dollars, rather than the one thousand dollars that can be contributed by an individual—and it can *receive* contributions of five thousand dollars, rather than one thousand, from individuals. Furthermore, it can set up a non-federal account to which soft money, with its lack of restrictions, can be contributed. The PAC's non-federal account can accept corporate money, union money, and unlimited personal contributions. The justification for



having a non-federal account is that the candidate can draw on it to go into a state to support a candidate for state or local office—for governor, state legislator, mayor, and so on. An aide to one potential Presidential candidate said, "There is no limit to what someone can give us in our non-federal account, and that's valuable to us. If there were a mayor's race or a governor's race where a state law permitted us to give a quarter of a million dollars—which in about half the states it does—I can't imagine we'd have any difficulty in getting their support for our race." He continued, "Someone called me this week and said, 'I'd like to help. What can I do?' I said, 'You can give five thousand dollars per person per year for your entire family to our federal account, and you can give an unlimited amount of money personally, or from any one of the corporations you control, to our non-federal account.'" The aide continued, "He asked what the limits were on what he could give, and I said, 'None.'"

Another possibility is that a person whose sole interest is a particular Presidential candidate can give that candidate's PAC five thousand dollars, and then gather money for candidates running for other offices and make it clear that the contribution is at the Presidential candidate's behest. The Presidential candidate and the donor can even show up together to deliver the check. "Obviously," an aide to one would-be candidate says, "that's a hell of an asset." Another way a Democratic candidate can help himself along is by having money given to his party through his PAC. He can also encourage a contributor to give to the Party's soft-money account, on which there is no limit. The candidate can then go to the Party chairman and suggest, for example, that he commission a poll that could help the candidate ascertain his chances—and he can even stipulate the pollster. The pollster may, amazingly, turn out to be one who is also working for the candidate. If the Party chairman is questioned about being so cooperative, he can simply shrug and say that he is giving the poll results to anyone who wants them. One political adviser says, "There are all sorts of situations within each party where people get a special privilege resulting from their financial assistance—tempered only by somebody screaming too loud."



Once a candidate has actually announced that he is seeking the nomination, he sets up his own fund-raising mechanism ("Citizens for Smith") and proceeds to raise money for it. From that point on, all his activities are presumed to be on behalf of his candidacy, and are charged to his official campaign. But he can also keep the PAC—at a distance—and this has some advantages. The rules on this are unclear, since it is a field in which people are pioneering. He cannot use the PAC for political activities on his own behalf, but he can use it to raise money for candidates for other offices and to continue to build a direct-mail list; in addition, if he should win the nomination the PAC's non-federal account can put soft money into states, to be used to get out the vote. Says an aide to one prospective Presidential candidate, "An awful lot of senators and congressmen will start to raise their re-election money in 1983, and

they would probably appreciate a contribution from us." The granddaddy of this kind of PAC was Ronald Reagan's Citizens for the Republic, which was started after Reagan's 1976 campaign, with the money and the mailing lists left over from that venture. It helped fund Reagan's activities until he became a declared candidate once again. (Connally and Bush had PACs before the 1980 campaign as well.) During Reagan's formal run for the Presidency in 1980, Citizens for the Republic contributed money to candidates for the House and Senate, and raised corporate funds, which it put into the state of California and elsewhere. The F.E.C. is investigating a complaint brought by the National Committee for an Effective Congress, a liberal group, that Citizens for the Republic made excessive contributions to the Reagan campaign for the nomination. Citizens for the Republic still exists, with an office in Santa Monica. Reagan is the chairman emeritus, and the present chairman is Lyn Nofziger, who advises Citizens for the Republic where to contribute its funds. Having the President on its letterhead is presumably helpful to its fund-raising. In 1982, as of mid-October, it had contributed over three hundred and seventy thousand dollars to a hundred and two candidates, and an unknown amount in corporate money to state parties. A PAC with the President's name on it is a new twist,

and raises new questions. Contributors receive a Distinguished Presidential Support Certificate, citing them "for steadfastly and generously supporting President Ronald Reagan through the political action committee he founded, Citizens for the Republic, during the historic political battles facing his Administration."

THE changing patterns of fund-raising have also given rise to the phenomenon of direct-mail fund-raising—the implications and the uses of which are only dimly understood. The fact that Barry Goldwater could not raise money from established Republican sources led to the development of the "small contributor," and of mailing lists of such people. (It was Goldwater's 1964 lists that gave the Republican Party its start in direct-mail fund-raising.) A by-product of this changing pattern is that our politics have become more ideological. The more successful direct-mail drives are those that appeal to the emotions—particularly on such issues as gun control, abortion, school prayer, "big government," the environment, arms control, and Social Security. A candidate raises money on the basis of these issues, not on the argument that he is likely to govern well, be reasonable, or steer a safe and steady course. He is a vehicle for expressing those things people feel most strongly about. The direct-mail appeal is often couched in terms of an attack on the opposition and is frequently unfair. (Also, direct mail, unlike a television appeal, can be targeted at specific groups, and thus, by aiming different messages at different audiences, contributes to the splinterization of politics.) Any direct-mail expert will tell you that it is easier to raise money for an emotional issue than for a candidate—unless the candidate is strongly identified with emotional issues. Therefore, it is axiomatic that as candidates try to raise money through direct mail—and more and more of them do—their appeals will have to be increasingly shrill. Moderation has not proved to be a good money raiser. Ronald Reagan did very well with direct mail; over the years, he built a base among those who felt strongly about the kinds of issues he stressed—"big government," the social issues. As direct mail moves candidates to the extremes, it reduces their flexibility, and it also makes it more difficult to reach consensus. One conservative political activist says, "It's easier to break a commitment to

IT JUST KEEPS GETTING BETTER AND BETTER:
INTRODUCING THE MAGNIFICENT
JAGUAR FOR '83



The car's beauty is self-evident. It has been named by *Car and Driver* magazine, and the consensus of motor critics, designers and enthusiasts named the XJ6 the most beautiful four-door sedan of all time. But the people who build these living classics are never content with the state of the art. Restless and uncompromising, the designers, engineers and quality inspectors of Jaguar strive to make his uncommon machine better and better. The 1983 XJ6 is the finest example to date of this philosophy in action.

The car incorporates many new refinements in the way it is built, tested and equipped. The silence of a Jaguar in motion is famous. To help ensure this quiet we employ a sophisticated ultrasonic testing procedure to check the sealing of all doors and windows. After innumerable on-line inspections, each Jaguar is individually road tested on winding Coventry roads. Only after this final test of the car's performance

in action is it certified for shipment.

Jaguar response and handling are legendary and the 1983 model carries on this tradition. The engine is electronically fuel injected, quick, smooth and very strong. Power rack and pinion steering assures directional precision. Balance, stability and an exceptionally smooth ride are the products of Jaguar's four wheel independent suspension system. "Anti-dive" suspension geometry and four wheel power disc brakes stop the car with unruffled assurance.

The interior of the 1983 Jaguar is a realm of understated luxury. Newly designed seats are faced in the finest leather. There is a new driver's console veneered in rare walnut to match the dashboard. Electronic

conveniences surround you: a new trip computer tells you elapsed time and miles, average speed and average fuel consumption. There is a power sunroof; cruise control; power mirrors, windows, doorlocks, and a heating and air conditioning system that regulates itself. And it is all standard equipment on the best Jaguar ever built.

Also standard is the best warranty Jaguar has ever offered. For two years or 36,000 miles, whichever comes first, Jaguar will repair or replace any part which proves defective. The Pirelli tires are covered by the manufacturer's warranty. Ask your dealer for details on this limited warranty.

We urge you to drive this magnificent new Jaguar. It is an experience that gets better and better each year. For the name of the dealer nearest you, call these numbers toll-free: (800) 447-4700, or, in Illinois, (800) 322-4400.

JAGUAR, Leonia, N.J. 07605

JAGUAR
A BLENDING OF ART AND MACHINE

Robert.

I caught up with them at Varfour.
The man is definitely Max, her
bodyguard. The woman may be
Danielle...or it may be her damn
double again.

One of the few things anyone
knows about her is that she always
wears Calandre.

J.





Calandre, a fragrance for women, is created in Paris.

 **paco rabanne**

No other voice could describe a Rolex so beautifully.

Kiri Te Kanawa gave her first public singing performance at the age of fifteen to a local ladies' committee in Auckland, New Zealand.

Impressed they may have been, but none of those ladies could have realized they were listening to a girl destined to become one of the finest opera sopranos in the world.

Her appearance fee was then a munificent four dollars.

Today, after hearing her perform the role of Donna Elvira from "Don Giovanni" in Paris, or the Countess from "Le Nozze de Figaro" at Covent Garden, many critics have been moved to describe her voice as priceless.

New York, London, Paris, Milan — wherever this truly international star performs, audiences respond with standing ovations. And a film of "Don Giovanni" starring Kiri as Donna Elvira is another huge success with opera lovers around the world.

"I owe a lot to my basic technique," she says. "My early training and the way



in which my voice has developed means I can usually sing my way through colds and sore throats without any problems... in fact, anything short of laryngitis and tonsillitis combined! And, of course, consistency of performance is extremely important.

"That can make or break your reputation."

Given her opinions, it is very gratifying to note Kiri Te Kanawa's choice of wristwatch.

A gold Rolex Oyster Lady-Datejust. "Simply marvelous," she says.

"In all the years I've had the watch it's never gone off key, and it's never been ill. And I know how hard it is to always be 100 percent.

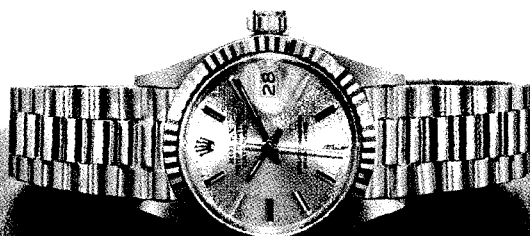
"Every day, wherever I am, I spend at least an hour singing part of a role just to keep my voice at its best. So I can really appreciate the time, skill and effort that goes into something so beautiful and so precise as this watch."

Kiri Te Kanawa and her Rolex Lady-Datejust.

No other voice could have put it quite so beautifully.



ROLEX



The Rolex Lady-Datejust Chronometer. Available in 18kt. gold, with matching bracelet.

Write for brochure. Rolex Watch, U.S.A., Inc., Dept. 232, Rolex Building, 665 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-5383.
World headquarters in Geneva. Other offices in Canada and major countries around the world.

one contributor than to a hundred thousand contributors to whom you've committed yourself on paper." Jim Leach, a moderate Republican congressman from Iowa, says, "America, as a society, with all its diversity, functions by exercising tolerance. The fund-raising mail can be classified as intolerant, as stressing divisions, not healing them."

There have obviously been a number of ideological individual large contributors as well, whether they are Joseph Coors or Stewart Mott (the General Motors heir who gives large amounts to liberal causes), Justin Dart or a Malibu liberal. But in the past the big givers have tended by and large to be pragmatic. As the costs of campaigns have been allowed to rise, candidates have turned increasingly to direct mail as a source of funds. The big donor-fund raiser can still be of great help, but a direct-mail solicitation does not take the time of the candidate and his staff that a fund-raising dinner does.

The lists are developed by testing various pools—subscribers to certain journals, supporters of previous candidates, contributors to causes. The major cost is developing the lists, but once they are developed it is relatively inexpensive to go back and back to those contributors. The Republican Party says that it raises about seventy per cent of its funds through direct mail. The Democrats, having been outdone on direct mail for many years, are now developing their lists—drawing on lists of those who gave to George McGovern or Morris Udall, and on lists of contributors to the environmental movement or to organizations opposed to restrictions on abortions. The Democratic Party's most successful direct-mail issue in 1982 was Social Security. The Democrats now have a basic list of about two hundred thousand direct-mail contributors; the Republicans have a list of about a million seven hundred thousand. The disparity between what the two parties can raise through direct mail is likely to continue, because of the different nature of their constituencies. For the most part, people who respond to the Democrats' direct-mail issues tend to be upper middle class. The poor and the blue-collar workers who make up the rest of the potential base either do not respond to such issues or do not have spare cash to contribute. An aide to one potential Presidential candidate says, "On the liberal side, there is a universe of about three million people

who have been identified with anything liberal—McGovern, the environment, the abortion-rights movement, arms control, gun control—and they're upper middle class. Once you exhaust that, you get to the blue-collar worker, and not only don't those issues work with him but he doesn't have that much to give." Paul Dietrich, the president of the Fund for a Conservative Majority, says, "I don't think the Democrats will ever raise as much as we can, because we have very sophisticated marketing studies that tell us that our contributors are suburban and rural, and over fifty, and they tend to be very, very frustrated. They don't have any outlet for their political feelings. They tend not to be from New York, one of the most populous states, but from the South, the Southwest, and the West. Most of those people have good conservative congressmen, but there's not very much they feel they can do to turn the country around. They give to us because they know we'll go after 'those Easterners.' The Democrats' people tend to be more educated and more urban, and—other than those from California—more Eastern. They have other outlets for their political frustrations and energies. They can be precinct chairmen; you can't do that in a rural area. The more educated ones can go out and talk to their congressmen, go to a fund-raiser, have access to people with power—can voice their opinion. Our people are more frustrated. Our marketing studies confirm it. The Democrats will never be able to raise the money that we raise."

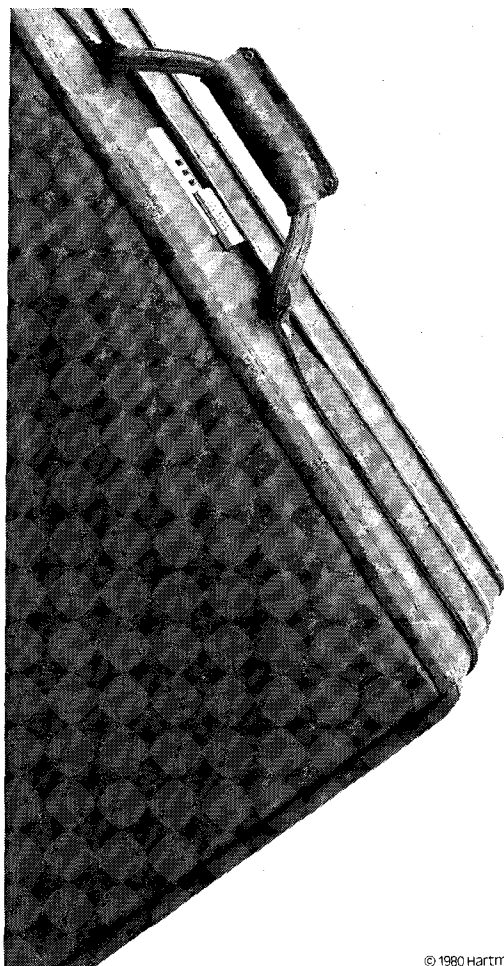
But the real point about direct mail, as about other forms of money-raising, is not how well one group or another does with it but what it does to the political system. What sort of candidate does it produce, and does it make it harder to govern? A number of people say that there is a fair amount of chicanery involved in direct mail. Because it is a relatively new business, and one in which the costs and the receipts are difficult to track, some direct-mail operators see it as a way of making easy money. Some, such as Richard Viguerie, on the right, and Roger Craver and Tom Mathews, who operate the most successful liberal

direct-mail operation, have good reputations, but some others work under questionable arrangements. In addition, direct-mail operations can mislead their contributors. One conservative activist says, "There is great potential for fraud. There are organizations out there raising thousands and thousands of political dollars, and doing nothing like what they say they will do with the money." He singled out Jesse Helms' Congressional Club: "I know one conservative candidate who had to bleed for a thousand dollars from them. A lot of their money goes into their tremendous overhead—a large staff, computers, the whole works. What happens is little old ladies in Peoria are asked to give money to help national congressional campaigns, but an enormous amount of their money ends up going into Jesse's fight to maintain his power in North Carolina." Governor James Hunt, of North Carolina, a Democrat, is expected to oppose Helms for the Senate in 1984.

But not all direct mail is aimed at raising money; it is also a device for helping candidates by sending out propaganda on their behalf. Paul Dietrich says, "If I pump a hundred thousand pieces of mail into a candidate's district, and it has four pages about the candidate, and a tag line asking for money for the candidate—and it always does—I've helped that candidate by sending the letters and pumping him up. Then I turn around and give him five thousand dollars, which is all I'm legally allowed to do, and my letter is counted as a fund-raising appeal, not as a contribution. And then the press criticizes me for spending all my money on fund-raising, and not giving direct contributions to candidates. I sit there and laugh."

THE 1980 election also gave rise to another major method of routing private money into a Presidential campaign—the so-called "independent committee." When an individual runs out of ways to help a Presidential candidate—though that might seem to be impossible—he can always turn to the device of the "independent" expenditure. The actual effect of independent expenditures by independent committees is to totally upend the intent of the law providing for public financing of Presidential campaigns: that the two candidates would run against each other on an equal financial basis, and that the only role for





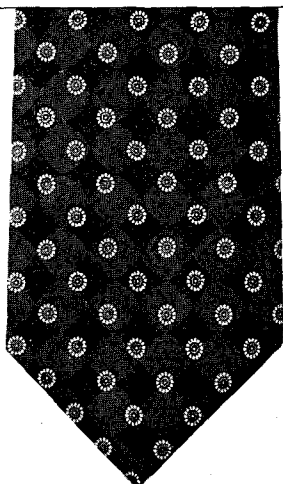
We don't cut corners.

Hartmann

Du Pont TEFLON[®]
soil & stain repeller

© 1980 Hartmann Luggage, Lebanon, Tennessee 37087

Resilio. Since 1906.



Silk Foulard

It is a truism that superior craftsmanship produces a superior neckpiece. Resilio's silk foulard, featuring designs originally hand-struck from wooden blocks, embodies this basic relationship between effort and result. Elegantly

British, Resilio's foulard has earned a place in every traditionalist's wardrobe.

Since 1906, men who value traditional quality have worn Resilio.

Write us for your free 16-page color handbook on traditional neckwear.

Resilio

Resilio Neckwear, 966 South White Street, New Orleans, Louisiana 70125

A Hillcrest Production © Resilio Neckwear 1982

private money would be through the political parties—and that to a limited extent. The aim of the overwhelming proportion of independent expenditures by independent committees on the Presidential level in 1980 was to provide more money to help elect Reagan. Only about two million dollars was spent independently in 1976. In 1980, twelve million dollars was spent independently on Reagan's behalf, and forty-six thousand on Carter's. Much of the spending on Reagan's behalf was done by three already established ideological political-action committees—the Fund for a Conservative Majority, Jesse Helms' Congressional Club, and the National Conservative Political Action Committee (NCPAC). But a great deal of it was done by two groups specially created for the exercise. The independent committees developed as a phenomenon in Presidential elections following the Supreme Court decision in *Buckley v. Valeo*, in January of 1976, which held that the 1974 federal election law's prohibition of independent spending of more than a thousand dollars on any election by individuals or groups was a violation of the First Amendment's guarantee of freedom of speech. Having thus struck down this broad provision—and, in effect, equated freedom of speech with spending money—the Court opened up another route by which private money could travel into a Presidential campaign. The Court said that such independent expenditures did not, in its words, "presently appear" to pose any problems. This was an easy enough observation to make: at the time the Court ruled, there were no independent expenditures on Presidential campaigns. The Buckley suit (Buckley was James Buckley, then a Conservative senator from New York) was brought by a coalition that included Eugene McCarthy, who was opposed to the public-financing law; the New York Civil Liberties Union; Stewart Mott; and the right-wing periodical *Human Events*—a coalition that had a variety of concerns about the federal campaign law and a variety of motives for wanting it struck down. The case was put together by David Keene, a young libertarian who initially worked for Buckley and then, in 1976, for Reagan; in 1980 he worked for George Bush and then for NCPAC. This suit was a general onslaught on the law, but the Court upheld the basic provisions: setting limits on how much in-

dividuals and political-action committees could contribute to candidates; establishing public financing of Presidential campaigns; and requiring disclosure of campaign contributions and expenditures. (The Court did, however, strike down any limit on what an individual could spend on his own campaign.) In 1976, Congress passed a new law to deal with some of the technical difficulties raised by the Court decision. (For a while during the 1976 primary period, there was no Federal Election Commission to distribute funds to candidates, because the Court had ruled against the way commission members were selected.) President Ford signed the law only reluctantly, having been under pressure to veto it from conservatives, business lobbyists, and Ronald Reagan. In order to narrow the opening left by the striking down of limits on independent expenditures, Congress required that individuals and committees making independent expenditures of more than a hundred dollars swear that the expenditures were not made in collusion with the candidate on whose behalf they were made. The prohibition is fairly vague, and is essentially beside the point. There are all manner of ways in which people running "independent" campaigns can run them in tandem with the candidates, and there are all manner of ways in which—without the candidate or his top aides necessarily getting involved—the independent committees and the campaigns can, and do, collude.

The kinds of things an independent committee would need to know in order to be effective are poll data indicating areas of weakness, the official campaign organization's plans for "media buys," and what themes to stress. Much of this can be found out by carefully reading the newspapers, but there are other ways as well. In fact, some information is deliberately planted in newspapers and newsletters so that those who are trying to be helpful can see it. Jesse Helms, whose Congressional Club made a four-and-a-half-million-dollar contribution on behalf of the Reagan campaign in 1980, was asked at the 1980 Republican Convention whether he had had any recent conversations with Reagan. He replied, "Well, as you may know, we have had an independent effort going on in North Carolina. The law forbids me to consult with him, and it's been an awkward situation. I've had to, sort of, talk indirectly with Paul Laxalt"—Reagan's campaign

The Centennial Year

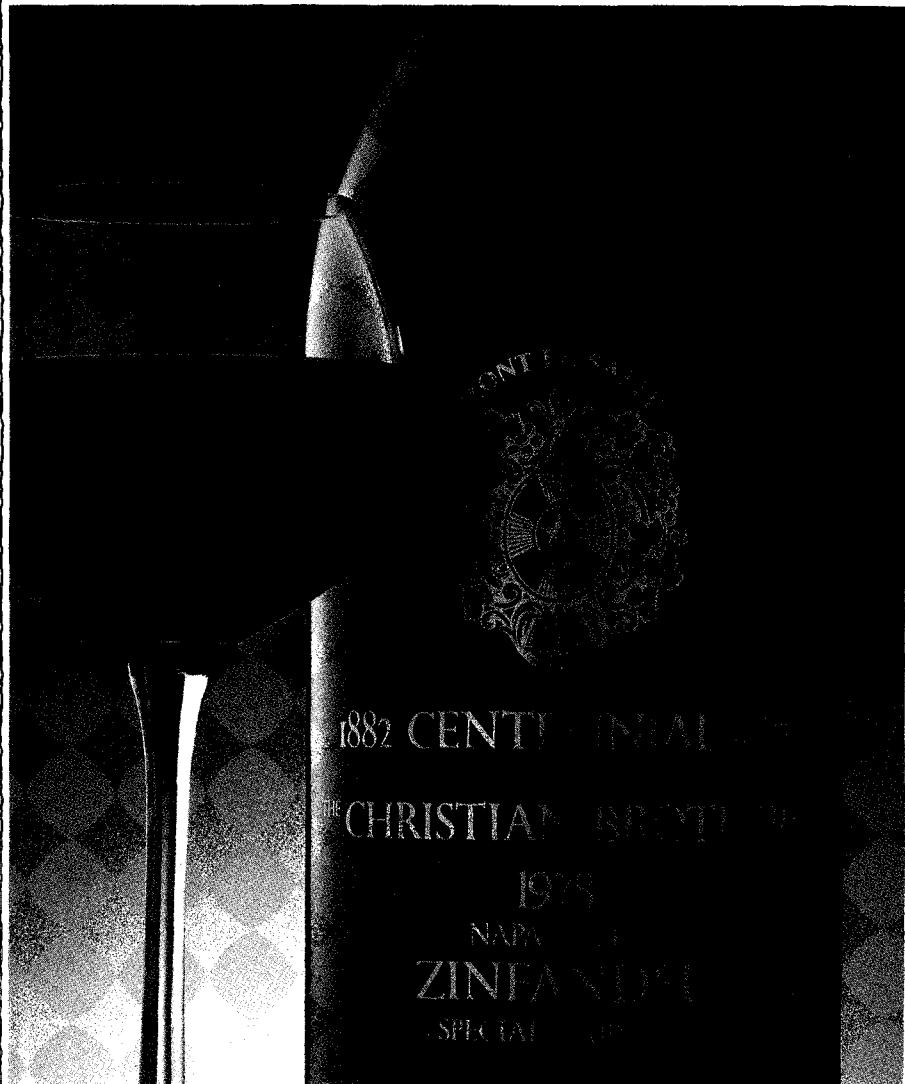


1882-1982

FROM THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS OF CALIFORNIA

The Zinfandel grape came to California about the time The Christian Brothers started making wine 100 years ago. Now, one of this grape's finest vintages marks our centennial. Made of 100% Napa Valley Zinfandel grapes picked late in the season and aged in both redwood and oak, our Centennial Zinfandel is big, full-bodied and bone-dry. We invite you to share one of our first century's proudest offerings.

Brother Timothy, F.S.C.
Cellarmaster



WORLDWIDE DISTRIBUTORS: FROMM AND SICHEL, INC., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA, U.S.A.

One Stamford Forum, Stamford, Conn. 06904

**"Solar powered
telephone calls?
GEE!"**

(No, GTE!)

What do a remote Navajo outpost, a Colombian jungle and a snow-capped mountain in Alaska have in common?

They're all in the middle of nowhere. Virtually impossible to run telephone cable through.

However, we've found a way to provide phone service to areas like these. Using an innovative device called a "solar repeater."

Since the repeater gets its power from the sun, no power lines are necessary.

How does it work? By relaying telephone calls, via radio wave, from one repeater to another and eventually to their destinations.

These solar repeaters, which can each handle six hundred conversations at once, can be flown by helicopter into the most remote locations.

And presto! Just like that, people in the middle of nowhere can speak to people anywhere.

GTE



On this anniversary, don't just give her a gift.
Give her a memory.

The ring shown is available for about \$4,800. Prices may vary.

The Diamond Anniversary Ring.
A band of diamonds that says you'd marry her all over again.



A diamond is forever. De Beers

chairman—"and hope that he would pass along, uh, and I think the messages have got through all right." Paul Dietrich, whose Fund for a Conservative Majority spent two million dollars helping Reagan in both the primary and the general election, told me, "There is no way to enforce independence as long as there is a press corps giving us information and as long as one group puts out information and gets it to the others." For an independent committee to get involved in a primary is unusual, but all three of the existing ideological PACs that spent on Reagan's behalf in the general election also made efforts to help him win the primaries. When Reagan's campaign had nearly run out of money in the early primary period, the Fund for a Conservative Majority bought television time for Reagan in New Hampshire. NCPAC made a timely infusion of funds on Reagan's behalf during the late primaries, and Helms' Congressional Club spent for Reagan during the primaries. Two newsletters that are closely followed for such information are Kevin Phillips' *American Political Report* and Alan Baron's *Baron Report*. Reporters are also counted upon, and used, as bearers of useful gossip. But there are more direct methods of passing on relevant information. Says Dietrich, whose committee also works on senatorial and congressional elections, "If I really want a poll from the Republican National Committee or a campaign, I can get it. They'll leak it to me."

Leaking polls is apparently a fairly common phenomenon. If a national party gives a candidate the results of a poll in time for them to be of any use, this is counted as a contribution. But, says one conservative activist, "there's nothing they can do about a staff member who goes home with the information in his head and calls a reporter. Everyone winks when the staff calls the candidate at night and gives him the information."

I asked Lyn Nofziger how an independent committee in 1980 might have found out where it could be most helpful to the official campaign (where Reagan's strength needed shoring up, say, or where there might suddenly be an opening).

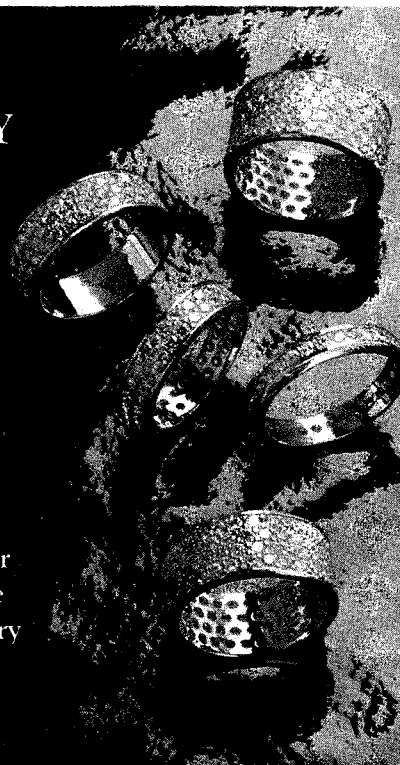
Nofziger replied, "I'd know through the polls that were available. I wouldn't have to talk to Bill Casey"—the director of the Reagan campaign. "I'd have a friend of mine talk to Bill Casey. I wouldn't have any problem getting that done. There's no



ARMAND JACOBY PRESENTS THE MÉMOIRE COLLECTION

A celebration of
diamonds to grace
her finger.

Make the memory last forever
with a diamond ring from the
Mémoire Diamond Anniversary
Ring Collection, priced from
\$400.00 to \$6,000.00.
Additional styles available.



THE
MÉMOIRE
COLLECTION

Featured at
MAYOR'S
Fine Jewels, Trunk Road, NYC

In Florida call toll-free 1-800-432-2380.
Outside of Florida, call toll-free
1-800-228-2028, Ext. 372.

Rediscover...



One hundred two guest accommodations in thirty four exclusive villas

Port Antonio, Jamaica • Reservations 800 228-3278

way in the world that if I'm running an independent campaign I'm not going to get the information I need, or get Dick Wirthlin's data, or talk to the chairman of the national committee, or whatever. What can't happen is the chairman of the Republican National Committee coming to me and saying 'Can you do that?', and I can't say 'Should we do this?' But there are a lot of other conversations that can be held." As for coordinating media expenditures, Nofziger explained, "If the TV stations were selling me time, I could find out when the campaign was buying time." He added, "And I could go on the attack in a way that the campaign might not be comfortable doing." The negative attack by an independent committee working on a Presidential candidate's behalf can be an embarrassment; on the other hand, the candidate's campaign people can always try to shrug off the attack as something that was done by a bunch of people over whom they have no control—all the while gaining the benefits of the attack.

Roger Stone, a Republican political consultant who worked in the Reagan campaign, says, "You wouldn't have to be a genius to figure out where to spend the money. If Reagan suddenly shows up in Tennessee and Kentucky, you know that the campaign considers them winnable states. Or if the Vice-President, the Party chairman, and other key figures start tramping to Kentucky, you gather that Kentucky is winnable." Moreover, if an independent committee is conducting a poll on a Senate candidate in Illinois it may also learn something of value about the Presidential race.

As a matter of fact, there is a web of pollsters and consultants on each side of the political spectrum—a small community—whose information intertwines. There are only four major pollsters for the Republicans, three major media-consultant companies, and a very few general consultants. In any campaign year, these people are working for a number of candidates and committees. Stone says, "If you're plugged in to the political community, you can find out what's going on virtually everywhere." A Democratic consultant says, "The connections are so great it's almost like an organism." One pollster, Arthur Finkelstein, did some work for the Fund for a Conservative Majority and for the Reagan primary campaign, and has also served as a consultant to Helms. Richard Viguerie's organization, the largest of

Chopard
GENÈVE

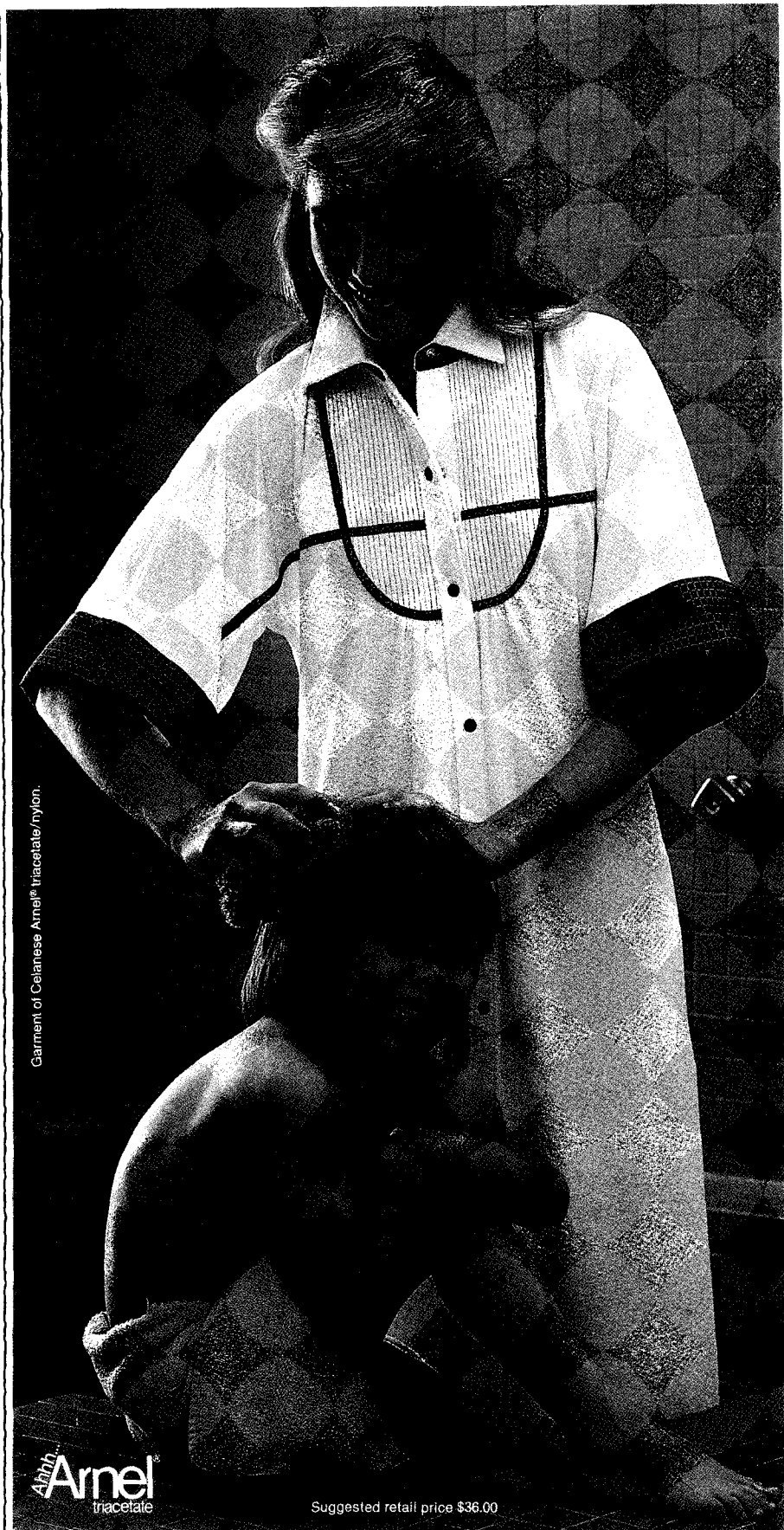
STRANDS OF TIME Exquisite quartz watches highlighted by the softness of eighteen karat gold and set with diamonds and other precious stones

AT NEIMAN-MARCUS

Dallas, Fort Worth, Houston, Bal Harbour, Atlanta, St. Louis, Washington, D.C., Chicago, Los Angeles, Fashion Island, White Plains, Las Vegas, San Diego, Ft. Lauderdale, San Francisco

the right-wing direct-mail houses, did work for the Fund for a Conservative Majority, for Helms' organization, for NCPAC, and for the Reagan primary campaign. (An argument made by critics of this whole procedure was that pollsters and consultants who worked directly for the Reagan organization in the primaries and for the independent committees in effect never really left the Reagan campaign.) The same direct-mail lists are used by numerous groups. Such interlocking also occurs between independent committees and the congressional campaigns on whose behalf they are working. A Republican consultant says, "There have been cases I know of where Individual X is hired by the senatorial campaign committee to do a poll for someone running for the Senate, and X is also a consultant for a certain independent political-action committee, advising it on how to use its funds in that particular state." He added, "I think that's a breach of the spirit, if not the letter, of the law—but it happens." Another political consultant says, "The way you can get messages back and forth is through the national committee, or the Senate or House campaign committee. The committee person would say, 'You understand I have nothing to do with your campaign, but it would seem to me it would make sense for you to do the following.'" Patrick Caddell, the Democratic pollster, says, "The principals in a campaign may never speak, but through reading the press and other things they can know as well as if they were sitting in the same room what states are being stressed, where you need help, where you don't want it, what your issues are. NCPAC went into the South and ran a very negative campaign against Carter, and said at the same time that these were states that Reagan was not concentrating on. I believe there was direct collusion among the Republicans, but you don't have to have it to make it work. Indirect collusion will work just fine if you have professional people who can read and write. Either they were colluding directly or the indirect collusion was enormous. Either way, the purpose of the law was defeated."

Two groups were established in 1980 specifically to raise and spend money on behalf of the Reagan campaign. David Keene says, "They were really formed to put the big money in." One group, Americans for Change, was headed by Senator Harri-



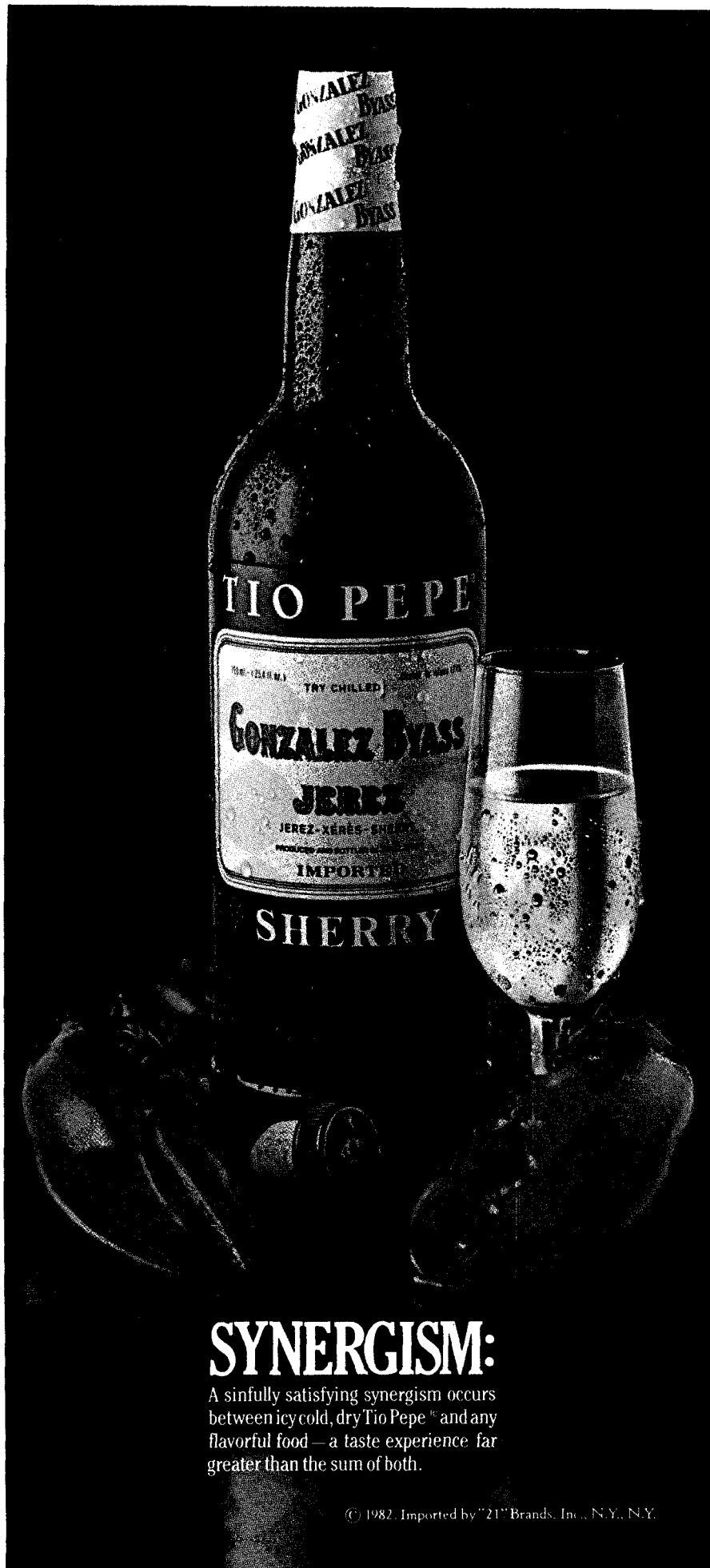
Garment of Celanese Arnel® triacetate/nylon.

Arnel
triacetate

Suggested retail price \$36.00

MODELS COAT® by SWIRL®

Saks Fifth Avenue; Bullocks Wilshire, The Specialty Store; Marshall Field;
I. Magnin; Jacobson's; Frost Bros.



SYNERGISM:

A sinfully satisfying synergism occurs between icy cold, dry Tio Pepe® and any flavorful food — a taste experience far greater than the sum of both.

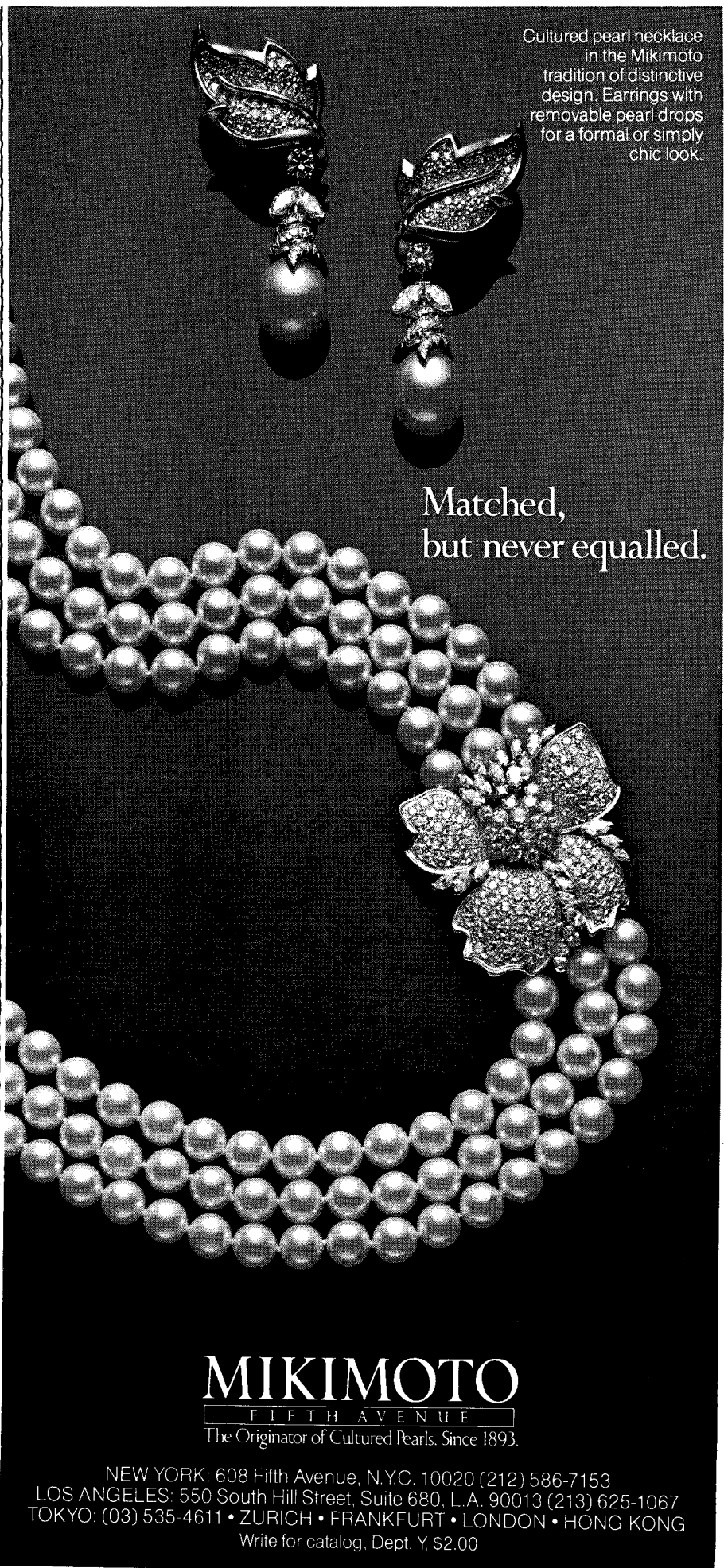
© 1982. Imported by "21" Brands, Inc., N.Y., N.Y.

son Schmitt, Republican of New Mexico. (He was defeated in 1982.) It called its project "Reagan for President in '80," and in its literature it described itself as a vehicle for raising money to elect Reagan. ("If you want to see a change in this nation in 1980 it's going to take much more than the \$29 million that the federal government is allowing Ronald Reagan.") Other officials of Americans for Change had been connected with the Reagan campaign: James Edwards, the future Secretary of Energy, who had also served on the Republican National Committee Advisory Council on Natural Resources and was a Reagan delegate to the 1980 Republican Convention; and Anna Chennault, who was an organizer of the Schmitt group at the same time that she was co-chairman of the Nationalities Division of the Reagan for President Committee and a member of the Republican National Committee's Advisory Committee on Fiscal Affairs. Americans for Change still exists, and the mailing lists it developed through its campaign for Reagan were made available to other candidates in 1982. Americans for Change is run by Brad O'Leary, a professional Republican fund raiser who in 1982 helped Schmitt, among others.

The other group established specifically to raise money on behalf of the Reagan campaign was Americans for an Effective Presidency. This group's aim was to gather funds from establishment Republicans. It was headed by Peter Flanigan, a former Nixon Administration official, who is now a managing director of the New York investment house of Dillon Read. Also among its officials was Thomas Reed, who had long been associated with Reagan campaigns (he was manager of Reagan's 1970 gubernatorial campaign) and is now on the staff of the National Security Council. William Clements, who served as chairman of the official Reagan campaign in Texas, was involved in the organization of Americans for an Effective Presidency, and was also a member of a Republican National Committee advisory committee. Actually, Stuart Spencer, a California political consultant who also had long been associated with Reagan campaigns, almost became the head of Americans for an Effective Presidency, but it was decided that there would be a problem of appearances. As one current Reagan aide put it, "he was too close to us." So Spencer was brought directly into the campaign. The fact that the Reagan

people were even considering such a question suggests how un-independent the whole exercise was. The group's advertising was handled by Bailey, Deardourff & Associates, which had produced the advertising for the Ford campaign in 1976, and which ordinarily works for moderate Republicans. There was, among all these groups and the Reagan campaign, simply an over-all pattern of professional associations and interlocking relationships which subsumed all the individual threads. The details are less important than the obvious point that the intention of these groups was to amass large sums of private money to elect Reagan. Their efforts were directed toward complementing the Reagan campaign. And all parties concerned clearly knew what was going on. Americans for an Effective Presidency spent \$1.3 million on behalf of the Reagan campaign, and Americans for Change spent a little over seven hundred thousand dollars. The committees had planned to raise and spend far more, but, one Republican activist says, potential contributors to these groups got "scared off" by suits challenging their legality. Both groups ran ads on behalf of Reagan, as did the Congressional Club, NCPAC, and the Fund for a Conservative Majority. The Congressional Club's literature said, "As an independent campaign, Americans for Reagan can spend an unlimited amount of money on behalf of Ronald Reagan." Helms' group called its activities "Americans for Reagan;" NCPAC called its "The Ronald Reagan Victory Fund;" the Fund for a Conservative Majority called its "Citizens for Reagan in '80." NCPAC's expenditures for Reagan came to nearly two million dollars, and the Fund for a Conservative Majority's to a little over two million dollars. Its literature said, "As an independent effort 'Citizens for Reagan in '80' has no limit on expenditures before or after the nomination," and "Ronald Reagan Needs You to Support 'Citizens for Reagan in '80' if He Is to Be Elected President."

Thus, the twelve million dollars that independent committees spent for Reagan came to almost half as much as the twenty-nine million in federal financing. This was on top of the at least nine million dollars in soft money that was spent through state accounts, plus the \$4.6 million in hard money spent by the Republican Party for the Presidential campaign directly (a very conservative figure, since a



Cultured pearl necklace in the Mikimoto tradition of distinctive design. Earrings with removable pearl drops for a formal or simply chic look.

Matched,
but never equalled.

MIKIMOTO
FIFTH AVENUE
The Originator of Cultured Pearls. Since 1893.

NEW YORK: 608 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C. 10020 (212) 586-7153
LOS ANGELES: 550 South Hill Street, Suite 680, L.A. 90013 (213) 625-1067
TOKYO: (03) 535-4611 • ZURICH • FRANKFURT • LONDON • HONG KONG
Write for catalog, Dept. Y, \$2.00



The Nautilus

Water-resistant calendar watches of eighteen karat gold and stainless steel by Patek Philippe.

His, with automatic movement, \$7,500.

Hers, with quartz movement, \$5,300.

TIFFANY & Co.

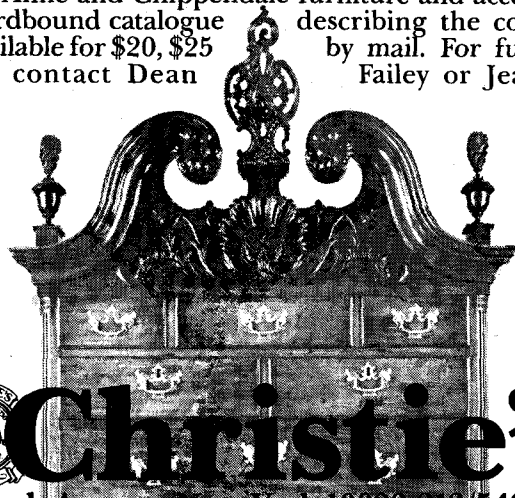
NEW YORK FIFTH AVE. & 57th ST. • ATLANTA • CHICAGO • DALLAS • HOUSTON • SAN FRANCISCO • BEVERLY HILLS

Nationwide toll-free, 800-526-0649 • New Jersey toll-free, 800-452-9146
Add any sales tax • American Express • Diners Club • MasterCard • Visa

THE CONTENTS OF THE LINDENS WASHINGTON, D.C.

The collection of the Late Mrs. George Maurice Morris
Important American Furniture and Decorative Arts
To be sold at Christie's in New York
Saturday, January 22, 1983 at 10:00 a.m. to 2:00 p.m.

Mrs. Morris' collection contains outstanding examples of William and Mary, Queen Anne and Chippendale furniture and accessories. A fully illustrated hardbound catalogue describing the contents of The Lindens is available for \$20, \$25 by mail. For further information, please contact Dean Failey or Jeanne Vibert at 212/546-1181.



Christie's

502 Park Avenue, New York 10022 212/546-1000

Detail: Philadelphia Chippendale Chest-on-Chest, 1765-1785. BEGG Inc., Realtors, exclusive agent for "The Lindens" 2121 Wisconsin Avenue, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20007, 202/387-2480. From overseas, Begg International, Telex: 440036.

good bit of the rest of the \$64.5 million in hard money spent by the Party helped Reagan as well), for a total of almost twenty-six million dollars—not even counting what was raised and spent by the state parties themselves. Therefore, far more private money than public funds went into Reagan's Presidential campaign. The total amount of extra private money spent for Carter was five million dollars (\$3.4 million in hard money and \$1.6 million in soft money), or one-fifth of what was spent for Reagan. (This doesn't count the rest of the Democratic National Committee's \$13.9 million—about one-fifth of what the Republicans spent—or the two to four million that the Democrats raised in the states.) Again, the point is not that Reagan was elected because of money. The point is that the intent of the public-financing law has been destroyed. And in a Presidential contest where other things are more nearly equal, a candidate's ability to generate private money could still make the difference. Given history, it is clear that attempts to affect the course of the Presidential campaign by private money will grow.

In July of 1980, Common Cause, the citizens' lobby, sued Harrison Schmitt's group, charging collusion and again raising the question of independent expenditures. The four other independent committees working on Reagan's behalf were co-defendants. For one thing, the Supreme Court had said in the Buckley decision that independent committees did not at that point appear to present any problems. For another, the Buckley plaintiffs had overlooked a section of the law which placed a limit of a thousand dollars on independent expenditures in connection with a publicly financed campaign, so this section was still on the books. A lower court held that this provision, too, was unconstitutional, and that the question of collusion should be raised with the Federal Election Commission. The constitutionality question was then taken to the Supreme Court, which, in January of 1982, split, four to four, and therefore did not rule on it. The justice who did not participate in the case was Sandra Day O'Connor, Reagan's first appointee to the Court. Mrs. O'Connor's recusing herself has been a mystery to the plaintiffs, and was a disappointment to the defendants, who thought she would rule on their side. As it happens, Mrs. O'Connor's husband, an Arizona attorney, had served on the

1983 FORD

LTD

Introducing the new Ford LTD.

From the smooth ride, to the new driver-designed seating position, the quiet new LTD has one target: your comfort.

The logical placement of instruments. The handling. The feel of the seats. Every inch of the 1983 LTD has been human engineered for a uniquely comfortable driving experience.

Reshaped.

The aerodynamic hood. The cant of the rear window. Smoothness everywhere means LTD needs only 6.7 horsepower to push it through the wind at 50 mph.

Refined.

With a streamlined deep-well trunk in back

and luxurious reclining front seats inside, you will find form and function, space and comfort.

Optional electronics include: digital instrumentation • new electronic station seeking radio • Tripminder[®] computer.



The LTD Brougham standard cloth interior. Contoured reclining front seats with fold-down armrests and convenient coin tray.

Totally Redesigned.

Technology for 1983 is state-of-the-art: smooth-riding gas-filled shocks, optional 3.8 liter V-6 with automatic overdrive, or available for order, a propane-powered 4-cylinder engine.

And all of this advanced technology adds up to a totally pleasurable driving experience. Experience it

for yourself in the totally new Ford LTD.

Every inch an LTD.



Get it together—Buckle up.

HAVE YOU DRIVEN A FORD...LATELY?



FORD DIVISION

© 1982 Aramis Inc.



Estée Lauder
has introduced
some of the most famous fragrances
in the world.

But this one has special meaning.

She created J.H.L.
for the most important man
in her life.

J.H.L. A well-mannered,
custom blended cologne
created by Estée Lauder
exclusively for
Aramis.

J·H·L

What a man wears with Dom Pérignon.



© 1982 Black Starr & Frost, Ltd.

Next time you notice a man, look at his hands. And his wrists. And even his sleeves. Because jewelry is a sure giveaway symbol of a successful man. That's why more and more of them are wearing jewelry from Black Starr & Frost. Each piece shown is 18K gold. So give him an extraordinary gift. Cheers!

Nothing else feels like real gold.
KARAT GOLD JEWELRY

BLACK STARR & FROST
FINE JEWELERS SINCE 1810

Finance Committee of Americans for an Effective Presidency. At the suggestion of the lower court, Common Cause took the issue of collusion to the F.E.C., in September of 1980, and that is where it remains—a long time after the election. The Carter-Mondale committee also brought a complaint, which is also still pending. (The Reagan people took what opportunity they had to appoint to the F.E.C. people who share their attitudes toward the campaign laws. Their first appointment was Lee Ann Elliott, a former official of the American Medical Association's political-action committee, AMPAC, which has had its own run-ins with the limits of the federal election law.)

In congressional campaigns, independent committees try to be helpful in a variety of ways. Direct mail has already been mentioned. Another, of course, is to run television spots. The independent committees look not for obvious winners, as corporate PACs do (at least in part), but for races where they might make a difference. That is why the poll information is so important to them. Like the national committees, the independent committees take advantage of the soft-money loophole, running ads in an area which are ostensibly for the local party but are in fact designed to help the national ticket. Dietrich says, "If ninety per cent of the candidates are for state and local office, we can pay for ninety per cent of the ad with corporate contributions—even though the ads are aimed at federal campaigns. So essentially it just wipes out the whole purpose of the F.E.C. The law just describes what you can't do. The TV commercials will never be allocated to a federal candidate, or, if so, it will only be a pittance. If you look up a congressman's report, you won't be able to tell that we had commercials pounding, pounding into his district. And it's perfectly legal—or within the letter of the law. All the independent PACs do the same thing. So we have a little dance which we dance around the law in a way that never breaks the letter but breaks the spirit of the law—but we don't agree with the law, anyway."

Much has been made of the fact that the conservative independent committees—NCPAC and the Congressional Club—did not do so well at defeating targeted candidates for Congress in 1982 as they did in 1980. (The Fund

for a Conservative Majority did slightly better.) In both years, the results have been exaggerated. In 1980, the committees were a new phenomenon, and events were with them. By 1982, their presence in a campaign had become more of an issue, and events were against them. Now some liberal independent political-action committees have been established—and they, too, are using negative tactics. The real lesson of the 1982 campaign is not that independent committees are meaningless in congressional campaigns; it is that they will have to improve their tactics—and they probably will. Various proposals have been made for having the candidate on whose behalf an independent committee is working take responsibility for it. Others have been made that would go further, and abolish the



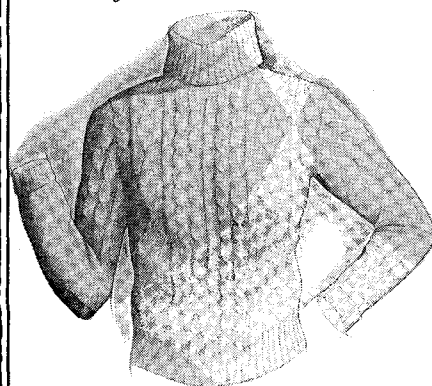
committees, or cut back their role considerably, on the ground that they are devices for getting around the statutory limits on contributions. Some have argued that these committees are a vehicle for political expression and are therefore healthy. Others reply that what these committees are doing, and the scale on which they are doing it, goes beyond political expression—that they manipulate people's desire for political expression, and in a way that deliberately distorts the issues. And it is not as if these groups did not have an opportunity to express themselves through the political parties. They do; in fact, they have a large impact. They are not the same as grass-roots movements that form around an issue. These committees are highly skilled, directed organizations that use people's feelings about certain issues to gain influence. And now some right-wing groups (Richard Viguerie and his associates and the Fund for a Conservative Majority) are considering ways to use communications technology—in particular, cable television—to make themselves into an even greater force.

THERE are things that can be done about the effect of money on our political system once the nature and the extent of the problem are recognized. The impact of the need for money on congressional behavior has been dramatic. First, there is no question that we have a political system in which politicians' access to money is vital and, in more cases than not, decisive. Richard Wirthlin, the Republican pollster, says, "Money not only

Peter Elliot's Outer-Wear For All Seasons



The Survivalon Parka. A functional luxuriously designed jacket for your civilized pursuits. Its storm detailing assures you of uncompromising weather protection. The cloth is a fine weave cotton treated with silicone. Wind and water repellent and extremely porous so it breathes with the wearer. In navy, red, forest green, khaki and reversible to natural canvas. Sizes 36 to 46. \$100.00



The even-practical 3 ply, 100% cotton turtleneck cable knit. In natural. Men's: S.M.L.XL. Women's: S.M.L. \$45.00

Peter Elliot

A Whimsical Mood of Timeless Elegance

1333 Third Avenue, N.Y. 10021 (212) 570-2300.

1538 Second Avenue, N.Y. 10021 (212) 861-4200.

Major Credit Cards Accepted.



A SUBTLE TWIST: The Air-Twist Necklace is crystal and gold, to be worn as a choker. By Bernard X. Wolff. In four lengths: 14", \$460. 15", \$470. 16", \$480. 18", \$495. Crystal length 1". Gold, 14 karat. You may order by phone: 1-212-752-1441. Out of State: 1-800-223-1234. Or write Steuben Jewelry Gallery, Fifth Avenue at 56th Street, New York, N.Y. 10022. Major credit cards accepted.



STEUBEN GLASS

PART OF CORNING GLASS WORKS SINCE 1918

THE LEGEND SANG YOUR SONG

The one you heard on the day you first met. The one they played again and again at your wedding. Driving home from the performance in your new Grand Prix, you're reminded that this Pontiac is just as enjoyable as the one you had then. And that this legendary performer, like the one you just heard, is still as exciting as ever.

For an '83 Pontiac catalog, write to Pontiac Advertising, One Pontiac Plaza, Pontiac, Mich. 48053

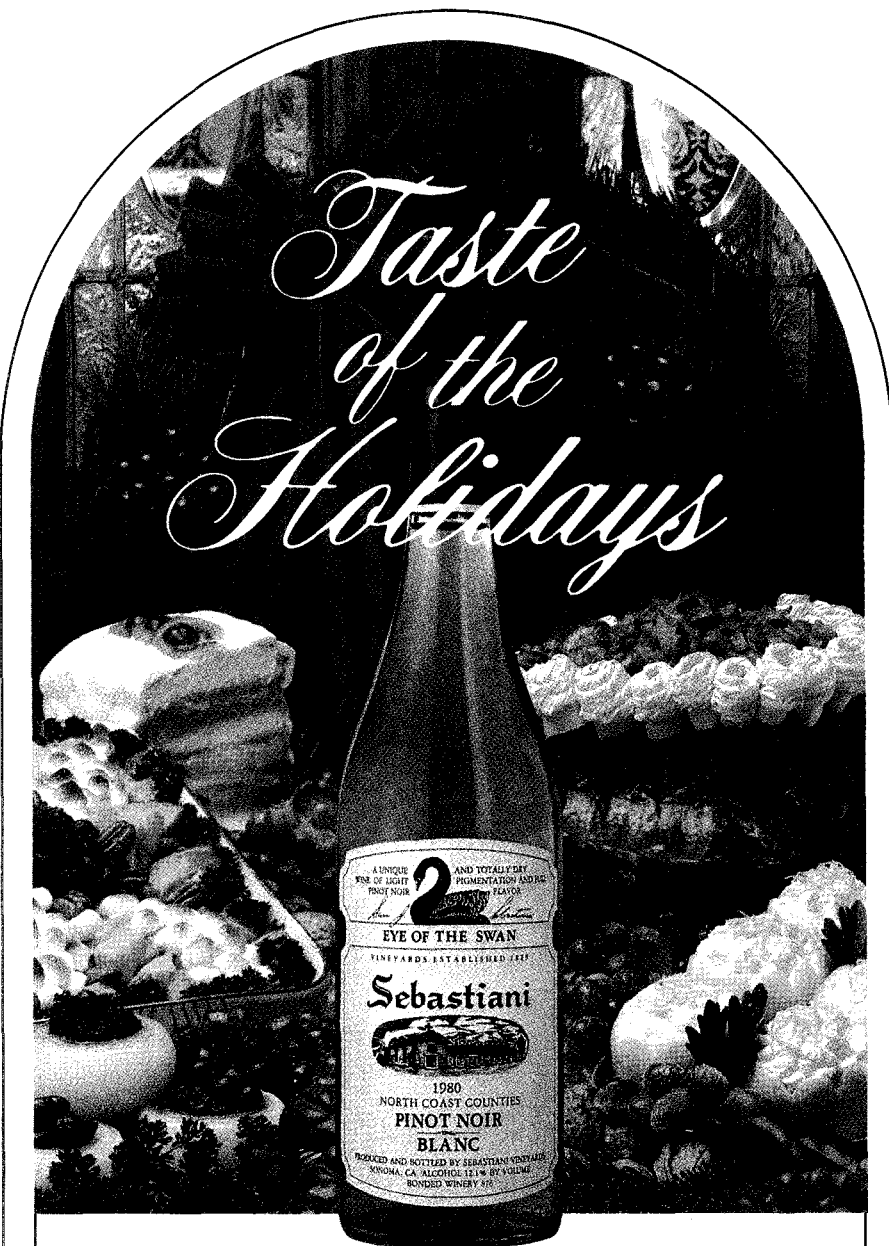
can make the difference but can make a huge difference." He continues, "People make decisions based upon the way they see the world, and the way they see the world is conditioned by the information they have; and money can influence not only the information they have but also the perceptions they have, and therefore influences who wins and loses." Second, it is clear that the politicians' anxiety about having access to enough money corrodes, and even corrupts, the political system. It is clear that the effect on them is degrading and distracting at best. At the least, politicians increasingly consider how their votes will affect their own—and their opponents'—ability to raise money. At worst, votes are actually traded for money. It is clear that we are at some distance from the way the democratic process is supposed to work. The most fundamental question is, What kind of electoral process would give us the best kind of representation—the best at representing the public interest and producing public officials who, on the basis of experience and judgment, would make decisions that would not always represent passing public attitudes or be affected by financial contributions? Finally, it is clear that the system for funding Presidential campaigns with public money, in order to make them reasonably competitive and removed from the pressures of private interests, isn't working as it was intended to.

The broad outlines of what could be done to deal with all these things, based on talks with people who have given the subject a lot of thought, are: first, a system of public financing of congressional campaigns, which would include limits on what could be spent for the campaigns and a ceiling on the over-all amount that any member could accept from political-action committees; second, a radical approach to political advertising, the costliest component of campaigns, which would include a ban on the purchase of air time and a provision for free air time; third, a reimposition of the limits on expenditures by independent committees, and other measures to close the loopholes being exploited by Presidential campaigns. Variations on all these proposals are possible, and objections to all of them are plentiful. Some of the proposals would be difficult to work out, but if the same amount of energy and ingenuity went into making the law effective that has gone into finding ways around it, the difficulties

could be resolved. The point is not to try to establish a perfect political system but to try to get the system back closer to what it was intended to be.

Two of the proposals—those dealing with independent committees and political advertising—require some consideration of what the First Amendment is really about. Moreover, when the Supreme Court first ruled that limits on independent expenditures were unconstitutional, it found no history of abuse, which is understandable, since up to that point there were no limits on contributions. In the Buckley case, a prohibition on independent expenditures was held unconstitutional with only one dissenter—Justice Byron White. In its ruling in the Schmitt case, six years after Buckley, the Court was evenly divided on the question of independent expenditures by groups on behalf of publicly financed Presidential candidates, with one member unable to participate because of an apparent conflict of interest. Therefore, it would seem that the constitutional issue is no longer the settled question that people thought it was when the Court ruled in the Buckley case.

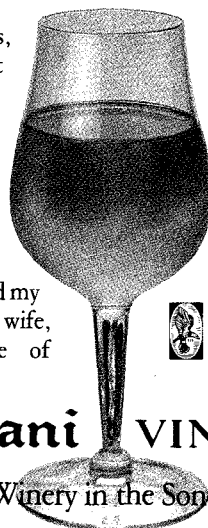
The Buckley decision was an odd one, because at the same time that it equated money with speech and held that limits on independent expenditures were unconstitutional, it held that limits on contributions to candidates were constitutional. Its rationale was that expenditures did not pose the same danger as contributions. But if one has an absolute right to spend unlimited amounts of money for a political candidate outside the candidate's campaign, why can't one contribute whatever one wants to the candidate? Archibald Cox, who teaches constitutional law at the Harvard Law School, and who served as Special Prosecutor during Watergate and is now chairman of Common Cause, argued both the Buckley case and the Schmitt case, as well as other First Amendment cases before the Court. Cox says he thinks that it is at least a fifty-fifty possibility that all that the framers of the Constitution had in mind when they wrote the First Amendment was a prohibition on prior censorship, and that some people argue that the possibility is much greater. In any event, he says, one need not resort to that argument to get at the problem of the First Amendment and independent expenditures. Cox explains the Court's apparent contradiction in the Buckley decision by saying he believes that what



“EYE OF THE SWAN”

During the holidays, the kitchen is the heart of our Sonoma Valley home. Here, the marriage of wine and food fills the air with wonderful aromas and memories of vintages past.

This year, I have asked my mother, Sylvia, and my wife, Vicki to share some of



their holiday recipes with our friends.

If you will drop me a note at the address below, I will be happy to send these to you.

From my family to your family . . .
Buon Natale!

Sam J. Sebastiani
Sam J. Sebastiani

Sebastiani VINEYARDS

“A Family Winery in the Sonoma Valley”

© 1982 SEBASTIANI VINEYARDS

PO BOX AA, SONOMA, CA 95476

CHRISTMAS TRIMMING.

This season, give someone special one of our very special gifts. A genuine leather phone that's genuine Bell. Come to your nearest Bell PhoneCenter and ask about our Contempra® Talia telephone.

*Trademark of Northern Telecom Ltd. © AT&T Co., 1982. Available in most areas.

**BE INGENIOUS.
GIVE GENUINE BELL.**

Bell



Genuine Bell

SANTA'S HELPERS.



This season, give someone special one of our very special gifts. A phone that'll brighten up the room with personality!

Come to your nearest Bell PhoneCenter and ask about our character phone lamps.

© AT&T Co., 1982
© Walt Disney Productions.
Available in most areas.

**BE INGENIOUS.
GIVE GENUINE BELL.**



the Court had in mind when it considered independent expenditures was, say, a group of professors taking an ad in a newspaper, or an individual flying around the country making speeches in support of a candidate, or even someone buying fifteen or thirty minutes of television time on behalf of a candidate. Therefore, when Cox argued the Schmitt case he suggested that the Court could limit the effect of its finding in the Buckley case by stipulating that it was not thinking in terms of large organizations making independent expenditures, which they have funded by a money-raising effort, and which, as he pointed out, "even without consultation, it's no great trick to coordinate." He suggested that one way to deal with the proposition that spending money equals free speech would be to say that there are lots of different kinds of expenditures, and perhaps money is speech in the instance of a person spending money to publish or broadcast his own thoughts, while it is an entirely different thing when an organization raises money from all over the country and spends it to broadcast. The difference, he said, is that the money is collected nationally, and that it is used for much speech but few ideas. As for the Court's argument that independent expenditures do not create the risk of corrupting public policy, Cox replied that that may be true in the case of an individual who spends for his own personal expression, or of the group of professors, but it is not true in the case of groups that raise and spend millions on behalf of a candidate.

Cox suggests a new way of looking at our elections—a way that could be most helpful in clarifying our thinking about them. He says that an election ought to be treated like a town meeting or an argument before the Supreme Court. As he puts it, there are some forums where, to have meaningful, open debate, you see to it that everyone gets an equal allocation of time and a fair chance to express his point of view. "No one considers that a restriction on freedom of speech," Cox says.

If we redefine what we mean by "freedom of speech," and uncouple the idea of "the marketplace of ideas" from the idea of "the free market," we can begin to get back to how the political system was supposed to work. It is one thing to establish a system that guarantees contending political factions an opportunity to express their views, and quite another to auction off

the system to those factions that can afford to pay for the most time to express them—not to mention the secondary effects that such an auction system has. Whether or not the person who has the most broadcast time always prevails, it is demonstrable that the power and the cost of political broadcasting distort the political process.

A way to guarantee contending factions a chance to have their say, turn our elections into more of a fair fight, lower the amount of money that is spent on campaigns, and raise the level on which they are fought would be to prohibit political advertising and provide the candidates with free air time. This may sound like a radical concept, but in fact America is one of the very few countries in the world that allow any purchase of television time for political broadcasts; no Western European nation does. And, while we are at it, we could consider requiring that most of the free broadcast time be in segments of not less than, say, five or ten minutes. (In Great Britain, the major parties are currently required to broadcast in segments of a minimum of five or ten minutes.) This would make it necessary for candidates to actually say something, in contrast to the one-minute or thirty-second spots, which are uninformative at best and misleading at worst. (An argument has been made that you can tell what a candidate is like from his television spots, but that requires the public to be able to sort out fact from fiction when it doesn't necessarily have the information; and it puts the burden on the opponent to refute the spots—often something that cannot be done in thirty seconds or a minute. The answer is usually more complicated than the charge.) Arrangements would also have to be made to assure that the free time offered would be when people were likely to be watching—but this, too, could be worked out. The essential point is that under this proposal the contenders would have a fair chance to be heard, without having to scramble to outspend their opponents for broadcasting—the most expensive and the most influential element of a campaign. Cox thinks that such a proposal could be upheld constitutionally. There would, of course, be stiff opposition to it. The broadcasters would oppose it, for obvious reasons; but the ownership of broadcasting stations is among the most lucrative businesses in America. A fallback position would be for the government to pay a portion of

CORDLESS GREETINGS.



This season, give someone special one of our very special gifts. A phone that lets you carry a conversation anywhere. A full 700 feet!

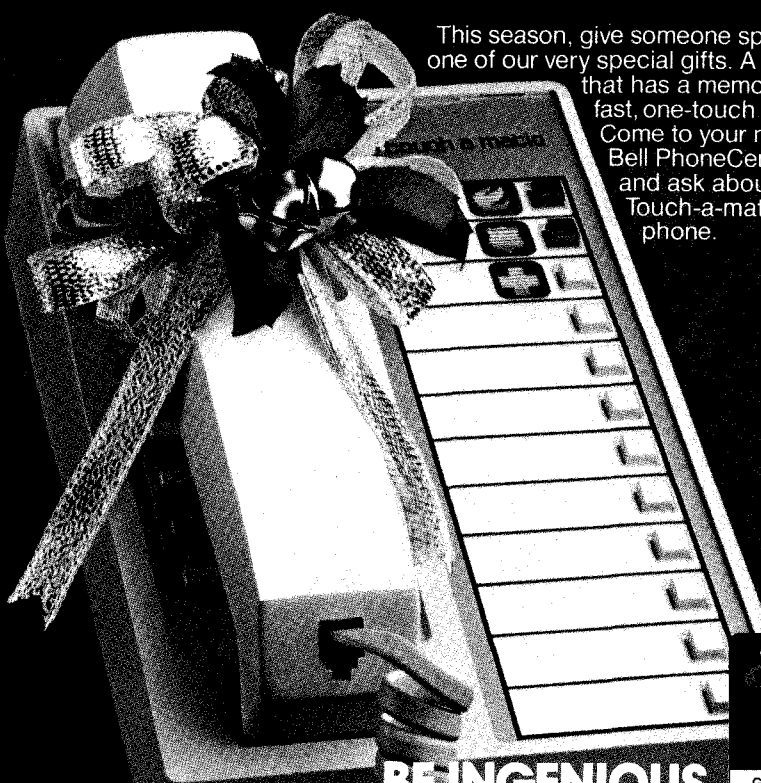
Come to your nearest Bell PhoneCenter and ask about our Nomad® Cordless telephone.

BE INGENIOUS. GIVE GENUINE BELL.

© AT&T Co., 1982
Available in most areas.

Bel
Phone
Genuine Bell

TOUCHING PRESENTS.

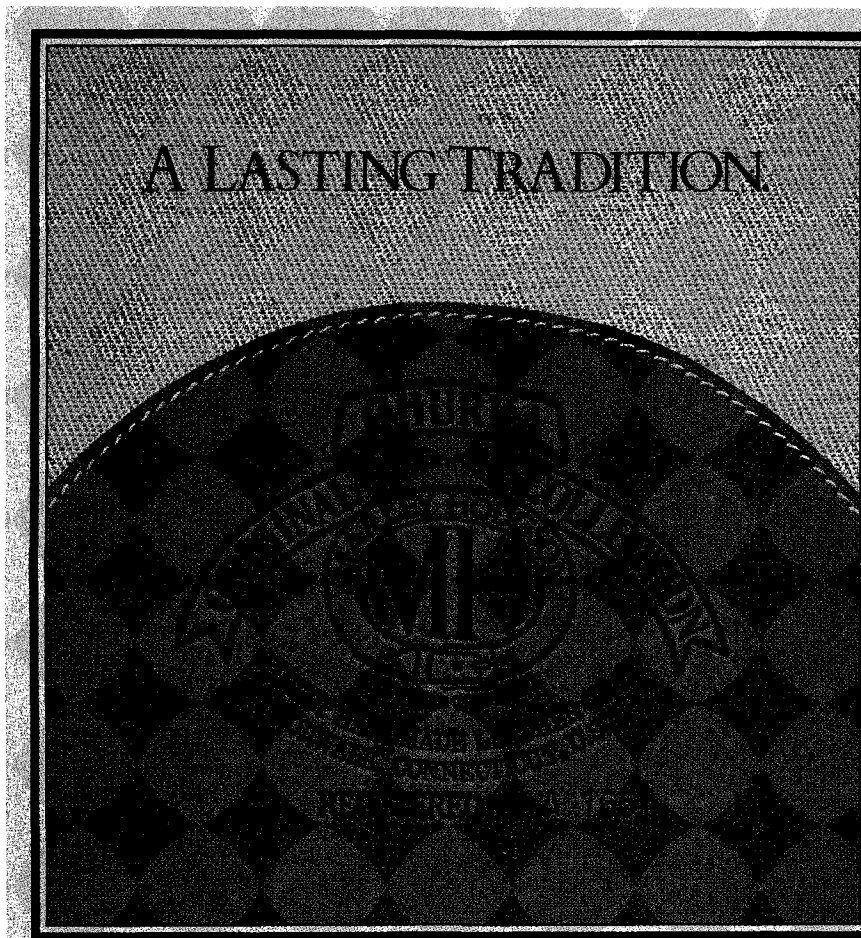


This season, give someone special one of our very special gifts. A phone that has a memory for fast, one-touch dialing! Come to your nearest Bell PhoneCenter and ask about our Touch-a-matic® S phone.

BE INGENIOUS. GIVE GENUINE BELL.

© AT&T Co., 1982
Available in most areas.

Bel
Phone
Genuine Bell



SHREVE

*Christmas
wouldn't be the same
without Shreve's*

Enchant your favorite lady with a splash of color
from Boston's oldest jeweler. Call for particulars on any
of these lovely pieces from our collection. 800-225-7088.

SHREVE, CRUMP & LOW

JEWELERS SINCE 1800 • 330 BOYLSTON ST., BOSTON, MASS. 02116 (617) 267-9100
THE MALL AT CHESTNUT HILL • SOUTH SHORE PLAZA

the cost of this broadcast time as part of a publicly financed system for congressional campaigns. (In effect, the government already does this for the publicly financed Presidential campaign.) But there is no point in adopting a fallback position until the fairest and most sensible plan has been tried. Whenever the idea of free broadcast time is brought up, a lot of sand is thrown in the air about such things as what to do in a media market like New York or Los Angeles, where there may be a number of races, or, alternatively, what to do in races where there are no media markets. Surely the mind of man can figure out some answer. When I was talking about this with Senator Robert Dole, Republican of Kansas and the chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, who, on the basis of what he has encountered in his efforts to write more equitable tax laws, is in favor of diminishing the role of money in campaigns, he said, "If they can figure out the tax code, they can figure this out." There are several paths of thinking that those trying to devise a solution might take. One is to keep in mind that the stations in the large media markets are among the most profitable ones. Another is that congressional candidates in areas like New York and Los Angeles often don't buy media time now, because they think it isn't worth it to pay for a broadcast that takes in so much more territory than their district. There is no particular reason that they should be given the means to start broadcasting where they did not do it before. But, in any case, they could be given air time without great financial risk to the stations. Another point to keep in mind is that cable television allows politicians to narrow the size of the audience they are trying to reach, and a number of politicians are already using cable, which is far less expensive than most traditional broadcast outlets. Or, in a media market with a number of candidates, the candidates could be given some free mailings instead. This, too, could be taken care of under a public-financing scheme.

Common Cause has been advocating the granting of free response time to a candidate who has been attacked by an independent committee, its theory being that as long as such expenditures are allowed, this will neutralize the effect. If the attack came in the form of direct mail, the candidate could receive a subsidy to respond. But it is not out of the question that the courts will

ban expenditures by the large-scale independent committees that have been springing up, especially if there is a system of public financing of congressional campaigns.

The idea of public financing of congressional campaigns has been gaining an increasing number of adherents. An aide to the House leadership said that what he witnessed during the consideration of the 1982 tax-increase bill had made him a convert to the idea. When I asked him why, specifically, he replied, "The long lines of suitors and the access they had." A number of people believed that the Ninety-seventh Congress reflected the impact of the pressure of money, in its various forms, more than any Congress before it. And this sense of things led a number of people who had never before subscribed to the idea of public financing of congressional campaigns to decide that the system had to be changed. A former member of Congress said to me recently, "I used to be against public financing. I thought raising money was an important way to build a campaign, to get people committed. But then I began to see how the present system was corrupting even the best of them on the Hill. And they gin each other up: they see that others are doing it, and say, Why not? It became very depressing to watch. And I changed my mind about public financing." Actually, the public-financing schemes would still allow for private participation.

A number of proposals for a system of public financing have been put forward by members of Congress as well as by Common Cause. They have been sponsored by both Republicans and Democrats. They have several common characteristics. They would provide, for the candidates in the general election, a matching system similar to that which obtains in the Presidential-primary system, and would impose spending limits. (The question of public financing of congressional primaries has been set aside as something to be worked out, if necessary, once a system for the general elections is in place.) It is possible to consider spending limits without a public-financing system, but this, too, would require a change of opinion on the part of the Supreme Court; and there would always be the problem of setting the limits high enough to make candidates viable and low enough to give them a chance of not being utterly at the mercy of contributors and fund raisers. Just as the Presidential-primary sys-

The Attache, the Original No. 24 Ghurka Bag. A masterpiece of organization. Carefully constructed of fine saddle leather, specially woven twill and solid brass hardware. Certain to handle itself well in any situation. Each is made in America, and individually numbered, embossed and registered.



GHURKA.
A Lasting Tradition.



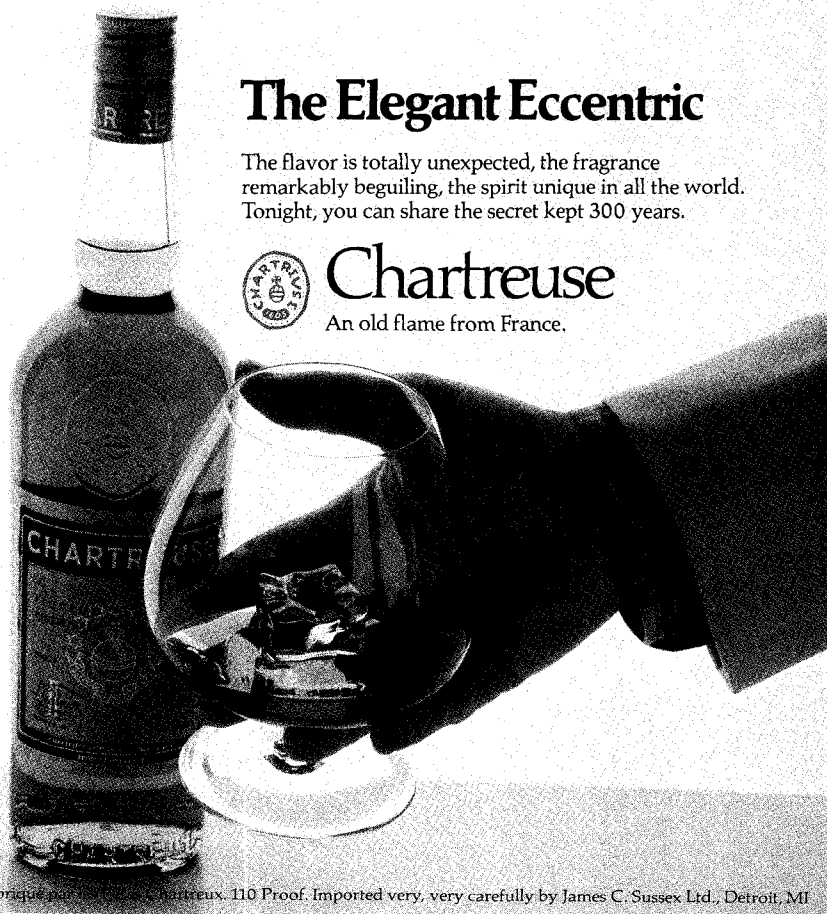
The Elegant Eccentric

The flavor is totally unexpected, the fragrance remarkably beguiling, the spirit unique in all the world. Tonight, you can share the secret kept 300 years.



Chartreuse

An old flame from France.



Fabrique par Chartreuse, 110 Proof. Imported very, very carefully by James C. Sussex Ltd., Detroit, MI

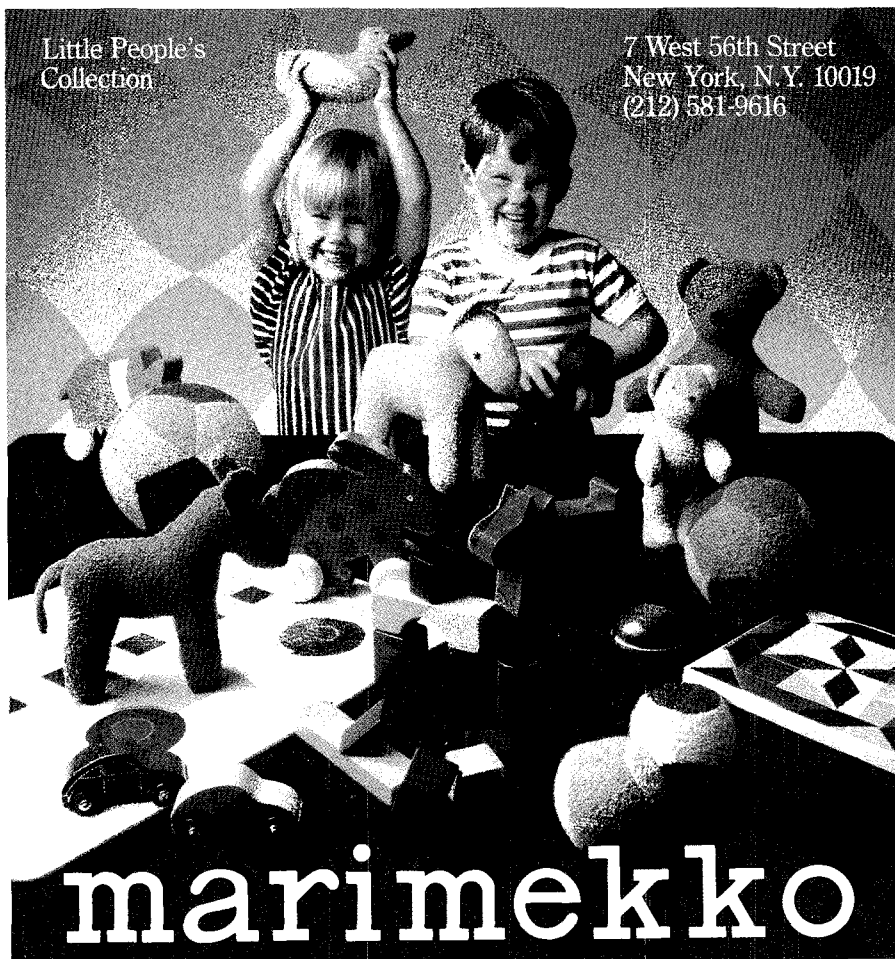
All that's precious does not glitter. Sheaffer presents Black Matte, in fountain pen, ballpoint, pencil, and our Dual Writing System with interchangeable micro tip marker and rolling ball. Flawlessly crafted, they are flawless gifts.

SHEAFFER.
JEWELRY FOR WRITING

SHEAFFER FAJON TEXTRON
Sheaffer-Eaton Division of Textron Inc.

Little People's
Collection

7 West 56th Street
New York, N.Y. 10019
(212) 581-9616



marimekko

tem matches private individual contributions of two hundred and fifty dollars, the congressional system would match contributions of a hundred dollars. A bill sponsored by David Obey, a Democratic representative from Wisconsin and a recent convert to the idea of public financing, would limit to ninety thousand dollars the total amount of matching money for a candidate for the House. Individuals would still be allowed to contribute a thousand dollars. Some of those who favor public financing would consider allowing higher individual contributions in exchange for an agreement on such a scheme. The proposals for public financing also contain a limit on the total amount a candidate could accept from political-action committees. So private money would not be driven out of the congressional campaigns—it would just be brought under control. And members of Congress would be freed from the anxiety and fear—and corruption—that accompany the present race for money. Obey's bill would limit to ninety thousand dollars the amount that candidates for the House could accept from PACs. His bill does not deal with Senate races, but others have proposed setting limits for Senate races on the basis of a state's population. A bill sponsored by Representatives Mike Synar, Democrat of Oklahoma; Jim Leach, Republican of Iowa; and Dan Glickman, Democrat of Kansas, would limit the amount that House candidates could accept from PACs to seventy-five thousand dollars, while the amount that Senate candidates could accept would vary with the size of the state—from seventy-five thousand to five hundred thousand. Common Cause and some people on Capitol Hill would also lower the amount that a PAC could contribute to an individual: from ten thousand dollars per election cycle—five thousand for the primary and five thousand for the general election—to half that amount. Obey's bill would limit campaign spending in a congressional general election to a hundred and eighty thousand dollars—a figure that seems unrealistically low and appears to be a negotiating position. The bill would also limit personal and immediate-family expenditures to twenty thousand dollars for those who participate in the public-financing plan. If a candidate chose not to accept public financing but to spend large amounts of his own money, or to exceed the spending limits, the spending limits on

his opponent would be lifted, and the opponent would receive double the amount in matching funds. Obey would provide free television time for a candidate to respond to an independent group's attack, or additional public financing equal to the amount of the independent expenditures for television; and he would also offer to match other independent expenditures that amounted in the aggregate to more than five thousand dollars.

If in fact there would remain imbalances as a result of labor's efforts to get people registered and to the polls, it is not beyond the mind of man to figure out a solution to this, either. (It is to be remembered that both labor and business are now allowed to spend unlimited amounts to communicate with their own members or employees on political matters. Moreover, such organizations as the Chamber of Commerce conduct get-out-the-vote drives, and business is developing other ways to compete with labor.) The possibilities range from prohibiting these activities—which doesn't seem very healthy—to improving the registration system or designing a system under which the parties play the major role in these activities. One possibility would be to allow the parties to raise money for such activities (as was done in 1979 for the Presidential campaign)—and, in both Presidential and congressional campaigns, to impose limits and an effective reporting system. This way, soft money could be brought under control, and the two problems would be dealt with at once.

Two arguments made against public financing are that it would amount to an incumbent-protection act, since incumbents enjoy certain advantages, and that it would guarantee a challenger enough money to give an incumbent a disconcertingly stiff race. (The second argument is one that people on Capitol Hill make very quietly.) Both arguments, of course, can't be true. And if public financing amounted to an incumbent-protection act, it would have passed long since, unless Congress is an uncommonly noble institution. Moreover, most of the public-financing schemes have taken it into account that a highly restrictive spending limit would prevent challengers from competing effectively. Fred Wertheimer, the president of Common Cause, points out that the first two incumbent Presidents to run under the system of public financing of Presidential campaigns—Ford and Carter—both lost. As for the advan-

Christian Dior

POUR HOMME



EAU SAUVAGE

Virile. Discreet.

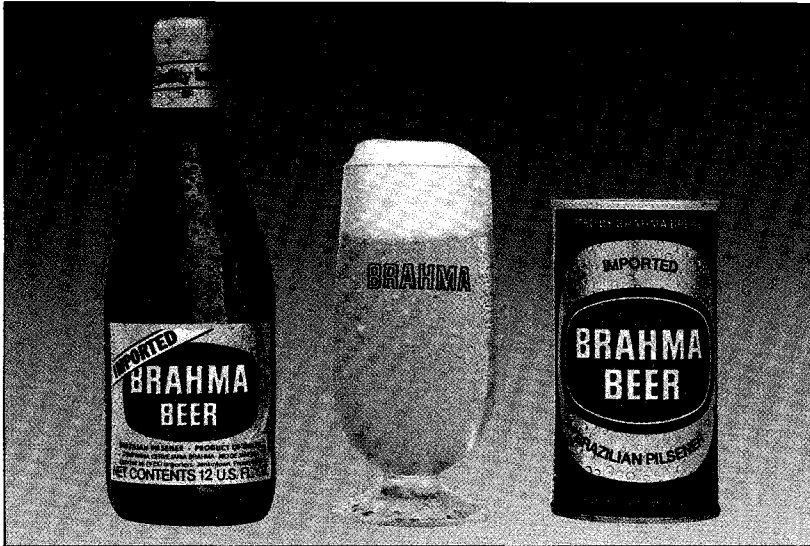
Refreshing. Uncompromising.

A fragrance of masculine refinement.

Exclusively Dior.

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

Taste the real taste of beer.



Brahma Beer

Ask for it!
There's nothing like
it! Brahma is Pilsener
beer, brewed in Brazil,
land of the tropical
thirsts.

Let Latin America's
No. 1 seller satisfy
you perfectly,
too!
Great with meals.
Brahma's made for you!

Imported by:
EFCO Importers
Benjamin Fox Pavilion - suite 723 A
P.O. Box 741, Jenkintown
Pennsylvania 19046
or TEL 215-885-8597



tages of incumbency, Wertheimer is already involved in a court battle against abuse of the franking privilege. He adds, "Incumbency has its pluses and its minuses." He says, "The key is to have a system that allows a challenger to compete. That's really all we can do, and that's all we should do."

Leach refers to the proposal to limit PAC contributions as "a kind of domestic SALT agreement between big business and big labor." In introducing his bill, Obey said, "We do not object to people accepting PAC contributions. But the size of these contributions moved around the nation by unseen hands in Washington office buildings can determine the politics of Wisconsin or Montana or Vermont or any other state in the Union. We do object to that." The lines between the representative and his constituents have been disturbed, if not yet completely cut. Elections are determined in increasing measure by forces outside the district and the state.

A number of Republicans think that it is not against the interests of their party to support a public-financing system. Barber Conable, a Republican representative from New York, who is among them, says, "Large contributions tend to come to incumbents; by the nature of things, our party will have more challengers." One Republican political consultant says, "Republicans who oppose public financing—and the great majority do—say, 'How can we overcome the numerical disadvantage of being a Republican?' I don't think that's a valid objection. It is true that Republicans are in the minority, but that is not an argument for opposing public financing. Privately, their argument is 'We can blow them out by outspending them.' My view is that if the money represents an unfair advantage it ought to be eliminated. Where is the ethics or morality in saying the system ought to be maintained because it benefits you, if the advantage is inherently unfair?"

It has been argued that the public financing of congressional campaigns would be costly. However, most of the proposals call for it to be paid for out of the voluntary dollar checkoff on tax returns, which might be raised to two dollars—so the system would be self-financed. Another dollar a year seems a small price to pay. (One estimate, based on recent campaign costs, is that the system would cost about eighty million dollars per two-year election cycle.) The more important point is



Superior collection of fully leather lined classic handsewns. Exclusive Sebago construction provides the ultimate in comfort. Made in Maine by skilled Sebago craftsmen. Westbrook, Maine 04092.

SEBAGO

how expensive it is *not* to have public financing and some limit on PAC contributions, and how risky it is *not* to restore the Presidential-election system to the way it was supposed to work. The costs are everywhere—throughout the tax code and the federal budget. They turn up in everything from the Pentagon budget to medical bills. In effect, as we go about our daily lives, buying food, gasoline, and medicine, and as we pay our taxes, we are paying for the current system of financing campaigns.

And there are less tangible but more important costs. We are paying in the declining quality of politicians and of the legislative product, and in the rising public cynicism. We have allowed it to become increasingly difficult for the good people who remain in politics to function well. What results is a corrosion of the system and a new kind of squalor—conditions that are well known to those who are in it and to those who deal with it at close range. The public knows that something is very wrong. As the public cynicism gets deeper, the political system gets worse. Until the problem of money is dealt with, the system will not get better. We have allowed the basic idea of our democratic process—representative government—to slip away. The only question is whether we are serious about trying to retrieve it.

—ELIZABETH DREW

(This is the second part of a two-part article.)

GERANIUM RUST can easily become a very serious, widespread disease. This is one disease that growers will not want to introduce into the greenhouse. The rust parasite can attack leaves, petioles, stipules and stems. On badly infected leaves the spots enlarge, coalesce, and then the entire leaf turns yellow, dries and drops prematurely. The earliest symptoms are small, yellow flecks on the upper leaf surface or small whitish, blister-like spots on the lower leaf surface. The reddish-brown spores which are produced on the underside of leaves are spread most effectively by New York State Cooperative Extension Agents and from the Distribution Center, 7 Research Park, Cornell University, Ithaca, NY 14853.—"1983 Cornell Geranium Guidelines for New York State."

It figures.

LIFE IN SOUTH CAROLINA

[From the *Spartanburg (S.C.) Herald*]

The following persons were sentenced to \$200 or 30 days for telephoning fish:

David DeShields, 17, Gregory F. Forrest, 20, and John David Parham, 25, all of Enoree Route 2.

Kodel, the fiber that puts the yes in polyester.



Bill Blass pajamas say yes to Kodel.

Leisure Blass: the easy elegance of classic pajamas tailored by one of America's foremost designers. Detailed with subtle contrast piping.

Distinguished by that famous logo. Created in SPRINGMAID® Potentia broadcloth of easy-care Kodel polyester and cotton. Available at fine stores including: B. Altman, Fifth Avenue, New York; Hecht's, Washington/Baltimore; Hudson's, Detroit; Lazarus, downtown Columbus; Macy's California.

EASTMAN CHEMICAL PRODUCTS, INC., a subsidiary of Eastman Kodak Company, 1133 AVENUE OF THE AMERICAS, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036

KODEL is Eastman's trademark for its polyester fiber. Eastman does not make fabrics or consumer textile products and therefore makes no warranties with respect to such products.



ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

UNDER THE CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS TREE

SOME parents and other relatives who want the children in the family—once they put away childish things—to really amount to something when they grow up tend to ply the kids with I.Q. boosters and other improving educational materials in the Christmas season. They apparently haven't noticed that many of the prominent sorts whom they are encouraging the kids to grow up to be like haven't put away childish things at all. Every few days, it seems, there's a news report that a leader in some area of government or corporate life has accused an adversary of having a Tinkertoy complex, of yo-yoing around, of revealing a Silly Putty attitude, or of being taken in at the end of a yellow brick road by an alleged wizard whose powers proved to be merely mechanical smoke and bombast. Possibly as the result of this frequent high-level resort to images out of the toy and children's-book worlds, at least one innocent bystander this fall thought it quite reasonable to assume that even someone who was a member of President Reagan's Cabinet would simultaneously be committed to an enterprise with which American children are deeply preoccupied. A few weeks ago, a letter to the magazine *Parade* had a question about Snoopy and the other "Peanuts" figures that

are drawn by the artist Charles Schulz. The question was "Where does a man like Secretary of State George Shultz find time to draw his 'Peanuts' cartoon strip?"

In their use of childhood metaphors, prominent sorts don't always get things right. "The Democrats will fall like Munchkins" was the way John Calandra, a New York Republican state senator, happily predicted his party's prospects in a state election a few years back. The Democrats did not fall that year (or, indeed, this year)—nor, for that matter, was it the way things worked out in the Land of Oz for the Munchkins. As nearly any fifth grader could have reminded Calandra, the Munchkins prevailed, having been saved by Dorothy and her dear friends. A few weeks ago, in discussing the override in the United States Senate of President Reagan's veto of a stopgap spending bill, Senator James Exon, Democrat of Nebraska, complained that the President "expects all his Little Red Riding Hoods to jump through the hoop every time he cries 'Wolf!'" Of course, the children on your list will know better than to make mistakes like that when they get to be United States senators—and probably know better right now. Even those wise ones who will tell you that Little Red Riding

Hood's mistake was that she *didn't* cry "Wolf!" should enjoy listening to the story as written by Walter de la Mare and read by Claire Bloom on a Caedmon record (TC 1331; \$7.98). (Like all records and books in this report, it is available almost anywhere such items are sold; most of the records also come in cassette form.) If the children you know are the sort who feel better holding on to a Little Red Riding Hood doll while they hear all about her adventure, Gimbels has one twelve inches tall for \$25. We also found a grandmother doll for someone to hold on to. This is the old-fashioned sort of grandmother, of song and fairy tale—not someone who's just getting out of her jogging suit before going to Studio 54. Six inches tall, she has white hair and wears a dark-blue dress with a fichu at the neck. She's \$14 at B. Shackman, 85 Fifth Avenue (16th). We didn't find a plush wolf anywhere (just as well, no doubt), or even a circus hoop of the right size for Red Riding Hood to jump through if she were that kind of doll. However, the Childcraft stores, 150 East 58th Street and 155 East 23rd Street, have a Big Top top for \$14.95. Press the suction bottom to a flat surface, push the handle down, and as the top spins you can watch

through the clear-plastic dome a seal twirling a ball, a clown scooting around in a tiny car and spinning his umbrella, and a set of rings gyrating rhythmically. For the big-top-minded among the older kids on your list, you might consider wrapping up and tying a ribbon around a promise to take them to the Whitney Museum to see the Alexander Calder Circus, the array of cloth-and-wire performers and animals so dear to the sculptor's heart that he used to play ringmaster with them, accompanied by circus music on the Victrola. As you may remember, the fact that the Calder Circus, which was lent by Calder to the museum in 1970, is still at the Whitney is a happy story. It seemed that the Circus would have to be sold to



"We never do anything bilaterally anymore."

Stolichnaya

The Vodka



STOLICHNAYA VODKA. 80 and 100 proof, distilled from grain.
Imported by Monsieur Henri Wings, Ltd., White Plains, New York.

Her Teeth Are 50% Brighter Thanks To A Tube Of Mitsubishi.

Have you ever looked at projection television and decided that the picture size was awesome but the picture wasn't?

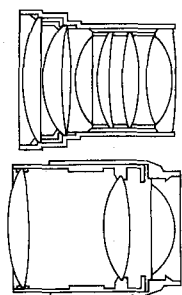
What was doubtless dimming your enthusiasm was the lack of brightness, a traditional problem with projection TV.

For which Mitsubishi now introduces the solution. A major projection TV breakthrough that delivers 180 foot Lamberts of brightness on our over 4-foot-diagonal of screen. No other front-projection TV has over 120 foot Lamberts.

And this 50% improvement in brightness was achieved without sacrifice to picture sharpness.

This translates into a projection TV picture as bright as that on a conventional 25-inch set.

For those of you who like to know the whys and wherefores, read on.



6 glass elements vs.
3 plastic elements.
There's no comparison.

Each of our lens systems contains six lens elements instead of the usual three offered by every other leading front-projection TV.

This results in a sharper, higher-contrast picture.

But even more revealing is what those lenses are made of.

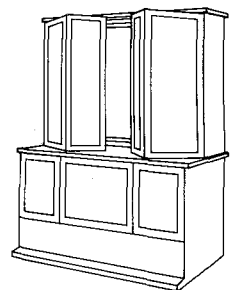
Ours are fine precision ground optical glass, the kind you find in the most expensive cameras.

Theirs are plastic.

Glass possesses some inherent technical advantages over plastic.

Glass can be coated, reducing light reflections within the lens barrel for improved picture contrast. This coating also improves lens transparency, which allows more light through, resulting in a brighter picture.

Our most impressive representation of these technological advancements is the model VS-522R you see before you.



How to hide a Mitsubishi.

Close its doors and the screen is discreetly hidden from view.

Open them and you open up a whole new dimension in home entertainment: twice the diagonal measure and four times the square footage of a conventional 25-inch television screen.

It's analogous to having a movie theater screen in front of your easy chair. An appealing idea in a world of five-dollar movie tickets.

All of the above notwithstanding, you may prefer to trust your own eyes rather than any advertising claim. In which case, we confidently invite you to visit your Mitsubishi dealer and see for yourself.

And if you think it looks good, wait till you hear how it sounds.



Because the VS-522R also features two separate amplifiers and speaker systems. Together they produce an exciting stereo effect even from regular mono television transmissions. And they deliver the real thing from stereo video discs, stereo video-cassettes, and (with

our built-in FM tuner) FM simulcasts.

And if you think that sounds good, wait till you see how it looks.



Even If You Can't Have The Best Of Everything,
You Can Have The Best Of Something.

Mitsubishi Electric Sales America, Inc., 3030 Victoria St., Rancho Dominguez, CA 90221. Available at fine department stores and specialty houses nationwide. Specifications are subject to change without notice.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FOULWEATHER FRIENDS



WATERPROOF.
Droplets can't penetrate.

BREATHABLE.
Sweat escapes.

RUGGED.
Durable fabrics impervious to sun and salt.

LIGHTWEIGHT.
Protection adds ½ ounce per square yard.

WINDPROOF.
Wind can't penetrate.

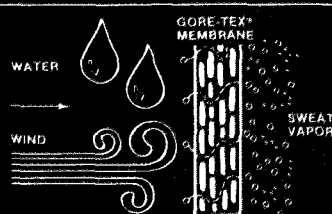
SEALED SEAMS.
Won't leak.

Summit and Basic
Shell Parkas of
GORE-TEX® fabric
available from
L.L. Bean, Inc.,
Freeport, ME 04033.

If a GORE-TEX® parka can withstand Maine snow, sleet, and salt spray, it can work anywhere. And it does. So we're not surprised that L.L. Bean features GORE-TEX® fabrics. Because everything they sell must be functional.

Foulweather gear of GORE-TEX fabric is versatile sportswear. It keeps you dry, but lets your sweat escape. You're warm, but never stifled.

Sailors, skiers, backpackers, hunters, and fishermen swear by it. GORE-TEX fabric works hard for anyone who has to tough it out in the cold, wind, and wet.



Inside Story

In GORE-TEX fabric, tough traditional cloth finished with ZEPEL® Rain/Stain Repeller is permanently bonded to a sturdy membrane of polytetrafluoroethylene (PTFE). The membrane has 9 billion pores per square inch. Water can't get through pores that small. Wind can't snake through. But sweat gets out. Because you don't sweat drops: you sweat vapor.

Gear made of GORE-TEX fabric is part of the American Classic approach to clothes: comfort, function, rugged good looks, and stubborn affection for clothing that works. You can find that tradition in L.L. Bean, and wherever first-rate foulweather wear is sold.



GORE-TEX®
fabrics

DUPONT
ZEPEL
RAIN/STAIN REPELLER

® Registered Trademark of W.L. Gore & Associates, Inc.

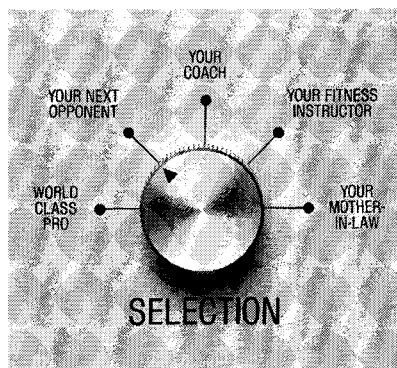


W.L. Gore & Associates, Inc.
P.O. Box 1130 • Elkton, MD 21921

pay taxes on the Calder estate, but a million and a quarter dollars was found to save it for the Whitney. A large share of the rescue money was provided by the Robert Wood Johnson, Jr., Charitable Trust, but some of it came from Irvin Feld and his son, Kenneth, the owners of the big three-ringer that plays at the Garden—proof that circus people stick together. Irvin Feld bought Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey Circus from John Ringling North and his associates in 1967 and sold it four years later to Mattel, Inc. This seemed at the time to be an ideal arrangement. The Greatest Show on Earth would be owned by another enterprise dedicated to seeing that children are properly entertained: the world's largest toy company. (Mattel makes, among other items, Barbie dolls and Hot Wheels cars.) Early this year, the Felds bought the three-ringer back. Irvin Feld's comment was "The good Lord never meant for a circus to be owned by a corporation."

TO get back to those references off the toy shelves which grownups keep throwing around, a Tinkertoy set containing three hundred construction pieces is \$20 at Childcraft, and you'll find Silly Putty at Toy Park, 112 East 86th Street. In a column discussing ephemeral political enthusiasms last summer, Garry Wills compared them to the "passing fad" of "silly putty," putting the name in lower case, as if it were a generic rather than a legally sui-generis item, and causing all kinds of consternation among the Silly Putty people. In its egg-shaped container, the pliable toy—which was a by-product of an unsuccessful search during the Second World War for a substitute for rubber—has been a brand name since it came on the market, way back in 1949. And, its makers ask, would you call something that has been selling five million units—that is, half-ounce eggs—annually in twenty-three countries a "passing fad"? The half-ounce egg cost a dollar in 1949, and it wasn't until 1977 that the manufacturer reluctantly raised the price to \$1.25. Now we see that at Toy Park it's still modestly priced, at \$1.39. When Silly Putty is on the market for a dollar again, we'll know the nation's economic wizards have inflation licked at last. Getting the facts straight about wizards has been an easy matter in the case of the one in Oz ever since the publication, a few years back, of "The Annotated Wizard of Oz," by

The Prince Ball Machine. It can be anybody you want it to be.



Flexibility is the key to the Prince Ball Machine's industry leadership. With its many features, including V.S.P. (Variable Shot Pattern), it can be the toughest pro on the tour, or a pushover, or anywhere in between.

You can work on return of serve or you can set it to run you ragged.

You can set it to improve on weaknesses. Or prepare you to handle your next opponent's best shots.

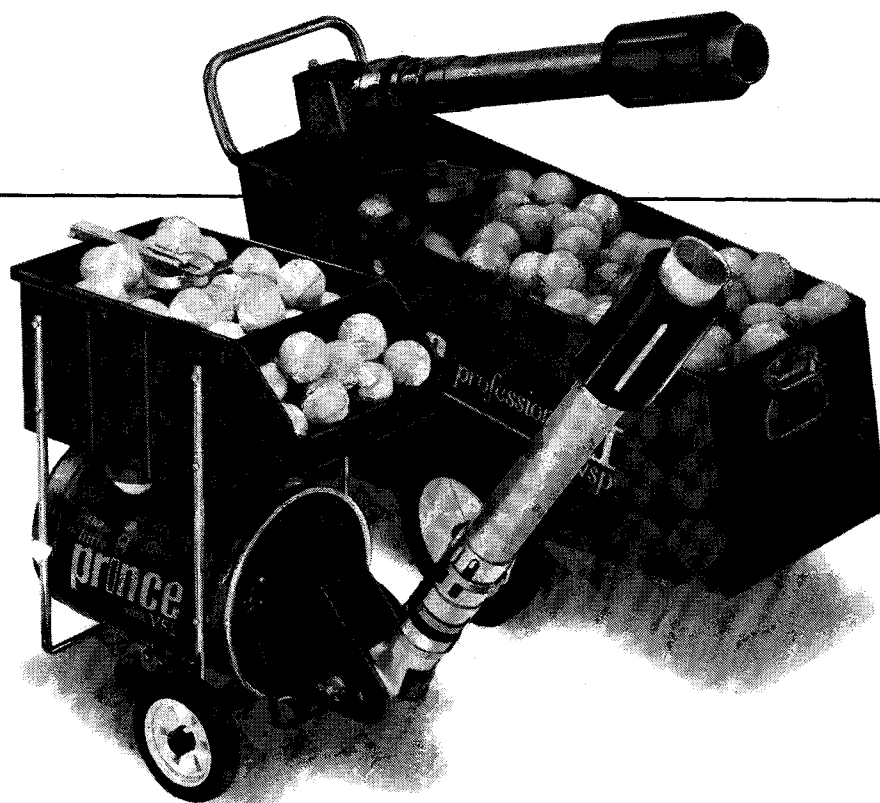
You can set it for routine drills to keep your swing in a groove. You can set it for a physical fitness program that's tennis oriented. Or you can set it to be a pushover if all you want is a light workout.

The only thing it doesn't do is get tired or yell at the linesman.

Prince offers four ball machines from heavy duty professional models to the Little Prince that's ideal for home court use.

For information call toll free 800-257-9480. In New Jersey call 800-792-8697. Or write Prince Manufacturing Inc., P.O. Box 2031, Princeton, New Jersey 08540.

prince





"Fantastic! You got me the Schlesinger."

Our North South Bag in California Saddle Leather®. Four inner sections. Pockets front and back. Solid brass fittings. Adjustable shoulder strap. \$185.

Schlesinger Brothers 

Camden, NJ 08104
Excellence in fine business cases since 1919.

Send \$3.00 for catalog and nearest dealer.



With Les Pensées Cristal giftware it's better to give than receive. Almost.

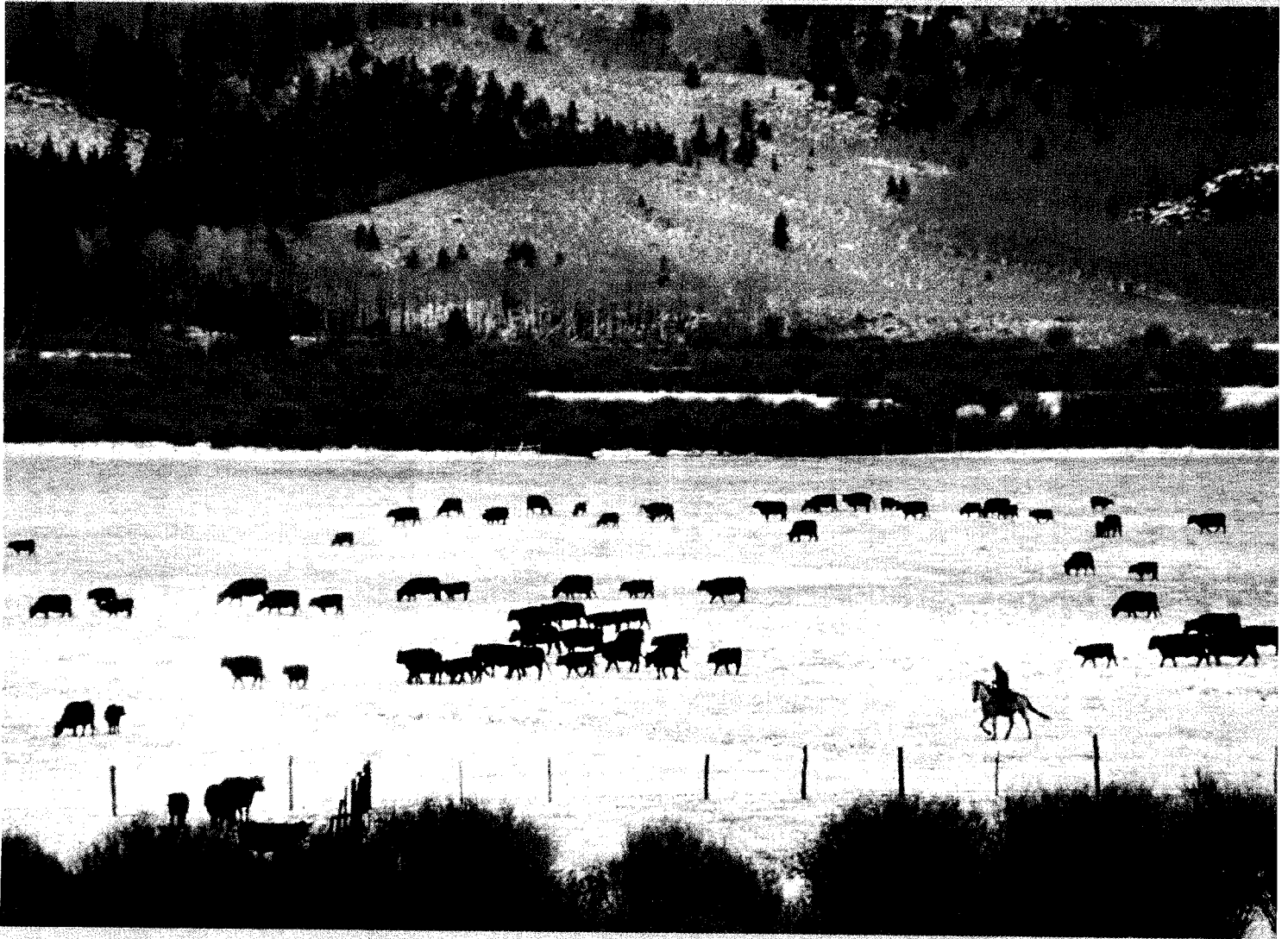
cristal d'arques 
«Les Pensées Cristal» Gift Collection.

Gifts begin at \$15. For catalogue write : J.G. Durand, N.J. 08332.

Michael Patrick Hearn. As we have mentioned before, these annotated versions of classic books (we'll tell you about another one later) are wonderful to have around even when children are only six or seven. During intervals between reading-aloud sessions, parents can attend happily to the often fascinating footnotes while the children look at the pictures.

There have been some new developments in the world of the yo-yo. This toy, as maybe you've forgotten, was originally a Far Eastern jungle weapon that could be bounced off the head of an enemy and swiftly drawn up out of sight by someone hidden in a tree. Possibly some kind of atavistic memory causes it to be so appealing today to corporate and political antagonists. Later, it became a toy in the Philippines, where an American named Donald Duncan discovered it. He put it on the market here in 1929, and it was an instant hit. During the next several decades, the Duncan Yo-Yo Company would send yo-yo demonstrators through the country, starting in the South each winter and fanning out northward as the weather warmed up. "We always knew that the future of the yo-yo was in the streets," Ray Gummer, the advertising manager for the Duncan Toy Company, said not long ago. Wherever people gathered, the yo-yo demonstrators would dazzle the crowds with such tricks as Rock the Baby, Skin the Cat, Loop the Loop, and Reach for the Moon. With the spread of television, however, and exposure to more polished tricks of every kind, the small-town kids stopped coming on the run, shouting "It's the yo-yo man! It's the yo-yo man!" The company had some further bad luck, too. A court held in 1965 that "yo-yo" was a generic term and could not be trademarked. In the long run, this didn't make much difference—the Duncan Toy Company still does about ninety per cent of the yo-yo business in this country—but that same year the company went bankrupt; in 1969, it was sold to the Flambeau Corporation, of Baraboo, Wisconsin, of which the Duncan Toy Company is now a subsidiary. In the last year or two, the yo-yo people have resumed their policy of going to the streets: different streets, though. They recruited a band of about ten talented young singers and dancers from the New York City ghettos, who, under the name of the Yo-Yo Express, have been spreading the word about yo-yos here and else-

The Spirit of America



Wyoming Winter by Dick Durrance

*Somewhere west of Laramie, men still ride
from dawn 'til dusk. And settle down to a shot of Bourbon
against the chill of the night. Old Grand-Dad still makes that
Bourbon, the only truly American whiskey, just as
we did 100 years ago. It's the spirit of America.*

*For a 19"x26" print of Wyoming Winter, send a check
or money order for \$4.95 to Spirit of America, P.O. Box 183W,
Carle Place, N.Y. 11514.*

Old Grand-Dad

Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey 86 Proof. Old Grand-Dad Distillery Co., Frankfort, KY ©1982 National Distillers, Inc.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

To become
the best-selling quality Swiss watch
in Switzerland
would take something
extraordinary.

Presenting
something extraordinary.



Rado Suisse watches are unlike any you've ever seen.

Take the Rado Florence above. Its sapphire crystal ranks so high on the MOHS Scale (a measure of hardness) that nothing except a diamond or another sapphire crystal can mar its brilliant, mirror-like surface.

That is why Florence will endure the most rugged sporting conditions and still show off handsomely for elegant occasions.

We employ a needle-fine laser

beam in securing the sapphire crystal to the case—a mere precision drill being too imprecise for Rado craftsmen.

And Florence is not just water-sealed. It is also impervious to condensation that occurs in damp, humid conditions.

Our quartz movement is state-of-the-art. (We've actually created an atomic clock with a maximum

deviation of less than one second within the next 2,000 years!)

Watches by Rado Suisse: so exquisitely unconventional they've become the best-selling quality Swiss watches in Switzerland.

The Rado Florence Collection for men and women from \$695; other fine Rado Suisse watches from \$200 to \$12,000. For free color brochures and the stores nearest you, write: RADO SUISSE, 1140 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10036.

RADO
SUISSE

The best-selling quality Swiss watch in Switzerland.

TOURNEAU: New York City, Miami. MACY'S: New York City. LORD & TAYLOR: New York City, Washington, D.C.
BARCLAY JEWELERS, N.J.: Short Hills Mall, Riverside Square Mall, Monmouth Mall.
SMART JEWELERS: Chicago. MOODY'S JEWELERS: Tulsa, OK.

where. Last July 4th, a performance by the Yo-Yo Express was a featured event in the Washington, D.C., Independence Day Parade. The Duncan Toy Company is also working with children through the Police Athletic League here, and hopes to have a yo-yo tournament in Central Park next summer. There's a record in which the so-called rap singer Frankie Smith sings of being the "Yo-yo Champ from Mississippi (the girls all love me so)." If you know someone who'd like to get into the spirit of all this, Toy Park has a glow-in-the-dark yo-yo for \$2.99, and at Polk's Hobbies, 314 Fifth Avenue (32nd), you'll find a Satellite yo-yo for \$3.88 that comes with its own bulb and battery and actually lights up as someone Skins the Cat with it. There's also a yo-yo whose surface seems to move as the yo-yo moves, showing a fat yellow figure gobbling up ghosts. Of course, it's Pac-Man, the cheery fellow on the video-game circuit—or circuitry. And it's a long way from the Philippine jungle.

IN the commentaries that experts plied us with this year about children and toys, and children and other kinds of entertainment that make children happy or sad (what do children *want?*), it seemed to us that one figure was the object of special concern: the boy who yearns to be less lonely, or to find something that he has lost, or to achieve or identify with something that will make him feel worthy and important. We don't know how these experts would have handled the case of the ten-year-old boy who wrote to Marvin Reiter, the managing director of the Guinness Museums. There are eight such museums, which house various artifacts representing the feats memorialized in the annual Guinness Book of World Records—for example, a hoop ten feet in diameter, which is the waist measurement of a man who held the record as the world's fattest man. One of the Guinness Museums is in Japan, one is in Sweden, and the others are in this country. Reiter spends most of his time at the oldest of them, which is on the concourse level of the Empire State Building. (Admission \$3; children twelve and under \$2. Call 1-212 947-2335 for other details.) Reiter reports that he had a letter from a ten-year-old boy "who said that he had never had a happy day in his life." The boy wanted to know if Guinness had a category for "most unhappy child." Rei-

YES,

they'll get your impressive membership certificate in time for Christmas...

Call FREE! 800-547-3033*

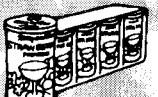
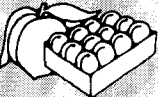
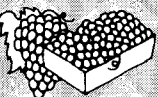
YOU CAN ORDER — RIGHT NOW — THE FAMOUS FRUIT-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB BY PHONE! And what a gift! Month after month, the world's finest fruit, starting in January with Crisp Mountain Apples and continuing with a whole parade of gorgeous gift boxes — all announced by a handsome gold-embossed certificate with your name shown as sender, priority mailed to arrive in time for Christmas.

Call TODAY — we're open every day through December 31st including Sundays — except Thanksgiving and Christmas — from 6 a.m. to 8 p.m. Pacific Standard Time. Your VISA or MASTERCARD gladly accepted, or send us your check by January 1st.

The Original,
One-and-Only

Fruit-of-the-Month Club®

The Gift That
Keeps On Giving

 January — Apples	 February — Royal Oranges	 March — Grapefruit	 April — Hawaiian Pineapples
 May — Preserves	 June — Gala Apples	 July — Kiwi Berries	 August — Nectarines
 September — Peaches	 October — Grapes	 November — Bosc Pears	 Dec. — Royal Riviera® Pears

3-BOX CLUB Order No. 112...\$38⁹⁵ delv'd
Surprise 'em with gorgeous Gift Boxes for January, February and March!

5-BOX CLUB Order No. 142...\$62⁹⁵ delv'd
Keeps coming and coming — January, March, May, July, September.

8-BOX CLUB Order No. 152...\$103⁹⁵ delv'd
Delight 'em to pieces again and again. Jan., Feb., March, May, July, Aug., Sept., Nov.

12-BOX CLUB Order No. 202...\$157⁹⁵ delv'd
Flabbergasting. A gorgeous gift every single month of the year.

IMPRESSIVE — AND EXCLUSIVE, TOO. Not one person in 1000 ever gets such fresh-from-the-orchard gifts. They're just not available in any store. And as for quality, it's guaranteed: You, and those who receive your gifts, must be completely pleased or we'll make things right, That's a promise.

AND IT'S SO EASY! Call 800-547-3033*... it's **TOLL FREE**. Give us your list of names and we will priority mail for Christmas arrival the gold-embossed Certificate of Membership with your name shown as sender, inscribed as you direct on the first inside page. Following pages describe *each* gift shipment to come, beginning early in January... and each handsome gift package also carries your personal greetings.

*From within Oregon
dial 800-452-3028.
From Alaska or Hawaii
dial 800-547-1492.
© 1982, Harry and David

Harry and David®

Dept 54, Medford, Oregon 97501

Visit the Bear Creek Store in Medford

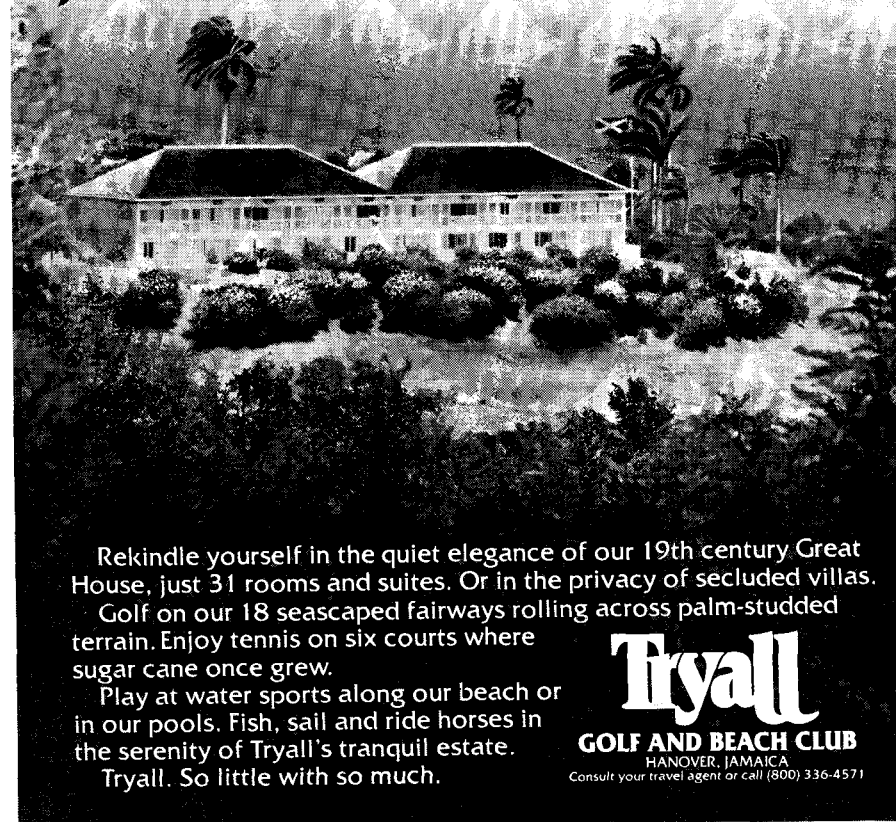




ASTON. The name that spells fashion and quality.

The all-cotton classic tennis sweater. Sizes S-M-L. About \$38 at fine stores, or write or phone ASTON, 1410 Broadway, New York 10018. Tel: 212-221-1943

**TRYALL GOLF AND BEACH CLUB.
JAMAICA'S LITTLE 3,000 ACRE RESORT.**



Rekindle yourself in the quiet elegance of our 19th century Great House, just 31 rooms and suites. Or in the privacy of secluded villas.

Golf on our 18 seascaped fairways rolling across palm-studded terrain. Enjoy tennis on six courts where sugar cane once grew.

Play at water sports along our beach or in our pools. Fish, sail and ride horses in the serenity of Tryall's tranquil estate.

Tryall. So little with so much.

Tryall

GOLF AND BEACH CLUB
HANOVER, JAMAICA
Consult your travel agent or call (800) 336-4571

ter had to reply that there was no such category, even though he knew that if he had declared the boy the winner in such a category the boy would have had a happy day. But then, of course, the boy would have ended his streak, and some other child, claiming a longer-running record of misery, might have wrested the title from him the following year, lowering the spirits of the boy, who would then have had to start all over again building up unhappy-child credits for the title. The Guinness Book of World Records, which is \$12.95 in hard-cover and \$3.95 in paperback, has set records of its own. According to Norris McWhirter, who is the general editor of the book, its cumulative sales around the world are the highest of any copyrighted volume.

Speaking of board games, the manufacturers of most of them now qualify for a place on some misery index. Last year, for the first time since industry records were kept on the subject, there was a decline in the sales receipts for board games. A favorite—and profitable—homily of the game business has held in the past that when the cash supply is low, families draw together for warmth and entertainment around board games. Q: Now that we're in a recession, depression, hard times, or whatever it is we're in, where are all those family figures we used to see in the game-company ads, clustered about the Scrabble or Monopoly boards, glowing-eyed with togetherness? A: Down at the corner arcade, their pockets sagging with quarters, playing one-on-one with some video game (a category we'll get to soon). The people at Parker Brothers, the makers of Monopoly, have a particular reason to be downcast this season. For nearly a decade, they have been engaged in a running court battle to prevent a California economics professor named Ralph Anspach from marketing a game called Anti-Monopoly. For the most part, they have succeeded in keeping Anspach's game off the market, on the ground that the term "Monopoly" is a trademark, but Anspach continued to press his point in the courts. (There is a new game out this year called Sue and Counter Sue, from which the players learn to turn the complexities of the American legal system to their advantage. It is not a Parker Brothers game.) In August, a three-judge panel of the federal appeals court in Northern California invalidated the Monopoly trademark, arguing that, as applied to a board



HALSTON NIGHT

PERFUME

COLOGNE SPRAY

COLOGNE

ABSOLUT
Country of Sweden
VODKA

Since 1879.

ABSOLUT JOY.

80 AND 100 PROOF DISTRIBUTED BY CARILLON IMPORTERS, LTD., N. Y. 10111 ABSOLUT, COUNTRY OF SWEDEN, ARE TRADEMARKS OF ABV&S, SWEDEN. © 1981 CARILLON LTD.

game, the word had become generic. This decision is not a matter of child's play. According to Randolph Barton, Parker Brothers' president, it "could turn trademark laws upside down and probably make the majority of United States trademarks subject to being deemed generic." It could also throw all manufacturers of trademarked products, and all forms of print and broadcast communication that rely on the income from the advertising of trademarked products, into a contest for the title of most unhappy industry. While Parker Brothers takes its case to the Supreme Court, you can still buy Monopoly with the little "TM" sign for \$14.88 at Polk's, among other places. In the matter of the devastating competition among electronically sophisticated games, the Parker Brothers solution has been to join 'em. It is now making a number of video-game cartridges—particularly those based on the story lines of the movies "Star Wars" and "The Empire Strikes Back." And Monopoly, the most famous of all board games, is now available as an electronic item called Monopoly Playmaster. Lights, sounds, and music accompany the play at suitable points, and the players are spared the inconvenience of having to roll the dice by hand. It's available at Toy Park for \$74.99—a price that does *not* include the Monopoly board. Meanwhile, Scrabble hasn't gone electronic, but there is a certain air of desperation about the flashy new advertising campaign of the usually sedate hundred-and-fifteen-year-old Selchow & Righter Company, which makes Scrabble. The commercials for the Christmas buying season show a baseball hero being cheered in a ticker-tape parade, a beauty-contest winner receiving her crown, and a bride just leaving the church, each of them saying, improbably, "I'd rather be playing Scrabble." For \$8.95, the Barnes & Noble Sales Annex has Scrabble, which David E. Hauer, who directed the advertising campaign, loyally describes as "a terrific contrast to those mindless bleeps and blobs" of the video games.

ONE thing to be said for the bleeps-and-blobs division of the game business is that most of those who play the video games seem to have a great time doing so—and that's a good test for any kind of plaything, isn't it? Of course, the video-game people also have allies in the learned professions, who assure parents that the games are invaluable tools for

The acclaimed Nautilus by Patek Philippe is now as fashionable as it is sporty. For men, new matching links. For ladies, a smaller size defined by diamonds. Come see.

PATEK PHILIPPE



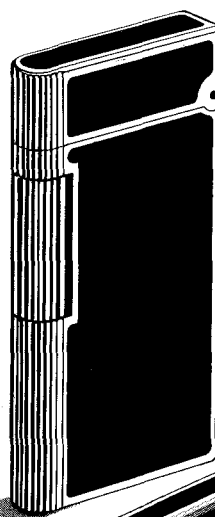
GÜBELIN
toujours juste

745 5th Ave., N.Y.C. (Bet. 57th & 58th Sts.) 212-755-0054
Lucerne • Zurich • Geneva • Berne • Basel • St. Moritz • Lugano
American Express and other cards honored.

Swiss Made

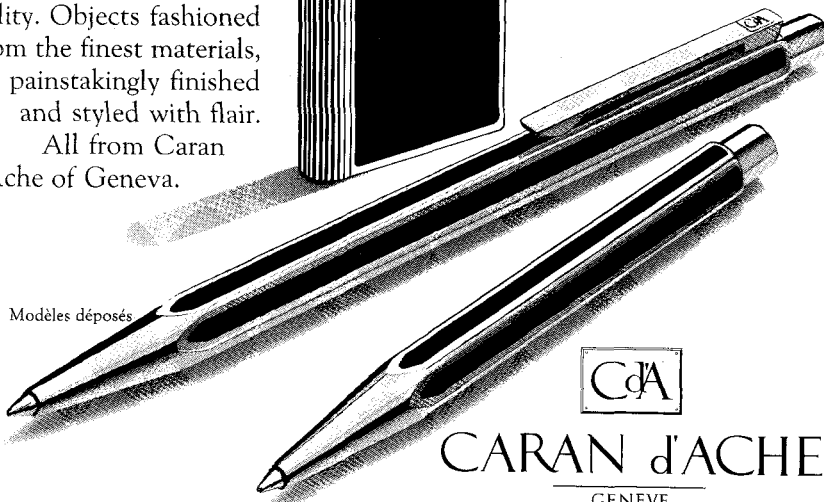
... says it all.
Intelligent engineering and inspired design. Careful craftsmanship in the best Swiss tradition. Abiding respect for quality. Objects fashioned from the finest materials, painstakingly finished and styled with flair.

All from Caran d'Ache of Geneva.



Ultra-slim lighter and ballpoint pens, gold-plated and authentic black China-Lacquer.

Modèles déposés



CARAN d'ACHE
GENEVE

Caran d'Ache of Switzerland, Inc., 454 Third Ave. New York, N.Y. 10016, Tel. (212) 689-3590

BROWNSTONE STUDIO

SNIPS, SNAILS, PUPPY DOG TAILS

and a warm-up suit that announces to the world that he or she's "available." By the time you analyze your offers—they'll be off to college. The warm hooded sweatshirt has a padded dinosaur spine and a bell on its tail. Adjustable drawstring at the neck, sweater-ribbing at the wrists, waist, also the ankles of the elastic-waisted pants. Washable, plush backed acrylic/cotton. Monster green.

Sizes 12 mos., 18 mos. \$20.00.
 Sizes 2, 3 or 4 years. \$22.00. Sizes 5 or 6. \$24.00.

Add \$1.75 per set shipping.
 In N.Y. State add sales tax.
 Check, M.O., American Express,
 Diners Club,
 Visa/BankAmericard, MasterCard




"UPSTAIRS"
 the Brownstone Boutique,
 1 East 43rd Street,
 Dept. N7,
 New York, N.Y. 10175

In Washington, D.C., our
 "Upstairs" Boutique
 is at 1835 "K" St., NW

Write for our
**FREE SPRING
 BROCHURE**

or call 'Round-the-Clock
 Toll-Free **800-221-2468**
 In N.Y. State, call Toll-Free
1-800-442-8422
 In New York City call
883-1990

teaching eye-hand coordination and for helping children to conquer what some of these experts have identified as a new global ailment—fear of the computer. In addition, the games are said to be of vital assistance to a child in the growing-up process. "There is a point in development, beginning, usually, between the ages of seven and nine, when competency becomes a central issue for kids, and at that point the games become an important medium for mastery," Sherry Turkle, an assistant professor of sociology at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, has said. The files of video-game companies are chock-full of articles describing teen-age boys who were unhappy at home or at school but then got to be good at playing Space Invaders or some other video game and soon reported that when they went to the arcade people would crowd around them, making them feel important. ("It's the yo-yo man!") Oddly, fear of computers and the need to realize themselves through video games apparently play little part in the growing-up process of girl children, who show relatively little interest in the bleep-and-blob world. This fact is a matter of distress to many in the industry. Nolan Bushnell, the founder of Atari—which put the first video game on the market and still accounts for about seventy per cent of the video-game business—said a couple of months ago, "This may sound silly, but I think parents should drag their little girls into the arcades, kicking and screaming, for their own sake." It's not fair, though, to suggest that Atari and other companies are not concerned about the effect of the games on family togetherness. Last October, at Tysons Corner, Virginia, three hundred and fifty parents and children gathered for an event that was intended to show how video games make families feel closer. The affair was sponsored by Intellivision, a video-game system owned by Mattel. Unfortunately, not all of the mothers and little sisters in the families displayed sustained enthusiasm for the games, and many of the parents turned out to be not nearly as good at them as were their sons, who kept saying such things as "You blew it!" and berating them for clumsiness. The promoters asked the onlookers to observe the role reversal of traditional parent-child relationships—possibly not the wisest pitch to make to the generation that would be paying the bills for any games the family might

L.L.Bean®

Flannel Sheets



Take the chill out of getting in bed on cool evenings. Made of a tightly woven, softly napped flannelette fabric. Whipstitched ends. Cut generously to allow for normal shrinkage. Machine Wash and Dry.

Solid Color. Highly napped flannelette fabric of 50% cotton/50% polyester. Colors: Blue. Pink. Gold. Camel. White. Sizes: Twin, Double, Queen, King.

Striped. Slightly heavier weight blend of 80% cotton/20% polyester. An extra warm sheet in winter or a single covering in summer. Colors: Blue. Pink. Gold. Camel. All with natural background. Sizes: Twin, Double, Queen (No Pink).

Please Ship Postage Paid **100% Guarantee**

7681W Solid Twin @ \$11.00 Color _____
 7682W Solid Double @ \$12.50 Color _____
 7683W Solid Queen @ \$15.00 Color _____
 7464W Solid King @ \$19.00 Color _____
 7481W Striped Twin @ \$11.50 Color _____
 7488W Striped Double @ \$13.00 Color _____
 7489W Striped Queen @ \$16.00 Color _____

☐ Check Enclosed ☐ VISA ☐ MasterCard® ☐ American Express

Card No. _____ Exp. Date _____

☐ **SEND FREE CATALOG**

Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____ State _____ Zip _____

L. L. Bean, Inc., 883 Casco St., Freeport, ME 04033



THE ONLY FORM OF INTERIOR DECORATION THAT EVER MADE A LUXURY CAR PERFORM BETTER.

What you see here, spelled out in printed circuits and hemispherical combustion chambers, is the philosophy of BMW.

A philosophy that holds that nothing justifies the price of a luxury car so conclusively as its performance; and that nothing heightens its performance more than its underlying technology.

You are also looking at one of the world's most efficient translations of theory into practice: the BMW 528e.

THE CAR THAT THINKS ITS WAY TO HIGHER PERFORMANCE.

In a 528e, the functions of the engine include not just internal combustion, but data processing.

Electronic sensors ask all manner of questions of the engine: What is the precise mixture of fuel and air? How far open is the throttle?

The answers are fed to a micropro-

cessor that makes instantaneous adjustments, coaxing maximum performance from minimum fuel.

The coaxing is successful. The 6-cylinder 'Eta' engine—engineered to reconcile high performance with high efficiency—delivers a surprising 22 mpg, 32 mpg highway.*

Another computer-driven system asks different questions of the engine: How hard has it been driven? And under what conditions?

The new Service Interval Indicator processes this data and then informs the driver when service is warranted.

The 528e's technology also resides beneath fenders and within wheel wells.

There you'll find one of the most important innovations in independent rear suspension design in perhaps a generation—a suspension engineered to deliver road holding of almost un-

precedented stability and tenacity. INPUT: TECHNOLOGY. OUTPUT: FUN.

Not all the 528e's virtues are quite this hidden or unfathomable.

There's another called 'fun'—a driving experience Car and Driver termed "vintage BMW."

Other 528e comforts include an optional onboard computer that provides everything from outside temperature readings to anti-theft protection—and the palpable sense of well-being provided by BMW's 3-year/36,000-mile limited warranty and a 6-year limited warranty against rust perforation.**

So before you invest a considerable sum in a luxury sedan, we suggest you visit your nearest BMW dealer.

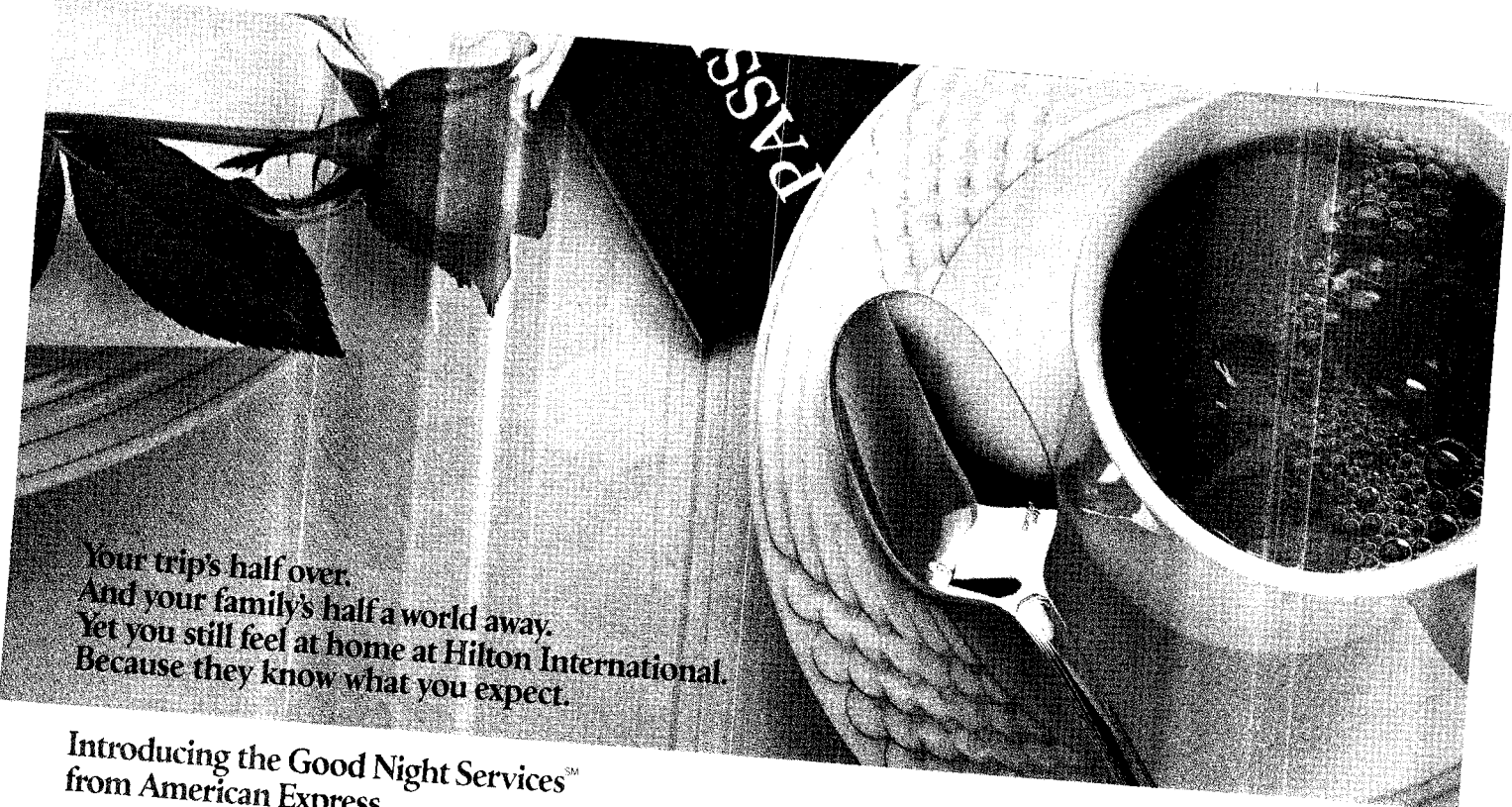
For a thorough test drive in a 528e. And an equally revealing tour beneath its hood.

THE ULTIMATE DRIVING MACHINE.



BMW, MUNICH, GERMANY.

*EPA-estimated fuel efficiency figures for comparison only. Your actual mileage may vary, depending on speed, weather and trip length; actual highway mileage will most likely be lower. **See your BMW dealer for complete details. © 1982 BMW of North America, Inc. The BMW trademark and logo are registered trademarks of Bayerische Motoren Werke, A.G.



Your trip's half over.
And your family's half a world away.
Yet you still feel at home at Hilton International.
Because they know what you expect.

**Introducing the Good Night ServicesSM
from American Express**

Somehow, you've survived 9 business meetings in 4 cities (or was it 5?) in 6 days. Now, you just want to recover at Hilton International. Because they know what you expect.

Hilton International says Good Night 44 ways.

Hilton International brings you the Good Night Services at a world of hotels in 44 countries. Including the United States—with the Drake in Chicago and Vista International Hotels in Washington, D.C. (Feb. 1983) and New York City.

For starters, each of these locations offers the American Express[®] Card Assured Reservation[®]. And with one, you'll always have a room waiting for you. Even if you arrive a little late. Or a lot late.

The Good Night Services also let Hilton International guests cash a personal check (up to \$250, subject to cash availability). Just as easy as that. And with the Good Night Services, you can even make a room deposit over the phone. Through American Express CARDeposit.SM

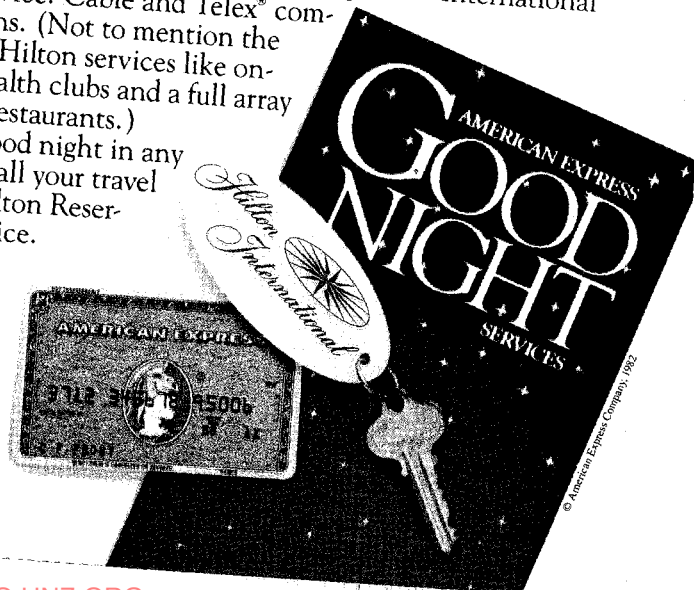
Of course, there are some restrictions that apply to the Good Night Services. So be sure to ask about them when you make your reservation.

Where the world is at home.

No matter where in the world you travel, Hilton International makes you—the businessman—at home. With an efficient secretary. Multilingual interpreters. International courier service. Cable and Telex[®] communications. (Not to mention the celebrated Hilton services like on-premise health clubs and a full array of quality restaurants.)

For a good night in any language, call your travel agent or Hilton Reservation Service.

Don't leave home without it.[®]



Hilton International hospitality awaits you at 89 hotels in 75 cities in 44 countries:

Australia	Jamaica
Adelaide	Ocho Rios
Melbourne	Japan
Perth	Okinawa
Sydney	Tokyo
Sydney Airport	Kenya
Austria	Nairobi
Vienna	Taita Hills (Lodges)
Bahrain	Korea
Barbados	Seoul*
Bridgetown	Kuwait
Belgium	Lesotho
Brussels	Madagascar
Brazil	Antananarivo
Belem*	Malaysia
Belo Horizonte	Kuala Lumpur
São Paulo†	Malta
Canada	Morocco
Charlottetown	Rabat
Montreal Airport	Pakistan
Dorval	Karachi*
Montreal	Lahore
Quebec City	Panama
Toronto	Panama City
Toronto Airport	Philippines
Vancouver	Manila
Windsor*	Puerto Rico
Colombia	Mayaguez
Bogotá	San Juan
Cartagena	Singapore
Curaçao	Sudan
Cyprus	Khartoum
Nicosia	Switzerland
Egypt	Basel
Aswan/Luxor	Geneva
(Cruise Ships)	Zurich
Cairo†	Taiwan
Ethiopia	Taipei
Addis Ababa	Thailand
France	Bangkok*
Orly Airport	Trinidad
Paris	Port-of-Spain
Strasbourg	Tunisia
Germany	Tunis
Düsseldorf	Turkey
Karlsruhe	Istanbul
Mainz	United Arab
Munich	Emirates
Greece	Abu Dhabi
Athens	Al Ain
Corfu	Dubai
Guam	Fujairah
Agana	United Kingdom
Holland	London
Amsterdam	Park Lane
Rotterdam	Kensington
Schiphol Airport	Gatwick Airport
Hong Kong	Stratford-upon-Avon
Victoria	United States
Hungary	Chicago (The Drake)
Budapest	Honolulu (Kahala Hilton)
Indonesia	New York
Jakarta	(Vista International)
Israel	Washington, D.C.*
Jerusalem	(Vista International)
Tel Aviv	Venezuela
Italy	Barquisimeto
Milan	Cabimas
Rome	Caracas†
Ivory Coast	
Abidjan*	

*Opening 1983 †Two center-city locations

Hilton  *International*

invest in. If you have been thinking of the game arcades as an urban or suburban phenomenon, incidentally, you ought to know that the players holding the records for the highest scores live in such places as Hickory, North Carolina, and Kenosha, Wisconsin. An international scoreboard, fifteen feet tall and thirty feet wide, has just been built to keep track of such records, with the numbers being changed hourly, almost like stock-market quotations. It was put up by the Twin Galaxies arcade, in Ottumwa, Iowa, a town that, two weeks ago, proclaimed itself the Video Game Capital of the World.

The children on your list whose problem (or salvation) is the arcade game would probably appreciate a Christmas stocking full of quarters, but the video-game items that may turn up on the lists that other children hand you will probably involve a trip to the home-video section of game departments. These home games will bring in about one billion seven hundred million of the seven billion dollars that video games will generate this year. (The annual total for all movie-house tickets in the United States is three billion.) The thing to do as you move through these home-video departments is to keep asking in knowledgeable tones about hardware and software. If you've really not kept track of such things, the hardware is the machine, looking something like a cable-television connection, that hitches up to the television set, through which the games are played. The big hardware names are Intellivision, ColecoVision, and, of course, Atari. This fall, the chairman of Atari said, "Maybe we have ten per cent penetration of television households now. Saturation won't come until we have

fifty per cent penetration." (Talk about space invaders! "Atari," by the way, is a Japanese word from the game Go which warns an opponent that he cannot escape his cruel destiny.) Hardware prices, which vary from store to store and from day to day, range from about \$150 to close to \$300. When you talk about software, you mean the various game cartridges of cigarette-pack size which slide into the hardware. These cost from \$25 to \$40.

To choose among them, best check the list some young person may have handed you. When the video-game

craze really began to take hold, way back in 1980, a large share of the early favorites were space shoot-'em-ups. Some of the game pictures have improved since, but many of the figures remain bloblike as, to the accompaniment of electronic bleeps and flashes, the players steer them about the television screen by manipulating levers (sometimes called joysticks) and other controls. According to charts that *Billboard* now publishes each week, among the most popular games these days are Frogger and Donkey Kong. In Frogger, the player tries to guide a blobbish giant reptile across a highway, where it has to dodge oncoming trucks and cars, and then across a river full of logs and other debris. In Donkey Kong, the object is to save a girl blob from a huge beast who has her trapped at the top of a skyscraper. "Donkey" is an approximation of the Japanese word for "stubborn." (The prevalence of Japanese terms in this new industry will surely make many parents feel nostalgic for the days when they were growing up and everybody knew that America was better at inventing and building everything.) "Kong," of course, is Kong.

Pac-Man, the star of last year's most popular game, is a round yellow smiling blob who gobbles up dots representing cookies and fruit. The more he gobbles up, the higher the score. Meanwhile, the player uses his joystick to try to fend off Pac-Man's enemies, who, since their names are Blinky, Speedy, Shadow, and Bashful, don't scare anybody much. At first, Pac-Man was welcomed as a benign contrast to the space warfare. It was reported that because of his appealing qualities the girls in the family were beginning to take an interest in video games for the first time. Pac-Man soon became



a familiar face on T-shirts, plush dolls, and puzzle shelves. The Pac-Man puzzles are \$3.95 at the Barnes & Noble Sales Annex. At Bloomingdale's, for \$3, you'll find a Pac-Man windup toy about two inches tall—and, of course, two inches around. "Wind him up and he gulps, gurgles and waddles on the ground, he's got the biggest mouth around," it says on the box. Pac-Man is now down in the charts, however. Most of the girls in the family seemed to lose whatever interest in him they had been said to have. (Video games are, of course, not the only field in which the so-called



A Gift From Christmas Past

Recapture the warmth of our colonial past with this charming electrified adaptation of an 18th century chamberstick, one from our outstanding collection of classic brass candlestick lamps and wall sconces.

Forged from the finest solid brass, this lamp stands 17" high. The shade is made of black satin opaque parchment and is trimmed with gold rolled edges. It is priced at \$95.00. Please add sales tax if applicable and \$3.00 for shipping.

For convenience our New York store is now open Sundays from 1 to 5 p.m.

The complete
Baldwin
center
Brass

210 E. 60th St., New York, NY 10022
Tel. (212) 421-0090
New York • Paris • Washington • San Francisco

gender gap has been a cause of concern this year.) And other players began to find maneuvering a blob into gobbling electronic dots insufficiently challenging. It is true that these video games will keep some family members at home rather than at the arcades, but a sense of togetherness is not guaranteed. Since, for the most part, only one person at a time acts out this man-against-the-machine metaphor, other family members must wait their turn, some of them perhaps getting edgy or complaining because the player is keeping the rest of the family from watching whatever is on television, if the household has only one television set. (As you may have heard, network television viewing has gone into a decline in this country; the networks are trying to figure out why.)

When you're investing in software for someone's Christmas stocking, remember that cartridges made for one hardware system usually won't play in other systems. In one case, they won't play in other systems made by the same manufacturer: cartridges for the Atari 2600 (\$165 at Gimbels) aren't compatible with the new, more advanced (and more expensive) Atari 5200, which will be reaching the games departments soon. Knowing that each home video game requires a television set to play through, Aljean Harmetz seemed to raise some questions about just how economically depressed Americans really are when she noted in a *Times* article, "Atari is hoping families will consider the old 2600 as a toy for their young children and will adopt the new, more sophisticated 5200 as a toy for teenagers and adults."

SHALL we move on to the kind of children's-gift item that won't cause you to reexamine your bank statement or require an exercise in social triage in the family living room? As you may have noticed, in past years plush versions of Snoopy, the celebrated beagle, along with toys and games bearing his name and those of other members of the "Peanuts" community, have been so numerous that it almost seemed that Toyland should be renamed Snoopyland. As happens in the world of trademark-licensing, "Peanuts" items have also taken up prominent places in other department-store areas, such as those selling bed-sheets, night-lights, cereal dishes, shoe bags, and, it seems, nearly every other kind of thing. If George Shultz *did* have Charles Schulz's responsibilities,

WHY YOUR BROKER WILL CHOKES ON THIS CALL ORDER.



"Transfer My Cash To Merritt's Insured Money Market Fighter." Now, out-of-state investors can get full insurance* on Merritt's Money Market accounts. Plus an annual yield higher than brokers can manage. Merritt's Insured Money Market Fighter. It's got to stick in your broker's throat. But without insurance, it's your neck. **MERRITT** SAVINGS & LOAN, INC.
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

CALL 800-637-7488

Ask for Money Management. (In Maryland, call 301/752-4533)

*Each account individually insured to \$100,000 by MSSIC.

Lindt and the seductions of chocolate

The story of man's love for chocolate is laced with romance, adventure, devotion and triumph. Here are some of the most intriguing chapters.

How chocolate made history.

Chocolate was discovered by Christopher Columbus who, incidentally, also discovered America, where it had been important for centuries.



The Aztecs, for instance, used cocoa beans as money. (The services of a courtesan cost twelve cocoa beans. Ten bought a rabbit.)

Cortez brought cocoa to Spain, where it became so popular, society ladies had it served during mass. When two Spanish princesses married French kings, chocolate was introduced to France, where it was acclaimed as an aphrodisiac.

At this point, chocolate was a beverage, seasoned with pepper, mixed with beer or wine and served lukewarm. In 1847, the first *eating* chocolate was introduced. It was dry, grainy and not very flavorful.

A half-century of feverish experimentation followed, culminating in the work of an eccentric Swiss inventor.

Rudolph Lindt: The inventor of chocolate as we know it.

Lindt invented a unique blending machine called a conche which eliminated the unpleasant bitterness of chocolate and made it much creamier. Today, modern versions of Lindt's conche are at the heart of every chocolate-making process.

Lindt also added extra cocoa butter. This gives chocolate its "fondant," melting quality.

In 1899, Rudolph Lindt, a bachelor, sold his operation for the unheard-of sum of 1,500,000 gold francs to the renowned Swiss firm of Chocolat Sprüngli, A.G.

Mr. Lindt meets his match.

In 1781, a young orphan named David Sprüngli apprenticed himself as a sugar baker to a prominent Zurich pastry shop owner. Eventually, he purchased that same shop, which became the foundation of the chocolate company David Sprüngli founded in 1845.

Today, when some of the most famous names in chocolate are owned by soup or pet food companies, Lindt is still run by David's descendants—the fifth and sixth generations of the Sprüngli family.



A chocophile's guide to Lindt®

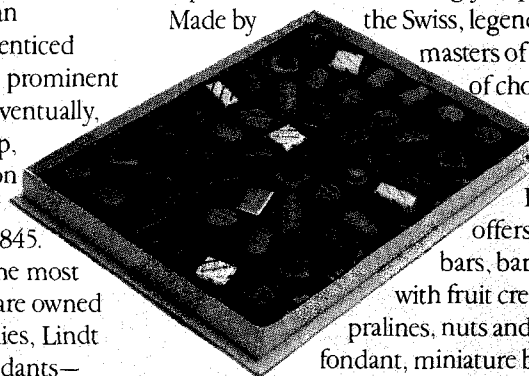
What makes Lindt the most seductive chocolate in the world?

First, Lindt is still run with a rare kind of personal attention. Rudolph Lindt's original conche, for instance, is still in use—making chocolate against which we test our current products.

We also import the world's best cocoa beans. And subject them to nine stiff tests before we accept delivery.

But there's more to chocolate than chocolate, and these other ingredients separate the good from the immortal. Consider nuts. Since it's very difficult to distinguish this year's crop from last year's, the nuts are processed, then monitored for 24 hours in a special piece of equipment. A short curve indicates old nuts; a long curve, fresh ones.

What truly inspires Lindt lovers to raptures is this: it is unfailingly exquisite. Made by the Swiss, legendary masters of the art of chocolate,

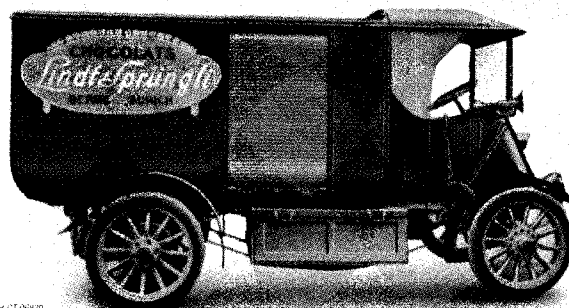


Lindt offers solid bars, bars filled with fruit cremes, pralines, nuts and fondant, miniature bars, Thins, Mints, Chocoletti, Excellence boxed chocolates, Elegance praline assortments, Lindor chocolate truffle balls and on and on.

In any form, Lindt chocolate will more than seduce you. It will make you fall in love.

Lindt®

Makers of exquisite chocolate since 1845



©1982 GRAND OPTICALS, INC. EXCLUSIVE IMPORTERS 777 W. 11TH AVE. GREENWICH, CT 06830



Taittinger Champagne.
It spoils you for anything else.

Imported from France exclusively by Kobrand, N.Y., N.Y.

the question might be not where he finds the time to draw the "Peanuts" strip but where someone who has to keep an eye on the vast "Peanuts" empire would find time to think about the problems of the Middle East. Don't worry. Snoopy is as available as ever this year. In the eleven-and-a-half-inch size, he's \$14.95 at F. A. O. Schwarz, and the store also has his sister Belle, in a pink dress and ten inches tall, at the same price. At Bloomingdale's, there's even a Beagle Boutique, where all kinds of smaller Snoopy items are sold. But, to be truthful, there were times when Snoopy looked a little downcast to us—not in his sassy Red Baron mood at all—and you may guess why. Actually, we mentioned Snoopy because it's unusual for dogs to get any attention this year. The cats have it all, it seems. For instance, have you heard of a smash Broadway musical called "Dogs"? And surely you noticed that of the fifteen titles in the *Times* trade-paperback best-seller list in recent weeks seven had to do with Garfield the Cat. If you know someone who would like to give Garfield some kind of award for this—or just play with him happily—Grassy Point Woods, 266 West 23rd Street, has a plush Garfield in the eleven-inch size for \$20, and one six inches tall for \$9. At Conran's, for \$7.50, you'll find a seven-inch beanbag cat, modelled on the one that appears in Edward Gorey's drawings. Schwarz has brought back Felix the Cat, in his familiar bow tie and twenty inches tall, for \$22.95. At Bloomingdale's, there's a cat digital watch. You snap open the cat's plastic face to see the time; \$25. But cats aren't the only reason Snoopy's plush nose looks a bit out of joint. Who would have thought that the big excitement in the toy world, as in many other places this Christmas, would be over a three-foot, sad-eyed, potbellied extraterrestrial?

The leaders of the toy industry tend to make a judgment, a year to eighteen months ahead, on what toy or what toy character will be the big seller of a particular Christmas season. Last year, everyone seemed to know that this season the toy counters were going to belong to Annie, since the movie about that well-known orphan, based on the hugely successful Broadway musical, was scheduled to open in May, 1982. Licenses to produce "Annie" items had been signed with a hundred companies, worldwide. The planned-

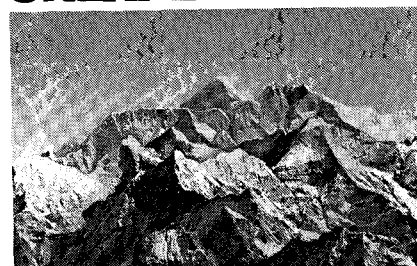


for bonanza wasn't limited to products featuring Annie herself. Her dog, Sandy ("Arf, says Sandy!" as the theme song went for the old "Little Orphan Annie" radio show of the nineteen-thirties), got a contract to appear in Ken-L-Ration promotions. A deal was also made to bring out a vitamin-rich dog drink in his honor; it would be called Arf 'n Arf. "Tomorrow," the "Annie" theme song both on Broadway and in the movie, was expected to be the tune most often heard in the toy departments as the customers moved in and out gathering up "Annie" items. "It's a hard-knock life," as another "Annie" song goes. The movie's reviews were mixed. (Responding to criticism

that the film was not a subtle production, Vincent Canby wrote in the *Times*, "'Annie,' after all, is based on a comic strip and not on a play by Enid Bagnold.") Even a far better set of reviews might not have done the trick for "Annie," since the character that the public—children and adults—cared most about in 1982 was not a poor red-headed orphan girl seeking a home on this earth ("Why any kid would want to be an orphan is beyond me," as the mean Miss Hannigan said) but a hairless male figure yearning to go home to another planet: Steven Spielberg's movie about E.T. opened only a few weeks after "Annie." We don't mean to suggest that Annie isn't widely available on the toy shelves. A sixteen-inch rag-doll version is \$14.99 at Gimbels; you'll find a tiny plush Sandy in her pocket. There's a Parker Brothers game called Annie, the Path to Happiness. In response to the roll of a die, children compete in trying to help Annie escape from the orphanage, find a real home, and reach the wished-for finale on the happiness path. The Barnes & Noble Sale Annex has this for \$6.25. But the big crowds of parents and children in most toy departments aren't in the neighborhood of Annie toys and games, or even the Beagle Boutique. They're clustered around the items honoring the squat little extraterrestrial.

"He is afraid. He is alone. He is 3 million light years from home," reads the caption in the F. A. O. Schwarz catalogue beside the picture of the nine-inch E.T. doll that it sells for \$17.95. It seems that the circumstance that E.T. is lost and lonely, as is Elliott, the child who finds him and whose father just left the family, and the circumstance that the movie's

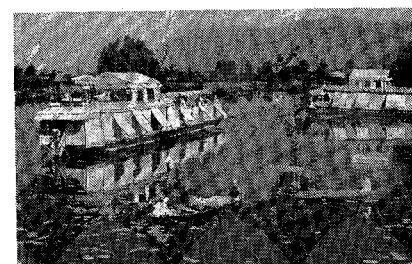
INDIA. EXPECT THE UNEXPECTED.



Climb to the top of the world.



Our people are most interesting and most friendly.



Your hotel could be a lovely houseboat.

"Suppose a thousand suns should rise together into the sky: such is the glory of the shape of the infinite."

Bhagavad-Gita

What you expect in India will astonish you. What you have not expected could be a turning point in your life.

Perhaps it will be the massive Konarak Temple, dedicated to the Sun God. Or the majestic Himalayas.

It might be something as simple as the smiling eyes of our people.

Our fascinating cuisine.

Or that we have the most marvelous places for you to stay.

In India you will find a different world. An unexpected world. See your travel agent.

UNBELIEVABLE INDIA

Please send me information on Unbelievable India.

NYR-12-13

Name

Address

City, State, Zip

GOVERNMENT OF INDIA TOURIST OFFICE
30 ROCKEFELLER PLAZA, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10112 (212) 586-4901
3550 WILSHIRE BLVD., LOS ANGELES, CA 90010 (213) 380-8855
523 37TH AVE., SAN FRANCISCO, CA (415) 386-8284
230 N. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO, IL 60601 (312) 236-6899
POST BOX 342 T.D. CENTRE, TORONTO, CANADA (416) 362-3188
MIAMI, FLA. (305) 944-7039 DALLAS, TEXAS (214) 234-2233

IMPERATRICE

LIMOGES PORCELAIN DINNERWARE
BY ROBERT HAVILAND & C. PARLON



An 18th century inspiration. The intricate relief of intertwined leaves and berries has been revived by the French artisans of Haviland & Parlon and deftly sculpted on stark white Limoges porcelain dinnerware. Write for brochure and name of nearest dealer. Jacques Jugeat, Inc., Dept. HP, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10010

You can't deny good stock.



Its background is impressive. Its performance, consistency, utility and function are all part of a well-bred tradition. For you, a constant invitation to create your own pièce de résistance with the only pot that stands alone.

Calphalon 

Built to be the last cookware you'll ever buy.

COMMERCIAL ALUMINUM COOKWARE, P.O. BOX 583, TOLEDO, OHIO 43693

producer, Steven Spielberg, has agreed that he felt kinship with both E.T. and his rescuer, because his father had also left him when he was young, have been mulled over in the public prints every few days since the movie opened. Kamar International, of Torrance, California, which manufactures the E.T. doll, expects to sell ten million of the dolls by Christmas, although it did not get the contract until last winter and for many weeks was not allowed by Spielberg to see more than a few photographs of the little creature.

The decision as to which company would get what has turned out to be a huge prize in the toy industry had nothing to do with competitive bidding. Steve Adler, who is in charge of merchandising for the parent company of Universal Pictures, which made the movie, took his two children to some stores and asked them to pick a plush animal. They chose one by Kamar, which had never before made a licensed toy. The E.T. doll you'll find now in most stores is made not of plush but of a plastic material called Featherleather; he's soft enough, however, so that his new owner can give him a real hug. Lately, one has got the impression that the Kamar company is having almost as much trouble fending off poachers who want to share in its big prize as in getting the doll to the stores in time for Christmas. In mid-October, the company was so beset that it took a full-page ad in the *Times* saying, at one point, "If by chance you are toying with an idea of an item similar to E.T., we urge you to remember those interesting gentlemen who wear black robes and decide other people's destinies." (Possibly the toy manufacturers should augment their roster of toy policemen and toy firemen with a toy Supreme Court justice, a robed plush figure who would stand on the toy counters for cautionary purposes.) There is also a three-and-three-quarters-inch plastic "action figure" version of E.T. for \$5 at Polk's. His neck can be extended and his arms moved to different positions. In one hand he carries a tiny plastic token version of the Texas Instruments Speak & Spell learning toy, through which, if you saw the movie, E.T. found a way to communicate with his friends in outer space. Since the Texas Instruments people, in a sense, did E.T. this favor, the company has hit upon a way in which E.T. can reward *them*: there is now an E.T. Speak & Spell set, which helps the children learn to spell by

Cheers!



VANITY FAIR

Coming In March 1983

a Condé Nast Publication



**"If you want me to be
a good little bunny,
just dangle a few carats
in front of my nose."**

Lauren Bacall



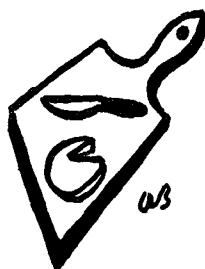
A perfect affinity between the brilliance of diamonds and the lustre of gold
in a substantial 18 karat gold necklace, with diamonds totalling 7.30 carats. \$16,000.
Matching flexible gold bracelet, with diamonds totalling 3.35 carats. \$7,500.

Fortunoff, the source

681 Fifth Ave. at 54th Street, New York City. (212) 758-6660.
Old Country Road, Westbury, L.I.: Paramus Park Mall, Paramus, N.J.;
West Belt Mall, Wayne, N.J. (Adjacent to Willowbrook Mall).
Out of New York State call toll free (800) 223-2326.
We honor the American Express Card.

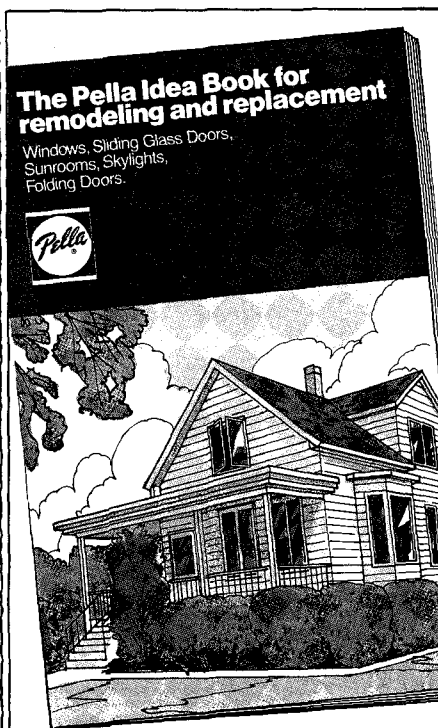
answering questions based on the film. At Macy's, it's \$25. And remember the trail of Reese's Pieces that E.T. followed? Bloomingdale's has a Reese's Pieces lunchbox for \$5 that says on the side, "My Favorite Candy, Too!" A book based on the movie was written by William Kotzwinkle. Now "E.T., the Extra-Terrestrial Storybook," an abridged \$6.95 version of the book, with many illustrations, so that younger children will also enjoy it, is third on the *Times* hardcover list. And an E.T. video game made by Atari is available for \$40 at Macy's. To win, the player has to steer E.T. through six different phases—including one in which he evades capture by the F.B.I.—and make it possible for E.T. to call home. The movie has had a direct effect on some aspects of the national economy. In Hershey, Pennsylvania, the Hershey plant is now operating around the clock, in an attempt to satisfy the demand for its product Reese's Pieces, which, after E.T. came out, increased sixty-five per cent. The once-relatively-small Kamar company will be one of this year's big money-makers in the toy business. The Topps Chewing Gum Company plant, in Duryea, Pennsylvania, announced in August that, because of the huge demand for E.T. Bubble Gum cards, it would delay seasonal layoffs and recall some workers already dismissed. Moreover (we can see it now: a Disney cartoon showing Santa's elves working twenty-four hours a day to turn the recession around), in troubled economic times the exploding video-game industry is seen by financial analysts as a glittering bright spot.

SHALL we move on to another kind of neighborhood entirely? The cynosure in many doll departments is the Sounds Like Home Dollhouse, made by Fundimensions. This plastic structure, blue with white shutters, has two floors—there are six rooms in all, and a terrace and a porch as well—and measures twenty-two inches wide and just about that high. The house comes unfurnished—unless you count a six-inch girl doll, whose name is said to be Erin, and a control panel. By pressing buttons on the panel, a child can create the sounds of a ticking clock, a ringing telephone, chirping crickets, a crackling fire, and the roll of thunder. Unfortunately, the noises



can't be sounded at once or—perhaps without knowing it—the new owner could create the perfect auditory setting for the opening of an Agatha Christie story. You notice there is no provision for unpleasant racket, such as the homey sound of crockery falling in the midst of a family squabble (possibly over whether to play Donkey Kong next or to listen to "The MacNeil/Lehrer Report" on how to reduce international tensions) or the sound of some parent's voice yelling "I'm telling you kids for the last time..." This upscale tranquillity will cost you. The Sounds Like Home Dollhouse is \$149.99—at Toy Park, a price that doesn't include the nine-volt battery and four C batteries needed to fire up the control panel. What big doll-house excitement do you suppose the toy

entrepreneurs have planned for us next year? The Smells Like Home Dollhouse? Oh, no unwelcome smells, of course, like rubber burning in a neighbor's back yard. Only pleasing ones, such as those of pies and cakes just out of the toy oven. And who is better equipped to make these arrangements than Fundimensions, which is a subsidiary of General Mills, which has that long-standing relationship with Betty Crocker? We can almost smell that fresh-baked-pumpkin-pie aroma this minute. Actually, toys that smell—smell good, of course—are already a big item in the toy departments. Also at Toy Park for \$5.95 you'll find an eleven-and-a-half-inch Wild Berry Scent doll and another called Sweet Cinnamon, each suitably scented up. You can place a heavy responsibility for this olfactory trend on Strawberry Shortcake, a demure-looking five-and-a-half-inch doll who wears a red-and-white dress and a flopping pink bonnet decorated with a strawberry design and who smells like strawberries—or as close to it as toy-company chemists can manage. She and her numerous doll friends of the same size cost from about \$10 to \$13 all over town. The others have names such as Huckleberry Pie, Raspberry Tart, and so on, and are also appropriately aromatic. Of course, there is a vast array of equipment—apparel and tie-in games, toys, books, records, and such for this company. Nearly everybody in the group seems to be not only sweet-smelling but sweet-natured. We were rather relieved to see among them a wicked-looking lady doll, eight and



Free Offer from Pella.

A new book on remodeling and replacement with Pella wood windows, doors, sunrooms, and skylights.

Out with the old and in with the new. If that's your intention, you'll want a free copy of the new Pella Idea Book for Remodeling and Replacement.

24 full-color pages of photos, facts, and figures on replacing or remodeling with Pella wood windows, sliding glass doors, wood folding doors, sunrooms, and skylights. Find out how to lighten up, brighten up, save energy and maintenance with Pella products for all around the house. Send for your copy today!

Please send me a free copy of the Pella Idea Book for Remodeling and Replacement. I plan to

☐ replace windows and doors ☐ remodel.

Name

Address

City

State Zip

Telephone

Mail to: Pella Windows and Doors
Dept. C08L2, 100 Main Street,
Pella, Iowa 50219

Also available throughout Canada.

This coupon answered within 24 hours.



© 1982 Roiscreen Co.

Pella.
The significant difference in windows.

The Royal Caribbean. The Royal Way.

On a soft, white beach, surrounded by acres of gardens, there's a resort that captures the charm and romance of another age. With exquisite, old-world service. And a timeless spirit of genuine hospitality. There are only a few resorts like the Royal Caribbean left anywhere in the world. In fact, many of our guests say there is only one.

See your travel agent or write Royal Caribbean Hotel Sales Office, 1320 S. Dixie Highway, Suite 1100, Coral Gables, Florida 33146.

Jamaica Reservation Service: U.S. Toll-free: 1-800-327-5767. Florida Toll-free: 1-800-432-7959. Miami: (305) 666-0447. Canada (Toronto & Montreal): ZENITH 02640.



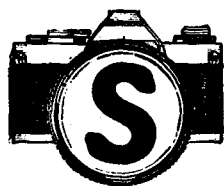
The Royal Caribbean Hotel

Montego Bay, Jamaica



three-quarters inches tall, with green gloves. Her name is Sour Grapes; the grapes she smells like aren't fermented, but in the box with her is a pet snake whose name is Dregs. This year, there are also three thirteen-inch Strawberry Shortcake baby dolls. When you press their midsections, they blow kisses smelling of apricot, lemon, and strawberry, according to their names. Gimbels has these for \$19.99. What the Strawberry Shortcake crowd really smells of is money; in 1980, the dolls' first year on the market, they grossed a hundred million dollars. Last year, it was five hundred million, and the predictions are that in 1982 they will hit a billion. If you think about it, what these dolls also stand for is not only smelling sweet but eating sweets. After all, what is Strawberry's last name? It has been quite a year for eating: there was E.T. following the candy trail, not to mention that celebrated cookie gourmand Pac-Man. As it turns out, the Strawberry Shortcake dolls are made by the Kenner Company, another subsidiary of General Mills, which has a vested interest in encouraging children to grow up with a taste for desserts, doesn't it? Ah, well. Probably you remember that the cereal companies and the toy companies began to discover they had a lot in common many years back when they shared commercial time on the children's Saturday-morning cartoon programs, and that a number of corporate alliances followed. Meanwhile, consumers' groups have complained about super-sugary cereals being advertised on Saturday morning, which is children's prime time. Now General Mills has packaged everything in one sugary twelve-ounce metaphor: a box of Strawberry Shortcake cereal (\$1.89 at most grocery stores) with a big picture of Strawberry on the box and her testimonial—"It's berry delicious."

The three-and-three-quarters-inch E.T. and the G.I. Joe doll are the same size, but we doubt if they'd have much to say to each other. After all, E.T. is, in a sense, on the lam from terrestrial law, and Joe might feel obliged to turn him in. Last year about this time, we took note of the ad placed in the trade paper *Toy & Hobby World* by the Hasbro company, which until a few years earlier had manufactured the G.I. Joe doll. The ad announced, "G.I. Joe: The Best is Back!" With the news was a picture of Joe, slightly in the shadow, his rifle at the ready. He's now back in force. Ac-



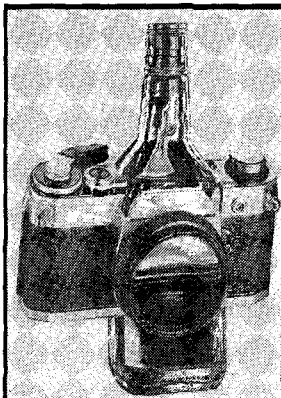
SOME PEOPLE BELIEVE

EVEN THOUGH WEST SIDE CAMERA OFFERS TO BILL YOU AT A LOWER RATE THAN YOUR PRESENT PHOTOGRAPHIC EQUIPMENT AND ACCESSORIES SUPPLIER: YOU WOULD STILL CONTINUE TO USE YOUR OLD SUPPLIER—

FOR THE SAME REASON THAT SOME PEOPLE WON'T TOUCH A BOTTLE OF SCOTCH THAT COSTS LESS THAN \$35.

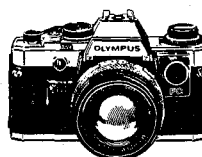
FRANKLY, WE THINK THAT YOU DESERVE MORE CREDIT THAN THAT. IN FACT YOU MIGHT SAY WE'RE WILLING TO BET ON THE DIFFERENCE. WEST SIDE CAMERA—WHERE THE FOLLOWING FREE SERVICES ARE JUST PART OF WHAT WE OFFER:

TIMING—ALL ORDERS SHIPPED WITHIN 24 HOURS (MANHATTAN—USUALLY WITHIN 3 HOURS)
GUARANTEE—ALL EQUIPMENT AND SUPPLIES 100% GUARANTEED FACTORY FRESH—INCLUDING ALL PARTS IN ORIGINAL PACKAGING
WARRANTY—ALL EQUIPMENT AND SUPPLIES PROTECTED UNDER USA WARRANTY FOR PARTS AND LABOR
EXPERIENCE—WE HANDLE ALL THREE COMPONENTS OF THE PHOTOGRAPHIC SUPPLY FIELD: INDUSTRIAL, PROFESSIONAL AND RECREATIONAL AND HAVE BEEN KNOWN AS RELIABLE MERCHANTS FOR OVER 10 YEARS
REFERENCES—WE WILL BE DELIGHTED TO SUPPLY YOU WITH REFERENCES—THEY WILL ATTEST TO OUR RELIABILITY, ON QUALITY PRODUCTS AND DEADLINE MAINTENANCE, AS WELL AS INDIVIDUAL SERVICES, VOLUME AND ETHICS.
STOCK—THE DIVERSITY AND QUANTITY OF OUR PHOTOGRAPHIC EQUIPMENT ENABLES OUR ACCOUNTS TO ORDER BY PHONE ANY AND EVERYTHING FOR ALL THEIR PROFESSIONAL AND PERSONAL PHOTOGRAPHIC NEEDS.



OLYMPUS

Olympus OM-10 FC
w/50MM 1.8 Lens



OM10FC
with OTF Automatic Exposure Control \$179
-30 Rebate
\$149

It can do it all...
or you can!



\$259

Nikon FG.

In the programmed mode, the Nikon FG sets both shutter and aperture controls while you just focus and shoot. In automatic, you set the aperture, the FG sets the shutter speed. And in manual, you control both aperture and shutter speed for maximum creativity.

Nikon

West Side Camera Open SUN. Dec.
2400 Broadway (at 88th St.)
New York (212) 877-8760
All Major Credit Cards
Accepted Mon-Sat 10-6:45
Video Games Open SUN. Dec.
Instant Passport Photo.

MINOLTA

2EV Exposure Adjustment.
Asie-Matte Focusing Screen
Bright reflecting mirror
Slow shutter-speed warning device
Minolta X-700
w/50MM F2 Lens
**Lowest
Holiday
Prices!**

X700

CALL THE PACIFIC \$2.53

FIRST MINUTE

Now you can dial a 1-minute minimum call to countries in the Pacific area for just \$2.53. Additional minutes, only 95¢ each. So even a nice long visit is a bargain. Dial the call yourself any night from 11pm to 10am. If you don't have International Dialing in your area, you get the same low rate as long as special operator assistance is not required. Check the chart below for calling costs.



Bell System

Bell Brings The World Closer

Region/Dialable Countries	Rate Levels	First Minute	Additional Minute	Hours
PACIFIC: American Samoa Australia Fiji Islands French Polynesia Guam Hong Kong Indonesia Japan Rep. of Korea Malaysia New Caledonia New Zealand Papua New Guinea Philippines Singapore Taiwan Thailand	Standard	\$4.22	\$1.58	5pm-11pm
	Discount	3.17	1.19	10am-5pm
	Economy	2.53	.95	11pm-10am

Federal excise tax of 1% on all calls billed in the U.S. Want to know more? Call our International Information Service, toll free: **1 800 874-4000**

*"Come to think of it...
I'll spread a little cheer"*



cording to the unofficial estimate of best-selling toys published by *Toy & Hobby World*, G.I. Joe—now known as G.I. Joe, a Real American—was at the top of the list last month. This was a source of dismay to those who were already depressed by the word that sales of toy guns had doubled in the last few years. If you are not in this troubled group, however, Polk's has for \$5 a variety of G.I. Joe figures, each armed with a gun of some kind (though none is called a Peacekeeper), and also has a supply of armored vehicles for further play fun. Or perhaps you'd rather muster a M*A*S*H company, that anti-war crowd



trapped in an ugly war—a point they keep making on the television series. A M*A*S*H 4077th Military Base is \$29.99 at Alexander's. When it's assembled, it provides a four-foot-by-four-foot layout of the swamp, the mess hall, the O.R., and so on. For roughly \$4.50 all over town, you'll find seven members of the M*A*S*H crew in the three-and-three-quarters-inch size without a gun—or even a scalpel—to their names. They include Hawkeye, B.J., Colonel Potter, Hot Lips Houlihan (quite busty), and Klinger, who replaced Radar as the company clerk. Say, didn't Radar come from Ottumwa, Iowa, and go back there before the Korean War was over? Who knows? Driving home of an evening from his farm-insurance office, he may stop by the Twin Galaxies international scoreboard and check the Donkey Kong quotations: Radar Redux.

When E.T. made use of a learning system, it wasn't just any learning system but Texas Instruments' Speak & Spell, and when he followed a candy trail it wasn't any old candy but Reese's Pieces, demonstrating what some critics charged was an unfortunate alliance with the American materialistic world, obsessed, as it so often is, with brand names. When he learned to speak a few words from a children's television program, it wasn't just any children's television program but "Sesame Street," which, of course, is not just any children's television program but one that continues to go its own way, with the fact that its programs, week after week, are conceived and produced with imagination, wisdom, and a great sense of fun being taken for granted—and no doubt taken for granted more than it rightly should be. The toys that the

"Sesame Street" people lend their names to (all right, sign licensing contracts for) are usually sturdy ones. A good place to seek these out is Muppet Stuff, 833 Lexington Avenue (64th); the Muppets, as you know, have a close relationship with the other characters from "Sesame Street." There you will find, for \$9, a very nice version of the cases that kids need to store their little die-cast cars in. This Sesame Street Car Case has room for twelve cars, and if you want to start the collection rolling, Big Bird in a mail truck, the Cookie Monster in a locomotive filled with chocolate-chip

cookies, Bert in a pigeon patrol car, and Oscar the Grouch in (naturally) a garbage truck are \$3 each. The case, when closed, is in the shape of a yellow bus with big black wheels. A pop-up "Sesame Street" game, involving the usual crowd at the usual stand, is \$12.95 at the Barnes & Noble Sale

Annex. And, of course, there are also new "Sesame Street" records. "For the First Time" (CTW 22097; \$5.98) features a dozen songs, sung by the "Sesame Street" regulars in their familiar jaunty, foot-tapping way, about such critical moments as the time someone crosses the street alone for the first time, or sees a baby brother take his first step, or faces a first day at school. (The Count presides over this last one—a happily preposterous idea.) Also a good bet is "The Sesame Street Sing-Along!" (CTW 22098; \$5.98), a bunch of favorites, old and new. Some of them go way back ("Take Me Out to the Ballgame") and some seem like old classics only to the "Sesame Street" generation ("Rubber Duckie," for instance, and Oscar the Grouch singing "I Hate Trash"). The lyrics of all the songs come with this one, so that everybody can really sing along.

Some years ago, CMS records brought out "Music for 1's & 2's," on which Tom Glazer sings a series of slow, gentle songs that are just right for that age. Since then, the company has issued other records directed toward particular age groups. The one we like best is "Music for 4's, 5's & 6's," which features the Paper Bag Players, whose performances around town many New York children and their parents have enjoyed. On this record (CMS 692; \$8.98), they deal in a cheerful, dancing-around way with some not very serious problems, such as



Your Garden Is Our World

Horticulture is a magazine about plants: how to find them, grow them, use them, and enjoy them. It deals with practically every aspect of gardening from tropicals to vegetables, soil improvement to garden design. More important, each topic is covered thoroughly and accurately, with illustrations that are both informative and handsome. The writing is lively and intelligent, providing advice without preaching. It is, in short, a magazine not only for gardeners who like to read, but also for readers who like to garden.

A subscription to *Horticulture*, *The Magazine of American Gardening*, costs \$18 for 12 monthly issues, \$30 for 24 issues.

Horticulture

The Magazine of American Gardening
3300 Walnut St., Boulder, CO 80323

Start my subscription

☐ 1 year—\$18 (12 issues) ☐ 2 years—\$30 (24 issues)

Foreign postage: \$6 per year

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

☐ Payment enclosed

Charge my: ☐ MC ☐ VISA ☐ AmEx

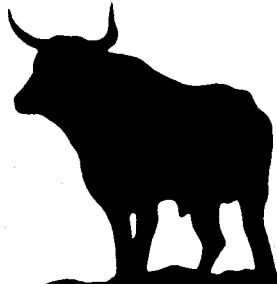
Account # _____

Exp. Date _____

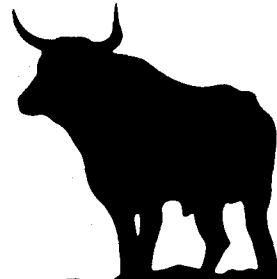
Signature _____

5N145

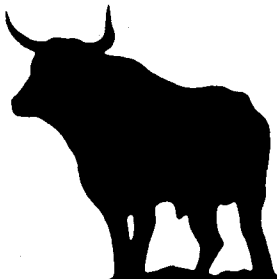
The Merrill Interest Rate



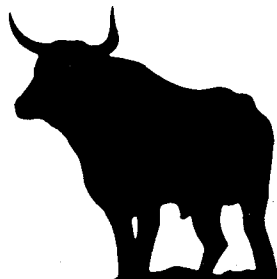
91 day CD's. They pay 7.96%* Fully insured by FDIC or FSLIC and fully liquid as well.



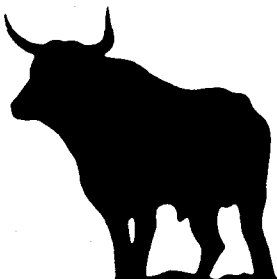
4 year CD's. Lock in 10.75%* interest, maintain liquidity. FDIC or FSLIC insured.



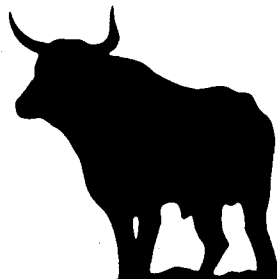
10 year CD's. 11.00%* interest guaranteed for ten full years. Fully insured and liquid, too.



7 year zero coupon CD's. A \$500 minimum investment grows to \$1,000 in about 7 years. FDIC or FSLIC insured.



1 year CN's.TM 9.60%** Capital Notes. Although not insured, the issuers' credit ratings are easy to verify.



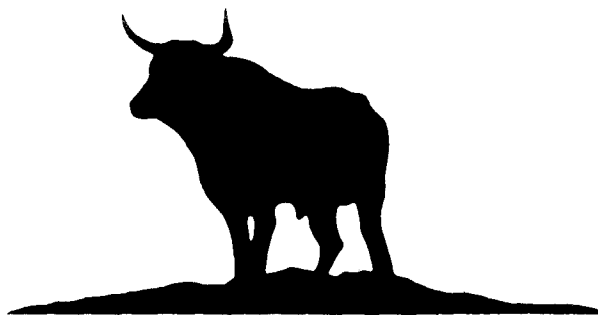
2 year CN's. 10.45%** yield. They're investment-grade notes issued by well-known companies.

*This rate was available as of 11/12/82 and is subject to change. Please consult a Merrill Lynch Account Executive for the current rates.

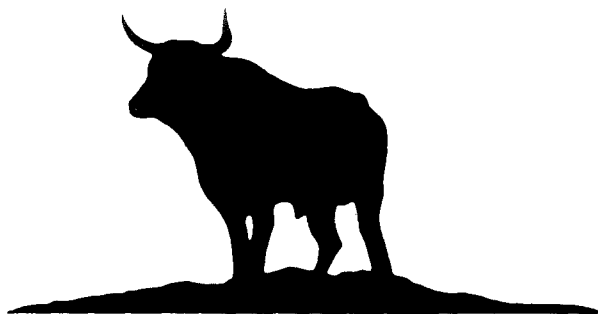
**This rate was available as of 11/12/82 and is subject to change. Please consult a Merrill Lynch Account Executive for the current rates and issuers.

*The actual selling price of the CD before maturity may be more or less depending on current interest rates.

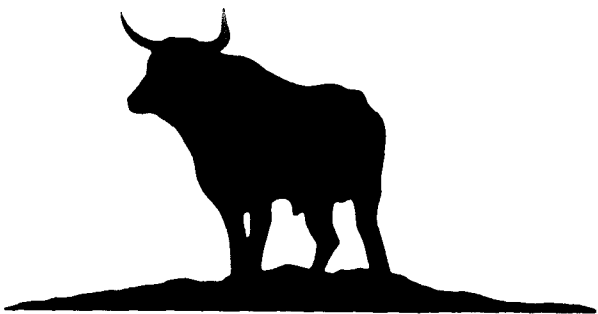
Lynch Selector.



5 year CD's. 11.15%* interest plus liquidity. FDIC or FSLIC insured.



14 year zero coupon CD's. For tax-deferred accounts. A \$250 investment quadruples to \$1,000 in about 14 years.



3 year CN's. They pay 10.75%**. CN's are a short-term, liquid investment pioneered by Merrill Lynch.

9 ways to get higher fixed interest rates plus liquidity. Merrill Lynch is the one place to shop for a wide array of safe, high-interest investments with maturities ranging from 91 days to 14 years.

And all of them lock in the interest rate without locking up your money.

Most of these investments were pioneered by Merrill Lynch, with an eye to increasing both yields and liquidity.

The CD's are fully insured, just as they would be if you bought them at a bank.

But unlike those CD's, they don't penalize you for changing your mind.

We intend to maintain a secondary market in all CD's we sell.

You can also redeem coupon-bearing Certificates of Deposit at the issuing bank or S&L, but that involves a substantial penalty for early withdrawal†

Capital Notes, a Merrill Lynch innovation, are essentially the kind of short-term corporate bonds that used to be available only to institutional investors.

Although not insured, CN's™ are investment-grade notes issued by some of America's best-known companies, whose financial strength is easy to verify.

For a copy of our brochure, call 1-800-526-3030 (extension 430) Monday through Friday, 8:30 a.m. to midnight Eastern time. In New Jersey, call 1-800-742-2900 (extension 430).

Or talk to a Merrill Lynch Account Executive. No one else can give you more help with more kinds of investments. No one else.



Merrill Lynch

Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith Inc.

A breed apart.



Bailey Banks & Biddle and Platinum.



Classic Platinum and the tradition of 150 years at
Bailey Banks & Biddle. Platinum and Diamond jewelry from a
collection starting at under \$1000.

Bailey Banks & Biddle

Fine jewelers since 1852

Philadelphia (215-564-6200), Pittsburgh, Washington, Atlanta, Chicago, South Coast Plaza

the child who won't take a bath, or pushy people at the supermarket. A song called "Rocks" celebrates the advantages of that species, since the mission in life of all living, breathing types seems to be to eat each other up, "but no one eats us rocks." In honor of the craze for aerobics—which is probably salutary, considering all the eating that's going on—Mickey Mouse, Donald Duck, and that crowd take on the subject in a record called "Mousercise" (Disneyland 62516; \$7.98). Whether it's all done as scientifically as the record claims, the music has an insistent beat, which could keep everybody jumping around a lot, and that could have some of the desired effect. The songs include "Get the Money (Uncle Scrooge's Money)," which bears no relation to anything by Charles Dickens and is sung by the Beagle Boys, who bear no relation to you-know-which beagle. Also in the aerobics act is Miss Piggy. Naturally, the title of the record by the celebrated *moi* is "Aerobique." Her approach is not very serious and includes "Exercising Your Rights." The picture on the front of the album (Warner Brothers 23717-1; \$8.98) shows her in a leotard arrangement with her feet in the air and seems to be intended to demonstrate a certain disrespect for a certain best-selling author of workout books. If you'd like to hear something other than aerobic-workout music in the next room—and please the children, too, we'll bet—there's an RCA Red Seal record on which Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra play on one side Benjamin Britten's "Young Person's Guide to the Orchestra" and on the other Prokofiev's symphonic fairy tale "Peter and the Wolf" (ARL 1-2743; \$9.98). The narration of the latter, by David Bowie, the young pop-music star, is so unobtrusive that he often sounds like one of the instruments of the orchestra. One reason he did it, he has explained, was to please his son Zowie, who will not run into many other Zowie Bowies in his class at school. If you'd like someone of your acquaintance to get to know the original Bashful, who never heard of Pac-Man, "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" is available on what Disneyland Records calls a Storyteller Cassette (Disneyland 3906T; \$6.98). The cassette, taken from the soundtrack of the 1937 movie, has the playing time of an L.P. In the package with it comes a twelve-page storybook that includes much of the cassette dia-

The family grows.

Lamy of Heidelberg has added two unique products to a versatile family of writing instruments. The Safari design is lightweight yet sturdy, and moderately priced. Lamy Texta is the adjustable, refillable highlighter. The full range of Lamy is hand tested and lifetime guaranteed. From \$4 to \$175.

LAMY

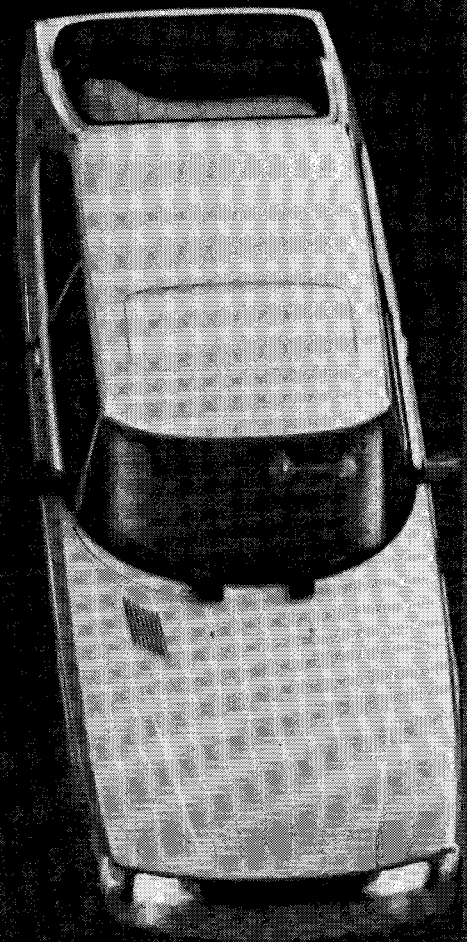
B. Altman and Co.
Barney's, Bergdorf-
Goodman, Arthur
Brown and Bros., Wm.
Ernest Brown, Bloomingdale's,
Bullocks, Burdines,
Elson's, Fahrneys, Flax
Art Materials, Foley's,
Goldwaters, Hoffritz,
J.L. Hudson Co., Jordan Marsh,
Koenig Art Emporium, Lazarus,
Macy's, Marshall Field & Co.,
Neiman-Marcus, Pottery Barn, Saks Fifth
Avenue, Wilke Pipe Shop, John Wanamaker

Marketed by Becker and Becker Incorporated, Westport, CT 06880



Je Reviens, still made just outside of Paris, by Parfums Worth.
perfume, cologne and bath powder at **JOHN WANAMAKER**
PHILADELPHIA

SAAB. A RESPONSIBLE CAR THAT PERFORMS.



SAAB. A PERFORMANCE CAR THAT'S RESPONSIBLE.

As opposed to a performance car that performs. Or a responsible car that's responsible.

For Saab, single-mindedness is no virtue.

On the other hand, consider the value of double-mindedness:

When you experience the goose bump-inducing acceleration of a Saab, you have room to share it with a wife and two kids and a year's supply of groceries.

When you fill up the tank, you can look forward to great gas mileage. (The most powerful Saab gets better fuel economy than that old mileage champ, the Volkswagen Super Beetle.)

You can look forward to it because the car you're driving isn't boring. It isn't a mollycoddling compromise put together for a presentation to the Environmental Protection Agency.

Having thrown out those boasts, Saab would like to back off a little and admit the world hasn't greeted it with unanimous accolades.

Either-Or.

Either you find the performance of a Saab exhilarating.

Or the sociologist in you comes out and pronounces it excessive.

Either you determine Saab's steering to be a tight, responsive, unifying element

between your hands and the wheels.

Or you yearn for squishy power steering that tacitly says you're not really driving the car; you're merely pointing it.

Either you look at this chart and say, "Pretty good numbers."

Or you look the other way and declare yourself, "Not a numbers man."

SAAB 900 5-SPEED APC TURBO	
0-60 MPH Acceleration*	10.0 seconds
Stopping Distance from 60 MPH*	160 feet
Trunk Space*	25.7 cu. feet
Fuel-tank Capacity	16.6 gallons
EPA Estimate	(21) mpg**
EPA Highway Estimate	34 mpg**

Either you assess the Saab Turbo's Automatic Performance Control as an improvement on all other turbos, a true breakthrough that lets you go faster on less fuel.

Or you look at it as just another piece of engineering esoterica.

Either you consider *Road & Track's* designation of Saab ("Sports Sedan for the Eighties") as a carefully weighed judgment by a group of editors who have seen them all come and go over the years.

Or you dismiss it as hype by a cult of car nuts.

Either you apply everything you know about economics to the sticker and realize the perfect balance

between price and value.

Or you conclude it's outrageously expensive. Or too cheap to bear repeating at the country club.

1983 SAAB PRICE** LIST	
900 3-Door	\$10,750
900 4-Door	\$11,050
900S 3-Door	\$13,550
900S 4-Door	\$13,950
900 Turbo 3-Door	\$16,510
900 Turbo 4-Door	\$16,910
Automatic transmission \$370 additional.	

The car you need vs. the car you want.

For every other car we can think of, those two concepts are also either-or.

Either you opt for utility and practicality and economy and durability and have your needs satisfied.

Or you go for performance and comfort and styling and have your wants satiated.

Of course, it is our biased contention that the 1983 Saab is both the car you need and the car you want.

If you test drive a Saab and love it, our guess is that it will be a love fully required in the years ahead.

If you test drive a Saab and you're not enthralled, all you'll be out is the time it takes to feel the acceleration, to luxuriate in the seats, and to learn what a real driving experience is.

The guarantee is that you won't be indifferent.

SAAB

The most intelligent car ever built.

*See box above for fuel economy specifications. *From July, 1982 *Road & Track Magazine Road Test*. **Remember, use these figures for comparison only. Mileage varies with speed, weather and trip length. Actual highway mileage will probably be less. †† Manufacturer's suggested retail prices. Not including taxes, license, freight charges or options.

COACH
LEATHERWARE



№ 9625—Musette

Coach® Bags, Belts and Accessories are sold in our own stores and in selected stores throughout the country.

In addition to our New York store, there are Coach® Stores in Paris, Washington, D.C. and Seattle.

We also accept telephone and mail orders and will be happy to send you our new 24-page catalogue.

The Coach Store

754-N Madison Ave., New York City 10021
(212) 594-1581

What every gentleman needs.



The Hoffritz French Nail Clip

Light in your pocket, smooth in your hand, this jewel of a nail clip and file is as smart a piece of gleaming stainless steel as anyone can find. From France. (44121) \$13.50.

© Hoffritz for Cutlery, Inc. 1982

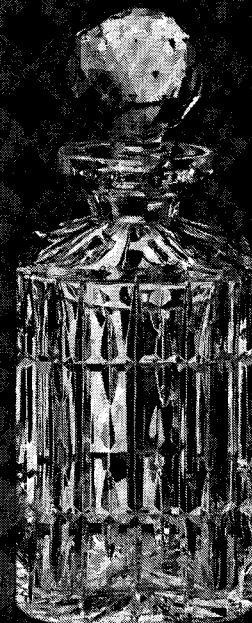
**A touch of
HOFFRITZ®**

\$2 Shipping & handling. Add area sales tax.
AE/MC/Visa/Diners. Hoffritz, Dept. 700 G,
515 W. 24 St., New York, N.Y. 10011.
(212) 243-6140.

logue, so that the children, if they're up to it, can read along. If you're tired of cats, and even beagles, how about deer? "The Story of Bambi," narrated by Hal Smith, with songs from the soundtrack of the Walt Disney picture, is available on a record (Disneyland 3108; \$6.98). If it was a bear you had in mind, this year marked the hundredth birthday of A. A. Milne—one more good reason to remind everyone of the world of Winnie-the-Pooh. (Steven Spielberg, the producer of "E.T.," has said he hoped that E.T. would play the role in children's consciousnesses that Pooh, among others, played in his.) Instead of the usual adaptation, three complete chapters of the much-loved book are told and sung by Carol Channing on the Caedmon record (TC 1685; \$8.98) called "Winnie-the-Pooh and Kanga and Roo." Miss Channing plays Pooh with a very deep voice. The chapters include the last one in the book, in which Christopher Robin worries that he is beginning to grow up. ("I'm not going to do nothing anymore.... Well, not so much.... They won't let you.") The subject of growing older may have seemed particularly appropriate to Caedmon, long thought of as the fledgling among record companies. Another enterprise whose continuing excellence is often taken for granted rather than being the subject of the grateful praise it deserves, Caedmon celebrated its thirtieth anniversary this year.

AND now for the miscellaneous roundup. If the animal some children you know have in mind is a dinosaur, you should go, of course, to the American Museum of Natural History. (You may want to hustle the little girls past Theodore Roosevelt's message, cut into the marble wall, saying, "I want to see you game, boys. I want to see you brave and manly.") At the Museum Shop, you'll find a backpack with a zipper compartment that flaunts on its side a large tyrannosaurus. Other kids may flaunt alligators; the king of the reptiles is surely classier. The shop also has, for \$14.50, a round tin containing cookie-cutter versions of four species of dinosaurs; we mention these because we never saw a dinosaur cookie cutter before. An enlightening and enjoyable game for the older children on your list would be Trivial Pursuit, which is \$36.95 at Mary Arnold Toys, at 962 Lexington Avenue (71st). The players roll a die, which, generally speaking,

Česká®
The Art of Glass



Saks Fifth Avenue

**Peter Island
offers nothing.**

But has everything for those wanting a remote, beautiful and exclusive Caribbean resort.



Peter Island

Hotel and Yacht Harbour, British Virgin Islands
Call your travel agent or
David B. Mitchell & Co (212) 371-1323

MAURICE

Restaurant de France

At the Hotel Parker Meridien, 118 West 57th Street.
LUNCH AND DINNER, MONDAY THROUGH FRIDAY.
DINNER ONLY, SATURDAY AND SUNDAY.
Prix Fixe Theatre Dinner before 7 pm and after 10 pm. \$25.
CALL 245-7788 FOR RESERVATIONS.



“Medical expense plan? We already have medical coverage. What’s the difference?”

Standing where you are, I don't blame you for being puzzled. After all, as a New York Life Agent, I know you've always expected your traditional medical coverage to pay the bills if you or someone in your family ended up in the hospital.

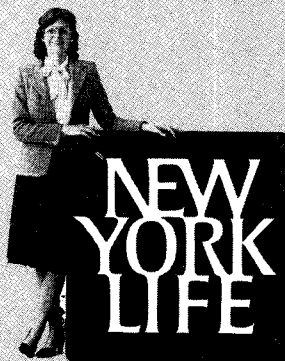
But yesterday's fixed-benefit coverage just won't do the job anymore. Not by a long shot. Thanks to inflation, you could be forced to come up with hundreds—even thousands—of dollars out of pocket.

The answer? One of New York Life's modern medical expense plans.*

They can pay up to 100% of your medical expenses in or out of the hospital. With virtually no limit, other than what is a reasonable cost in your area.

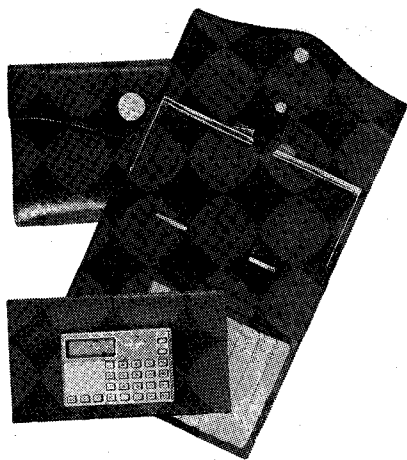
Now, all this can make plenty of difference. And ease a lot of worries.

Why not get all the details. Ask me, your New York Life Agent.



“Ask me.”

BOSCA



Check 'n Balance Clutch

To keep your "books" in shape, Bosca smartly incorporates a wafer-thin calculator in an all-business Clutch from the Signature Collection. Checks, balance, and cash, gathered in Burgundy calfskin, provide all the assurance you need: \$65 at fine stores.

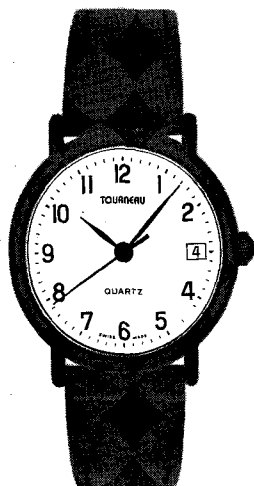
Hugo Bosca Company
P.O. Box 777, Springfield, Ohio 45501

TOURNEAU

The High Tech Watch

A classic marriage of form and function in a beautifully simple timepiece. With Swiss quartz accuracy, non-glare crystal, easy-to-read dial. Striking black matte finish.

His, \$150. Hers, \$135.



500 Madison Ave., NYC 10022
(212) 758-3265. Outside NY toll free
1-800-223-1288. Bal Harbour Shops
9700 Collins Ave., Bal Harbour,
Fla. 33154 • (305) 866-4312

TOURNEAU
52ND STREET

CORNER
MADISON AVENUE

settles which of six categories (history, entertainment, science and nature, sports, and such) they must then vie with other players in answering questions about. If you've been taken aback by all the electronic solitaire in the video-game departments, consider this statement in the instructions: "Trivial Pursuit lends itself extremely well to team play for as many as 24 players." Now *that's* togetherness. The game includes tokens and a set of plastic items called scoring wedges. The manufacturers, Horn Abbot, Ltd., are clearly into the new austerity. "Whatever decisions may be made on less weighty matters," say their instructions, "it is highly recommended that players keep the plastic trees on which the tokens and scoring wedges come. They make excellent swizzle sticks." A while back, we promised to tell you about another one of the series of annotated classics that are published by Clarkson N. Potter. The latest is "The Annotated Huckleberry Finn," edited by Michael Patrick Hearn, who also did "The Annotated Wizard of Oz." In this one, which is \$25, along with the full text of the book in its original edition you can read all about why the book was banned from time to time and about the evolution of the character of Huck Finn, who, of course, was another lonely boy, feeling left out, and looking for something—he wasn't quite sure what.

Who knows? Perhaps 1983 will be the year when the figure that all toymakers have on their minds is the lonely little girl, looking for something—even, possibly, for a chance to be seen as brave and game. Of course, there are those who wonder what the girls have to fuss about: after all, they have their Strawberry Shortcake dolls to sniff. There was one recent feminist achievement of sorts. Each year there are a dozen or so giant balloons in the Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parade, representing such figures dear to children's hearts as Superman, Snoopy, Mickey Mouse, and Kermit the Frog. Last month, one of them was Olive Oyl—an event that was widely hailed as the first time in the parade's fifty-six years that children along the parade path had been able to look up at an awesomely large female balloon. "A GIANT STRIDE FOR WOMEN'S RIGHTS" was the headline the next day in the *Washington Post*. No one seemed to have any explanation of why it had taken so long. Tall and proud, Olive Oyl crossed the finish line to huge cheers. However, a police officer assigned to

A Cultivated Commode



French, circa 1750
Height: 32½ inches
Width: 31½ inches
Depth: 19¾ inches

This small, marble-topped commode, dating from the reign of Louis XV, combines marquetry and gilt-bronze mounts to create a splendid work of art in the Rococo manner. This chest of drawers is both delicate and handsome, and once belonged to Baroness Alphonse de Rothschild, Vienna.

We have provided outstanding European Works of Art to museums and collectors since 1860.

Catalogue available, Five Dollars

Rosenberg & Stiebel
Incorporated

32 E 57th St, New York 10022 212/753-4368

GOREYOUS!

THE WATER FLOWERS

A curious culinary adventure by Edward Gorey



\$6.95
(cloth)

CONGDON & WEED
Distributed by St. Martin's Press

The highly pampered pride of our feline family. Send \$1 for 36-page, full-color catalogue of more than 130 handmade, handpainted pieces that make up a particular part of this renowned collection.



ROYAL COPENHAGEN PORCELAIN

225 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10010
(1) 800-223-1275 N.Y. State 212-889-2722

Why Do All This?



When All You Need is This!

THE SCHWINN **Air-Dyne**



- Total body exercise ...Legs and hips alone; arms and shoulders alone; combined arm and leg effort; and arms plus the upper torso ...a complete balance of upper and lower body aerobic exercise.
- A true Ergometer; repeatable, measured exercise. An exclusive wind-vane system provides a continuous, programmable, variable work load resistance. There's nothing else like it anywhere.
- The work load indicator is a combination load indicator, pedal RPM indicator, trip odometer and cumulative odometer. Readings quickly convert to kilopond meters per minute workload. An electronic digital timer shows elapsed time by seconds, minutes and hours.
- The Air-Dyne is fully guaranteed to be free from defects in materials and workmanship by the famous Schwinn "No-Time-Limit" warranty.

FOR THE NAME OF YOUR NEAREST SCHWINN DEALER
CALL FREE: 800-621-5809
(IN ILLINOIS CALL: 800-972-5858)

ASSEMBLED, READY-TO-RIDE AT SCHWINN FULL-SERVICE DEALERS EVERYWHERE

Excelsior Fitness Equipment Co.



613 Academy Drive Northbrook, IL 60062

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BUSINESS IN EUROPE? THIS WINTER, TRAVEL IN STYLE

No train was ever more intriguing or romantic than the Orient-Express. Re-live the legend of luxury travel on the Orient-Express which now runs a year-round scheduled service between London, Paris, Lausanne, Brig and Venice and return.

Airport and weather problems can be forgotten as you travel in style from city center to city center - and there are still seats available this Winter.

Some special Winter fares for business and individual travellers are available - contact your travel agent or send the coupon for full color brochure, or telephone.

Nationwide
(800) 223 1588

New York
(212) 661 4540



Suite 2847,
One World Trade Center New York NY 10048

Name: _____ NY 1

Address: _____

City: _____

State: _____ Zip: _____

beauty and the feast
Serve it elegantly on fine bone china French game plates. French game motifs: Le Faisan (shown), Le Canard, Le lièvre, Le Lapin, Le Sanglier, Le Becasse, 7. each \$10.95. Set of 6 gift boxed. \$39.95 postpaid. One of many distinctive gifts. Send \$5 for our catalog.

maison glass
Our 51st Year
52 East 56th Street, New York, N.Y. 10022 • Dept. 412
Telephone (212) 755-3316

San Francisco's
favorite small hotel.
Warm country inn
charm. Superb
Union Square
location. Continental
breakfast included.
From \$42 to \$75.

THE ANDREWS HOTEL
624 Post St., San Francisco, CA 94109
Toll Free: 800-227-4742
In Calif: 800-622-0557
Operated by the Andrews Family Brochure Available

crowd control was quoted as saying, "Olive Oyl shouldn't be here. She should be cooking the turkey. What's Popeye going to eat for dinner?" Just kidding, maybe.

We didn't find a sled named Rosebud for you. E.T.'s creator, Steven Spielberg, did find one. He paid \$60,500 for what was offered as the last remaining sled available of three Rosebuds that were made for Orson Welles' "Citizen Kane." Another Hollywood figure had planned to bid but deferred to Spielberg: George Lucas, the creator of another distant world in which children (and toymakers) have found a happy home—that of "Star Wars" and "The Empire Strikes Back." After "E.T." came out, Joseph Gelmis, writing in *Newsday*, called the movie "a companion piece" to "Citizen Kane"—a symbol of what Kane meant by his dying word. "Rosebud," according to Gelmis, stood for "the adventure of childhood, the symbol and memory of home and innocence and faith and living in the moment... of being nine years old again." Ashley Montagu once described genius as "the recovery of childhood at will." Many of this season's Christmas shoppers, as, heads down, clutching their lists, they trudge through the toy departments, cherish in their hearts the hope of coming on a gift that, years later, will invoke childhood's warmth and joy for some young friend. Among the bleeping and the toy gunfire and the redolence of ersatz strawberries some of them will surely find what they are looking for—a happy thought. And here's another: Merry Christmas!

CHRISTMAS GIFTS FOR MEN

THE remarkably beautiful, fiendishly intricate wooden jigsaw puzzles made by Stave Puzzles, in Vermont, are definitely for adults. The company's founder is a mathematician and computer-world think-tank wizard by origin, and he has dreamed up all sorts of mystifying false clues and hurdles: puzzles with irregular outlines rather than conventional geometrical ones; pieces that look as though they formed an edge but actually fit somewhere in the middle; pop-up silhouettes that rise from designs at vertical angles; hidden designs within designs; rebuses; and secret logographs. Stave puzzles are not only mental challenges, either; they are also most appealing to the eye and to the

FREE
1983
VG Wall Calendar

Something special and free for you—the Vested Gentress full-color 1983 calendar. You'll enjoy the colorful VG fashions and prints all the year. Send for your free calendar today!

VG The Vested Gentress
Valley Forge, PA 19481

Next Time You Are In
SAN FRANCISCO
Visit The Most Unusual
China Store In America

RONALD JAMES

3415 Sacramento Street • San Francisco 94118
Fine Contemporary and Antique
China • Glass • Silver • Interiors

Bermuda's Gem
Discover the Island's pride and joy. All 64 oceanfront rooms and suites have dramatic ocean views from private terraces. Gourmet dining, heated freshwater pool, tennis courts, nearby golf and shopping. Uniquely serviced by student hoteliers of the Bermuda College.

STONINGTON
BEACH HOTEL, Paet, Bermuda
For information and Reservations,
See Your Travel Agent or Call
RESERVATION SYSTEMS, INC.
6 East 46th Street, New York, NY 10017
(800) 223-1588 IN NY STATE (212) 661-4540
Owned and operated by the Bermuda College.

"IT'S A PERFECTLY SAFE INVESTMENT
IF
NOTHING GOES WRONG."



If you listen carefully to people pushing investments, you'll catch the word "if." As in "if nothing goes wrong." Or, "if it all works out."

What "if" means is that a lot of investments depend on circumstances beyond anyone's control. It means they're risky.

But at America's Banks, you don't have to take risks to make money. Because the deposits you have in an individual bank are in-

sured for up to \$100,000.

What that means is your money will be safe and sound and growing no matter what happens. If it's in the bank, that is.

Talk with the professionals at your bank. They'll show you savings and investment plans that not only earn competitive interest rates, they earn peace of mind.

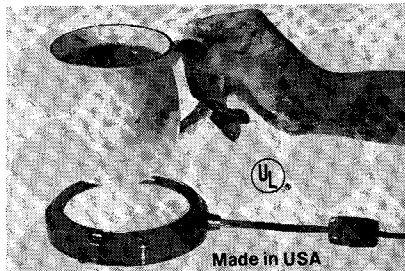
© 1982 AMERICAN BANKERS ASSOCIATION

AMERICA'S
BANKS



SECURITY
WITH NO IFS

Perfect gift for coffee lovers



MUG*MATE® personal cup heater

GUARANTEED
5 YEARS

No more cold coffee. This miniature hot plate keeps coffee, tea, or soup hot to the last drop. Perfect for office, home, school! Money back guarantee. We'll ship the same day we get your order.

RUSH me _____ MUG*MATES @ \$9.95 each + \$2 for shipping. (Order 2 or more, we pay shipping!) (In CA add 65¢ S.T.). Enclosed is ☐ check/MO or charge to ☐ VISA or ☐ Mastercard.

Card # _____ Exp. _____

Name _____

Address _____ Apt. _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

HONEX Factory Store
3000 Sand Hill Rd., Menlo Park, CA 94025

THE RAINBOW ROOM
ABOVE ALL
65 floors atop Rockefeller Center. Dine, dance and romance amid elegant art deco surroundings and spectacular views of the city. Pre-theatre a la carte and after theatre menus.
The Rainbow Room 30 Rockefeller Plaza.
New York City. Res: 757-9090

And at The Rainbow Grill, "KICKS II" a daring, delightful French cabaret revue produced by Peter Jackson.

**Richmond
Camera**

cordially invites you
to try
the finest photofinishing,
both personal and commercial.
Call or write
for your postage paid mailer,
price list,
&
Special Introductory Offer.

R.S.V.P.
P. O. Box 27461
Richmond, Virginia 23261
(804) 648-0955



touch. The pieces are cut, sanded, finished, polished, and counted by hand. Customers may also order puzzles according to degree of difficulty, with any image they want. Prices range from \$165 to \$2,000. Among the puzzles illustrated in Stave's current catalogue are a large, irregularly edged, particularly difficult snowflake, with a silver Mylar finish, for \$295, and a splendid four-hundred-piece depiction of a tall ship under full sail, for \$535. The firm is small, and it can get a little rushed around Christmas, but it will attempt to satisfy new customers just the same. The address is Stave Puzzles, Main Street, Norwich, Vermont 05055, and the telephone number is (802) 649-1450.

People who enjoy mental puzzles with an element of competition in them might like to try a couple of new and relatively inexpensive board games. Kensington is a game played with counters that are placed on hexagons linked in an arrangement based on ancient Islamic geometric patterns. It was invented by a pair of Englishmen, who were described in the newspaper publicity that accompanied the game's launching in England last year as both eccentric and unemployed. The attractive-looking game is simple to learn, quick (ten minutes or so) to play, and not unrelated to backgammon or ticktacktoe. Kensington is \$10 from Bloomingdale's. Pente, too, is a brand-new board game seeking to appeal to brains that might otherwise turn to backgammon, or even bridge. This one was invented by an American at a time when he was neither eccentric nor unemployed but was a twenty-one-year-old student at Oklahoma State. It combines some ingredients of the ancient Japanese game of Go and some from the simpler game of Go-Moku. Sets range in price from \$15 on up, depending on degree of elegance, at stores including Macy's.

To relieve the tensions of this new Fischer-Spassky territory, there is the old world of magic tricks—of top hats filled with doves and rabbits, or flowering with a rainbow flash of scarves. The Flosso Hornmann Magic Company, 304 West 34th Street (near the corner of Eighth Avenue), second floor, is a magic-paraphernalia supplier with a venerable history dating back to 1856. The current owner took over the business from his father, Al Flosso, who was otherwise known as "The Coney Island Fakir" and was a friend of Harry Houdini (who owned the store at one point). Here are all

If you don't have a
friend with an estate
in the Caribbean

you do now.

HALF MOON BAY HOTEL ANTIGUA, WEST INDIES

98 spacious ocean front deluxe rooms, each with private patio or balcony. Cooled by trade winds to 75°-85° year 'round. Sports: 5 championship plexipave tennis courts, with resident pro. Scenic 9 hole golf course. Sunfish sailboats, snorkeling, fresh water pool. Nightly entertainment. Casino nearby. A beautiful, small world created for you.

See your travel agent, or contact:

Robert Reid Associates, Representatives
1270 Ave. of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10020
Tel: (212) 757-2444. Toll Free 800-223-6510

MORE GROSS

CARTOONS BY

S. GROSS

123 cartoons, some of which appeared originally in *The New Yorker*.

COGSDON & WEED
Distributed by St. Martin's Press

OH JOY!



\$10.95 (cloth)

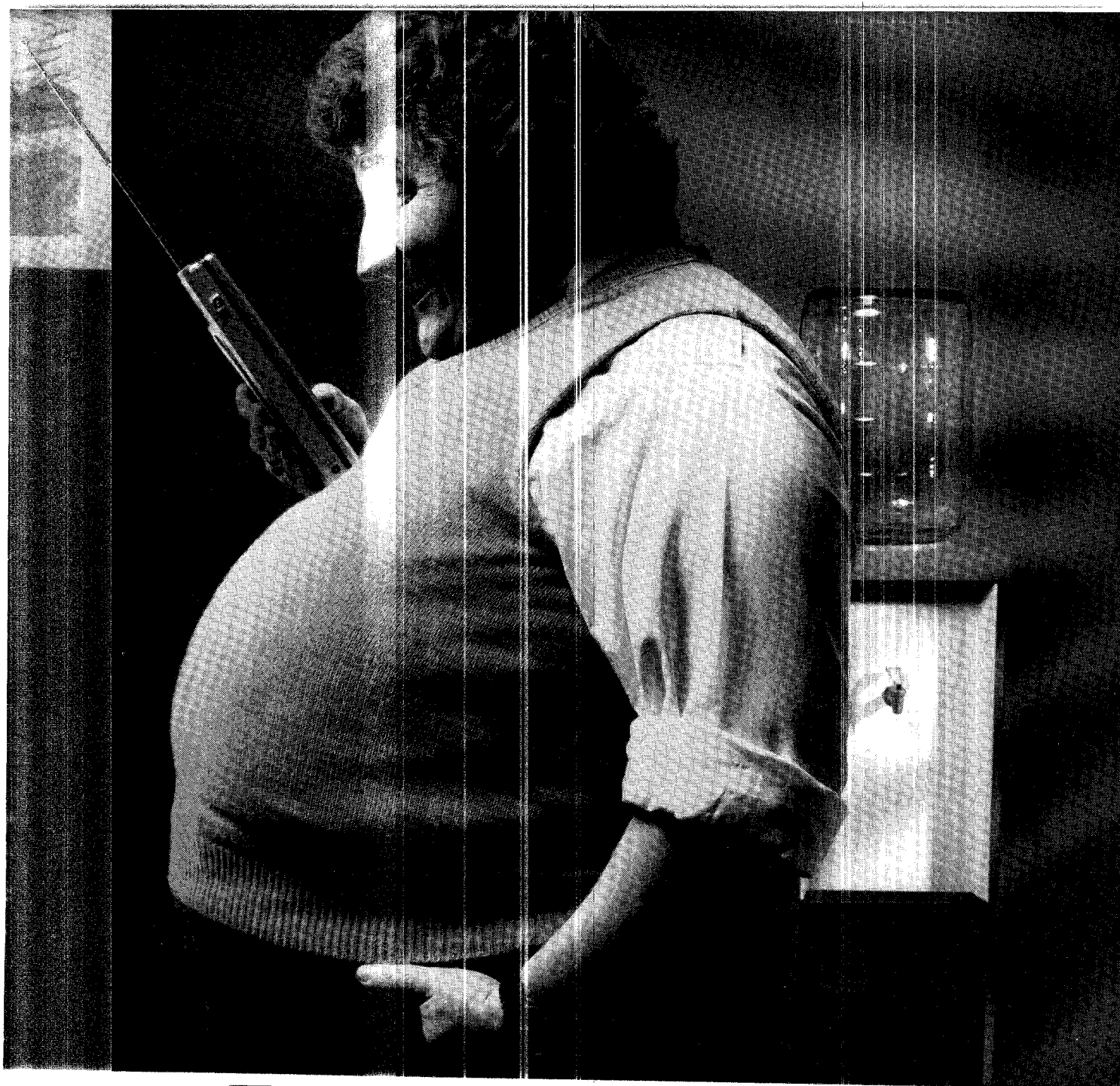
THE GREAT COTTON TERRY KIMONA
NAVY, EXPRESSO, WHITE \$150
SARTORIAL RESARTUS

Alexander Shields
(212) 832-1616
NEW YORK 10022
484 PARK AVE. AT 58TH ST.

OLD WESTERN ART

Original Paintings, Bronzes, Watercolors, etc., by Remington, Russell, Couse, Ufer, Seltzer, etc. One of America's Most Select Collections of Western Art. Bought & Sold. Send For Free Brochure AN7

Bartfield Gallery Est: 1937
45 West 57th St., New York, NY 10019 (212) 753-1830



The Skinny Sony.

Sony® has just put television on a crash diet with the invention of the new Watchman® TV. It's a mere 1 1/4" thin.

Other "small" TVs would love to have a body like that, but their picture tubes are just too chubby.

On the other hand, Sony's new flat display picture tube is as flat as a pancake (literally), making Watchman extremely easy to hold when you're watching it. And extremely easy to slip into your pocket when you're not.

Watch what you want, wherever you want to watch it, because Watchman is the first really

personal TV. With a sharp 2" (measured diagonally) black-and-white picture that you'll have all to yourself.

Now, you can catch the 6 o'clock news on the bus home. Or tune in the ball game on a bank line, because with its personal earphone, you can enjoy your favorite show in the privacy of a crowd.

So why load yourself down with a television that's overweight when you can travel with one that watches its figure.

INTRODUCING SONY WATCHMAN PERSONAL TV

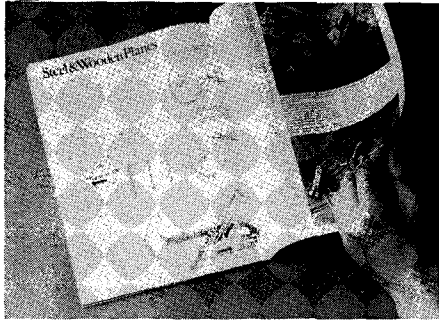
SONY®
THE ONE AND ONLY



Simulated Picture

© 1992 Sony Corporation of America. Sony and Watchman are trademarks of Sony Corporation.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Turning into a better craftsman can be as simple as turning the pages of our new catalog.

Our new 244 page catalog is filled not just with pictures of great hand and power tools, but carefully written specs, detailed illustrations and recommendations from craftsmen who've spent much of their lives making, using and testing tools.

You'll know what they look and feel like, and you'll know how they fit your needs.

We believe you're not the average craftsman. So why should we give you an average catalog?



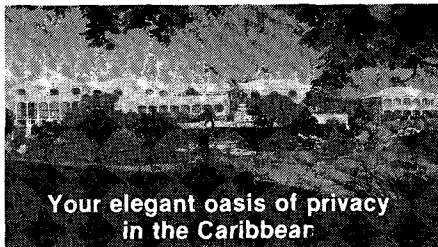
Garrett Wade Co., Dept. 113
161 Ave. of Americas, N.Y., N.Y. 10013

Please send me your 244 page catalog of wood working tools, machinery and accessories. Enclosed \$3.00.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____



The Buccaneer
St. Croix, U.S. Virgin Islands



Your elegant oasis of privacy
in the Caribbean

Reservations:
RALPH LOCKE, 315 E. 72nd St., N.Y.C. 10021
(212) 586-3070 Toll Free (800) 223-1108
Telex 423282

"THERE'S NO QUESTION
AS TO THE YEAR'S
NO. 1 HOTEL: L'ERMITAGE"
Los Angeles Times



L'ERMITAGE
hôtel de grande classe
Beverly Hills, California

kinds of standbys, including coloring books in which images can be made to appear on blank pages (\$6); cup-and-ball tricks (\$5); light bulbs that go on and off by themselves (\$5); color-changing silk handkerchiefs (\$6 apiece); and a top hat in silk (\$75) or felt (\$10). A sixty-trick set, with table, is \$32.50.

HEADING out into the open air, we encounter a fellow named Danny Broadhurst, another of those English inventors—this time of kayaks, made of bright-colored, lightweight fibre glass and intended for use in surf, white water, or calm ponds and inlets. Mr. Broadhurst, who is currently living on Long Island, has a certain missionary zeal about getting people to jump into the boats he manufactures and paddle out into the Long Island waves. A beginner could be equipped with a Waveskis kayak, paddle, spray skirt, and life jacket for as little as \$600. The Waveskis factory is at 409A Wading River-Manor Road, Manorville, New York 11949, and the telephone number is (516) 727-7575.

The sum of \$30 can provide someone with an introduction to gliding, by way of a gift package that covers rental of a tow plane, a glider, and an instructor's time, and a pilot's log-book. This is from the Connecticut Soaring Center, of Waterbury Airport, South Street, Plymouth, Connecticut 06782. The telephone is (203) 283-5819.

For sailors or armchair sailors, the South Street Seaport Museum, 207 Front Street, has a book called "The Peking Battles Cape Horn," by Captain Irving Johnson, who made the journey on one of the last of the tall ships (now moored at South Street) in 1929 and 1930. The yarn is satisfactorily full of ripsnortin' gales, struggles with mains'ls, and navigation by "punk cross" constellation (Sea History Press; \$11.95).

Gardeners, their muscles in repose until next planting time, might welcome an anticipatory good-quality fork or spade just the same. The Smith & Hawken Tool Company, of 68 Homer, Palo Alto, California 94301, carries the handsome, sturdy products of the old British craftsman firm of Bulldog Tools, and Christmas orders may be telephoned in; (415) 324-1587 is the number. A wide choice in a catalogue beautifully illustrated with line drawings includes a basic garden fork with "filled-D" handle, for \$42.80 plus \$4.75 shipping; a basic spade, for

Squirrel Fountain

Watch your favorite feathered friends as they flock to bathe and shower in this delightful Squirrel fountain complete with its own re-circulating pump.

Made of lead, 37" high, available in old lead color or Pompeian green.
Price: \$800
FOB New York

Send \$3 for our new illustrated catalog.

florentine craftsmen inc.

654 First Ave. (37th St.) • New York, N.Y. 10016
(212) 532-3926

Henry Morgan/George Booth
— present —
THE UNCENSORED LETTERS OF Loreata Pernie

Bought at a garage sale for \$3.00. Now in hardcover, \$8.95.

CONGDON & WEED
Distributed by St. Martin's Press

110 E. 49th St., East of Park Ave., N.Y. 212-421-4389.

KEY WEST

A carefully restored 19th century conch hotel in the Historic Preservation District. Modern kitchens & baths, air-conditioned, pool, Jacuzzi. Reasonable by month or week. Brochure: 730 Eaton St., Key West, FL 33040. (305) 294-5702.

— Island City House —

\$34.80 plus \$3; and a trowel (\$8.80), a hand fork (\$7.50), and a dibble (\$11.50), each with an extra \$2 for shipping. The tools have ash-wood handles and are made of durable carbon-manganese steel. Smith & Hawken also has hoes, scythes, sickles, whetstones, Haws watering cans, and a selection of books, including reissues, recently printed in England, of classic works by the great Edwardian landscapist Gertrude Jekyll.

For gardeners whose tastes have progressed to the unusual or for those with limited space, Twin Peak Nursery, P.O. Box 196, Oceanside, New York 11572, specializes in rare dwarf conifers and in miniature roses and small, low-growing perennials suitable for rock gardens.

At the Wicker Garden, 1318 Madison Avenue (93rd), nothing's blooming except a white-painted turn-of-the-century umbrella stand, for \$195, with wrought-iron leaves and flowers, and nothing's growing except a collection of old painted cast-iron doorstops in shapes that include miniature windmills, carriages, country cottages, and cats; \$150 is an average price for these. Natural-color ash splits in crisscross weaving make classic-shaped picnic baskets, which are lined with red or yellow felt and have hand-painted scenes of woodland fox-hunting on the lid; \$95.

The remarkable Caswell-Massey pharmacy, 518 Lexington Avenue (48th), has a great array of luxurious and unusual toiletries. Knize Ten is a men's fragrance that was developed by Knize, a firm founded in 1858 in Vienna as tailors and uniform-makers to the Hapsburgs. Cologne or after-shave is \$10 for the smallest-size (two-ounce) bottle; toilet water is \$13.50. There is a range of related products, too, including hair lotion, body rub, two sizes of soap, and shaving cream. Caswell-Massey also carries the fragrance it developed in conjunction with Countess Mara (\$18.50 for 3.4 ounces of cologne or after-shave), and there are nine different Caswell-Massey fragrances for men. Colognes in the smallest sizes in this line are \$10; toilet waters are \$20; three bath soaps in a box are \$10.50.

Thoughts of uniforms, luxury, and vanished royalty sweep us right through the revolving door of A La Vieille Russie, 781 Fifth Avenue (59th). Here is an absorbing assortment of antique jewelry, gold boxes, and small precious objects—most-



Discover a small world with a big heart on the Polaris Baltic cruise.

Our Baltic/Russia cruise, stopping in Copenhagen, Stockholm, Helsinki and Leningrad will show you spectacular scenery, majestic castles and warm friendly people. And an equally engaging staff of lecturers will brief you on the region's history, culture, wildlife and heart.

The **M.S. Polaris*** offers only 1st class, outside cabins. Hearty Scandinavian food. And a chance to learn. Cruises leave from May through August. For more information call **800-223-5688** (in New York **212-751-2300**), see your travel agent, or write Dept. NYR-12-13.

*Registered in Sweden

TO LEARN IS TO LIVE.

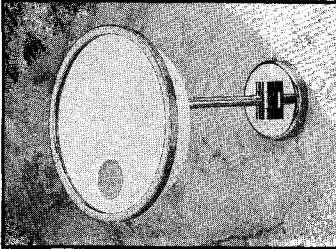
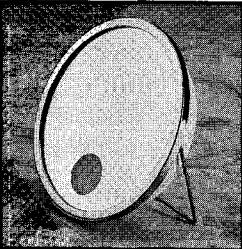
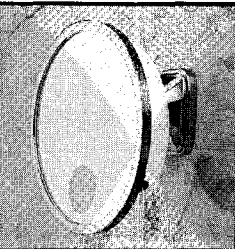


SALÉN LINDBLAD CRUISING
133 East 55th Street, New York, N.Y. 10022

Miroir Brot *From the Grande-Luxe Hotels of France*

The world's most beautifully crafted custom mirror, seen in the grand hotels throughout Europe—Hôtel Plaza Athénée, Hôtel George V, Hôtel Bristol, Hôtel Ritz—is now available in America.

A revolutionary spotlight designed into the mirror surface eliminates fogging while providing illumination for make-up application and barber-clean shaving. Easy to use, just plug in.

		
Long Arm Model Chrome #7121 \$370.00 Gold #7131 \$465.00	Portable Table Model Chrome #7127 \$169.00 Gold #7137 \$195.00	Swivel Wall Model Chrome #7120 \$169.00 Gold #7130 \$195.00

Bring the image of sophistication into your home. Credit card customers call In Calif.; call, (800) 252-0505. To order by mail: Check, MasterCard or VISA accepted. Mail to: Miroir Brot, U.S.A., 5555 So. Sepulveda Blvd., Culver City, CA 90230. (213) 204-4400. Add \$6.00 for shipping and handling. (If you order more than one, we'll pay all shipping costs.) In CA, also add 6-1/2% sales tax. Additional special bulbs (#7150) available at \$5.00 each.

TOLL FREE, (800) 421-4404.

Quantity	Style #	Price	Name	
_____	_____	_____	Address	Apt. # _____
_____	_____	_____	City	State _____ Zip _____
Subtotal	_____	_____	Phone # () _____	Check (), VISA (), MC ()
Plus Tax	_____	_____	Card # _____	Exp. Date _____
Plus Frt.	_____	_____		
Total	_____	_____		

Miroir Brot, U.S.A., 5555 So. Sepulveda Blvd., Culver City, CA 90230 (213) 204-4400

L.L.Bean®

Outdoor Sporting Specialties



FREE Winter Catalog

72 pages of cold weather favorites from L. L. Bean. Quality apparel and footwear for men, women and children. Snowshoeing, cross country skiing and hiking gear. Wood burning accessories. Casual home furnishings. Many items of our own manufacture. All fully guaranteed. Our 70th year of providing dependable outdoor sporting specialties.

☐ PLEASE SEND FREE WINTER CATALOG

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

L. L. Bean, Inc.
882 Casco St., Freeport, ME 04033

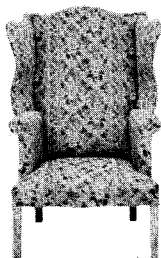


The Seraph

Unusual Upholstered Furniture

New Catalog & Fabric Samples \$3

P.O. Box 500N
Main Street
Sturbridge, MA 01566
617-347-2241



WINDERMERE ISLAND IS HARD TO FIND

That's why people go there. Just 50 rooms, suites and cottages on 5 miles of beach. Sailing, fishing, tennis, unwinding. Incomparable.

Windermere Island is part of Eleuthera, the Bahamas.

Call your travel agent or Marilyn Albrecht (203) 661-3171 or write Windermere Island Hotel and Club 10 Porchuck Road, Greenwich, CT 06830



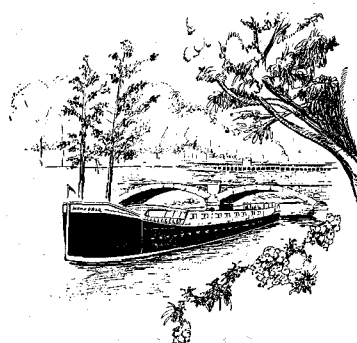
ly from czarist Russia and many by Fabergé. Among a number of desk accessories are a Fabergé paper knife with a silver blade and a sea-blue translucent-enamel handle, for \$6,750; a paper knife whose handle is of gold set with rubies and whose blade, curved scimitar style, is of veined green nephrite jade, for \$6,500; and an ornately worked gilded-silver matchbox-and-table-lighter set, for \$8,000.

A GERMAN company named VDO has developed (in moments left over from work on dashboard instruments for Mercedes, Porsche, and BMW automobiles) a battery clock specially for use in steamy bathrooms. It has a modern-looking case and round face four and a quarter inches in diameter, with black stick hands, and it won't rust or mist over with condensation; \$40 from, among other places, Hammacher Schlemmer and Turpan & Sanders. A second German company, Krups, is known for bringing good design to small appliances and has recently produced a sleek-looking brown bathroom scale that not only gives a digital readout of weight but records and recalls the weight of the user (or a family of users) at given intervals. The readout and memory are contained in a unit that can be separated from the scale and mounted on the wall at waist height, for easy reading; \$140 at 1st Stop Housewares, 1025 Second Avenue (54th).

Good design is the whole idea behind the hand-picked stock at Sointu, 20 East 69th Street. The ideal of combining functionalism and elegance ennobles even the humblest articles, such as a zipper-closed, boxy "wetpack" toilet kit in very soft black calfskin lined with water-resistant nylon (\$55, \$70, or \$85, depending on size); an automatically opening plastic-handled black nylon umbrella (\$35); and the stainless-steel travel razor by Eltron, which is rechargeable, and which comes in its own black vinyl case with mirror (\$150). A flattish overnight bag that is made of black cowhide and has a shoulder strap is \$170, and Nikon 7 x 20 binoculars in a chromium-finish case are \$265.

The people at Lee Bailey, at Henri Bendel, are no slouches when it comes to offering modernity of styling, either. Here is Panasonic's lightweight portable hair dryer, which fits into the palm of the hand like an inch-thick, flattened black nautilus shell; \$40. Among stocking stuffers here is a

FLOATING HOTELS ON THE CANALS OF FRANCE



A unique experience—one week gourmet hotel boat cruises on the most beautiful of the French canals, featuring good food, good wine and good company while relaxing on the sundeck, strolling or cycling alongside on ancient tow paths.

Visit the vineyards, wineries, chateaux and villages of provincial France at the afternoon and evening stops made each day.

Gourmet chefs create the very best cuisine aboard our five luxury hotel boats, carrying from 6 to 16 guests (charter or individual) from April through October.

Paris or Bordeaux pickup and return. For information about a week of peace and tranquility contact:

Horizon, 215 N. 75th St., Belleville, IL 62223, phone: 800-851-3448 or, in Illinois, 618-397-7524.



Head of ZEUS

An excellent and striking example of the "Supreme God" of Hellenistic period. From the Louvre Museum, Paris. 10 1/2" \$120.00 P.P. in bronze or stone finish

Exclusive replicas of classical sculpture from major European museums

Please send \$2.00 for catalogue

GUST GALLERY

1920 Washington St., Boston, MA 02118

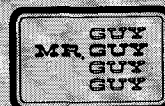


Elegant Illumination.

A graceful, handblown glass lamp—odorless & cleanburning—10 to 30 hrs.—when filled with a quality lamp oil. Four sizes: 6"—\$27.50 / 9"—\$32.50 / 12"—\$36.50 / 15"—\$46.50—Design Patent: Wolfard Glassblowing Co.

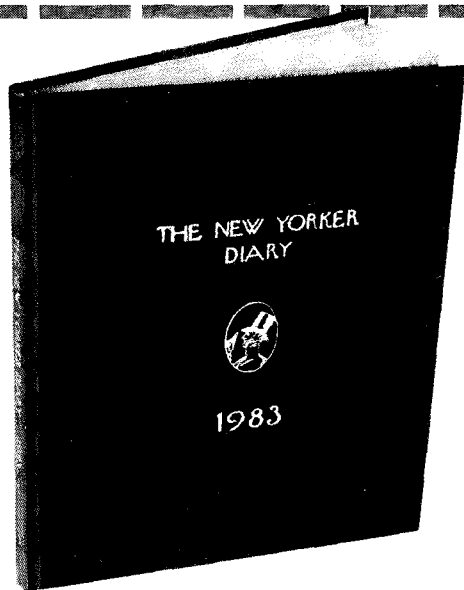
Mail Check or Money Order to: **PERFORMER'S OUTLET** (a gift shop) 222 East 85th St. NYC, NY 10028 Add \$4.00 Shipping; \$2.00 each additional lamp. (NY Residents add 8% sales tax) MasterCard, Visa, & American Express **ORDERS: (212) 249-8435 or 249-3088**

EXTRAORDINARY



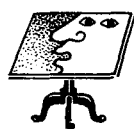
CLOTHES FOR MEN

369 N. RODEO DR., BEVERLY HILLS, CA 90210 • (213) 275-4143



THE NEW YORKER DIARY
FOR 1983 IN BROWN OR  BLUE.

128 PAGES BOUND IN KID GRAINED



LEATHERETTE. FEATURING 50



CARTOONS BY NEW YORKER

ARTISTS MARKING THE SEASONS,

HOLIDAYS



AND TOPICAL EVENTS.



REFERENCE GUIDES TO WHAT'S ON ABOUT

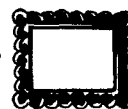
TOWN,



THEATRES,



ART GALLERIES,



★



★

★

★

★

★

★

★

★

★

★

★

★

★

★

★

★

★

★

★

★

★

★

★

★

★

★

★

★

★

★

★

★

★

★

MOVIE



HOUSES, HOTELS,



NIGHT SPOTS, AND OTHER PLACES OF INTEREST.

FULL CALENDARS FOR 1982, 1983, 1984. JUST \$13.50.

ADD \$1.50 PER DIARY
FOR POSTAGE AND
HANDLING (NEW YORK
RESIDENTS, PLEASE
ADD SALES TAX)

THE DIFFERENT DIARY

FROM THE NEW YORKER

Suite 1101, 25 West 43 Street, New York, N.Y. 10036

Please specify color and quantity ☐ blue ☐ brown

Enclosed is my check for \$_____ Or, charge my



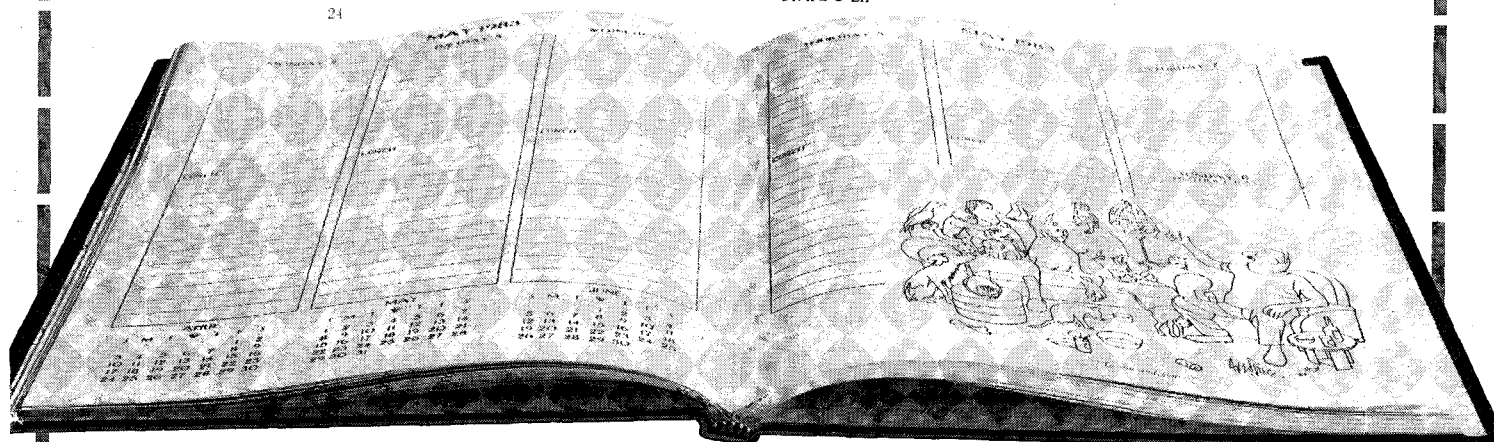
Account # _____ EXP. DATE _____

NAME _____ please print

ADDRESS _____ APT. _____

CITY _____ STATE & ZIP _____

24



ORDER NOW.

Please allow 4 to 6 weeks for delivery. For quantities over 25, write for price list.

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ESTATE CLOVER BROOCHES
RUBIES AND DIAMONDS \$2850

DEMANOID GARNETS AND DIAMONDS \$3000

SHOWN IN ACTUAL SIZE

FIRESTONE AND PARSON
Ritz-Carlton Hotel, Boston, MA 02117
(617) 266-1888

SAPPHIRES AND DIAMONDS \$7500

A RARE FIND

A limited number of 1909 dated color lithographs (12"x18") by A.K. Hazard. Only 49 of each found. The perfect gift for graduates and alumni.

YALE



Price \$150.00* each
postage paid. Send check
or money order to

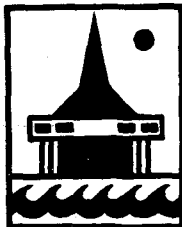
POSTERAMERICA

174 Ninth Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10011
or call (212) 691-1615

PRINCETON All major credit cards accepted
*NY State residents add appropriate sales tax

Barbados Beach Village Hotel

ST. JAMES — BARBADOS, WEST INDIES



For reservations, consult your travel agent
or First Resort Corporation,
200 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016
800-235-3505 or (212) 689-3048

thick-pencil-like Plexiglas gadget for rolling over maps to convert kilometres into miles or litres into gallons, for people on trips abroad (\$5 apiece).

Streamlined form and the latest technology meet up in Yamaha's new motor scooter, the Riva, and are embellished with amusing tropical-bird colors—a choice of red, blue, or white. The machines have such practical virtues as electric starting, automatic transmission, and the ability to run for as much as a hundred miles on a gallon of gas. A 50cc. Riva (suitable for one person) is \$659; the 80cc. model can carry two and is \$899. The dealer here in the city is Camrod Motors, 610 West 57th Street.

It seems that people give each other telephones these days the way they used to give socks or mufflers. Some of the new telephones that will dial frequently called numbers with a touch are attractive to look at. A light-hearted model by Onyx Telecommunications, appropriately known as the Hummingbird 10, comes in white, beige, blue, or red with round black push buttons, and looks somehow poised to take flight. It stores nine numbers of up to sixteen digits and, on command, will redial the number last called. It also has an electronic bird-call ring; \$89.95 from Phone Boutique, 855 Lexington Avenue (65th).

For anyone who maintains the archaic habit of writing personal letters, New York Central Art Supply, 62 Third Avenue (11th), has—in addition to a storeful of artists' supplies, always a rich source of gift ideas—a fine selection of handmade European stationery. Sheets of parchment-colored, deckle-edged, chain-laid paper from the Lessebo Mill, in Sweden, must look much the same as the paper that was made by the mill when it was founded, in 1693. Twenty-four sheets and sixteen envelopes lined with gray tissue paper come together in a box for \$80.

ORPHEUS REMARKABLE RECORDINGS, 1047 Lexington Avenue (74th), is a small store with a courteous staff and a stock of mostly classical records and tapes. There are also out-of-print records by popular vocalists, movie-soundtrack records, and show albums. And Harvey, 2 West 45th Street, carries the new fourteen-record set of everything the Beatles ever

recorded in England. The limited-edition set, in audiophile super-fidelity and drawn from EMI's original British master tapes, is guaranteed to bring waves of nostalgia to the generation that grew up on Beatles music and is now in early middle age—some of its members perhaps even prospering sufficiently to give a contemporary a present that costs \$325, which is the price of the set.

Video cassettes of boxing, football, and baseball from VidAmerica (available at Video Shack branches, among many other places) might stuff the stocking of the owner of a VCR. A retrospective of Muhammed Ali's career is \$59.95. Three cassette choices of classic N.F.L. games (to help overcome the effects of the recent strike) and a number of major-league baseball selections (including a collection of famous bloopers together with trivia tests) are \$49.95 each.



The "IN World Guide" is a comprehensive guide to hotels, night clubs, and winter and summer resorts compiled by a German man-about-society named Peter Finkbeiner-Zellmann. Its tone is chatty and chic, and it is a pocket-size book of dense Bible-paper pages bound in either burgundy or black leather, with silver scuff corners. The author tells you not just which luxurious hotel to stay in but what kind of people you may find sitting in the bar when you get there; \$125 from IN World Guide, Sofaco Publishers U.S.A., 401 East 63rd Street, New York, New York 10021.

The Traveller's Bookstore, at 22 West 52nd Street (across from "21"), has a fine, thoughtfully selected range of books to help direct and enrich people's journeys. In addition to guidebooks, maps, and phrase books, there are works of literature from or about particular countries or regions, arranged right beside the more practical tomes. The store will compile a gift package of a guidebook and a couple of works of fiction, nonfiction, or poetry for around \$20. A half-dozen or so paperback works on China, for instance, would cost about \$25. In addition, the shop has hardcover plain-page diaries, for recording details of trips; \$9.50.

Rizzoli, 712 Fifth Avenue (56th), publishes some fine new coffee-table picture books, most suitable for Christmas gifts. A compendious yet compre-

Lee introduces

Dress Blues™

A dark blue denim jean that stays newer and bluer longer.

REGULAR DENIM
WASHED 15 TIMES

DRESS BLUES™
WASHED 15 TIMES



M.R.®
Lee

What's new is our breakthrough blue! It keeps its deeper indigo blue color and good looks longer, wash after wash. Make today a special occasion. Choose "the blues"... DRESS BLUES by Lee.

THE LEE COMPANY, P.O. BOX 2940, SHAWNEE MISSION, KANSAS 66201. (913) 384-4000

A company of  corporation

METAXA SEVEN STAR. A STEP ABOVE COGNAC



METAXA

The Imported Greek Classic

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hensive volume called "Photography: History of an Art," by Jean-Luc Duval, views photography as an art form and draws parallels between it and other forms of art, with emphasis on painting; \$60. "Berlin 1910-1933" is an illustrated history of a period of great fertility in painting, architecture, the theatre, and film—a period whose big-city decadence and excitement are currently being examined for links with and lessons for our own day. The text is by a number of German experts and scholars, and the price is \$50 until New Year's; then it goes up to \$60. Anyone interested in art, technology, and the connection between them might enjoy browsing through "Bugatti," which discusses not only Ettore and his son Jean, designers of the automobiles, but also the amazing furniture designs of Carlo, Ettore's father, and the sculpture of Rembrandt, his brother; \$50.

The aim of the series ambitiously titled the Library of America is to provide handsome editions of classic American literature, much of it previously uncollected and long out of print, and to stand in relation to the literary heritage of this country as the Bibliothèque de la Pléiade stands to France. The books—light in weight, with acid-free thin Bible-paper pages sewn into flexible bindings and with simple, undemanding dust jackets—are indeed satisfyingly like their Gallic counterparts. The series, published as a nonprofit venture, will eventually include more than a hundred volumes. In this, its first year, eight have appeared—including works by Mark Twain, William Dean Howells, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Herman Melville, Jack London (two volumes), and Walt Whitman. They are \$25 each at many bookstores, including Madison Avenue Bookshop, 833 Madison (70th), and Books & Co., 939 Madison (74th).

The Argosy Book Store, 116 East 59th Street, has five floors of out-of-print and first-edition titles, including many of the works of literature being reissued by the Library of America. This is rich browsing ground for bibliophiles in search of leather bindings as well as for ordinary readers in search of favorite authors. The store publishes several catalogues, including "First Editions," which covers everything from Dickens' "Bleak House" and "Nicholas Nickleby" (\$125 and \$175, respectively) to books by A. J. Liebling and Peter De Vries (\$35 and \$20). There is a copious Americana

section, with works on the Civil War period, biographies of Presidents, and historical studies of the West. There is also a very large selection of old prints, arranged according to themes and subjects—New York City buildings, say, or the legal profession—and ranging in price from \$10 to \$2,000.

BONWIT TELLER's street floor has shirts from the London firm of Hilditch & Key, including an evening-dress shirt with a white piqué bib front, minute mother-of-pearl studs, and French cuffs, for \$100. A bow tie and cummerbund of black silk with narrow diagonal stripes of gold and burgundy are \$22 and \$48, respectively. An enormous choice of shirts may be inspected in a neat, attractive new store called Addison on Madison, 698 Madison (62nd). There is a wide choice of silky-feeling French cottons. These shirts are made in America, and range in price from \$45 to \$52. French silk neckties come in a choice of widths, and in solid colors, stripes, or polka dots; \$22.

The Coach Store, 754 Madison (65th), has billfolds made of natural-color water-buffalo hide, which gradually turns a rich chestnut hue in the course of the billfolds' long life; \$38. Among the portfolios and briefcases is a legal-size brief bag with two gusseted outside pockets under a flap closed with two brass turn locks; in black, mocha, tabac, or British tan, and \$146. And Coach's array of belts includes its "carriage belt," in hand-folded black or mocha glove leather with a solid, simple brass buckle; \$30 for the inch-wide version, \$35 for the inch-and-a-quarter.

Within a matter of days, in the new Trump Tower, at 56th and Fifth, the Spanish leather-goods firm of Loewe will fill out its four-level quarters. This is the first American shop of a luxury firm that has branches in shoppers' paradises from Kuwait to Tokyo, and price and quality are both high, as befits a new neighbor of Gucci and Cartier. Finely finished attaché cases in brown, navy, or golden-tan calfskin have leather linings and brass locks and fittings; \$350. A storm coat in the softest and most supple sort of shearling, of a chocolate color, is \$1,695. Lambskin-suède zip-front Eisenhower jackets are \$825.

IT is difficult these days for consumers to remain immune to mail-order catalogues, which have a way of

MONTALDO'S

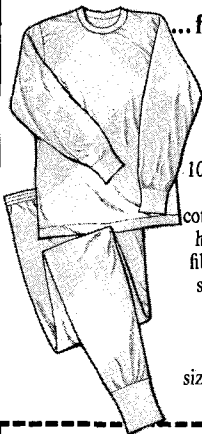


STRIKING AND SO SLIMMING.

A dramatically becoming 2-piece dress that sails effortlessly through every season with nary a wrinkle! In navy and white acrylic and nylon knit. By Vivanti Knit in 6 to 16 sizes. \$114.

Montaldo's: 220 N. Tryon St., Charlotte, N.C. 28202 and Winston-Salem, Durham, Greensboro, Raleigh, Richmond, Columbus, St. Louis, Denver, Colorado Springs. For mail orders write the Montaldo's nearest you. Please add the appropriate sales tax plus \$1.75 handling charge.

Silk Long Johns



...for chilly homes, offices
and outdoor sports.

\$32.50/\$33.50 ea.

Our two-piece long underwear is made from 100% pure Chinese silk. It is lighter than wool, rayon or cotton and retains more body heat than any other natural fiber. Crew neck collar, long sleeves and elasticized cuffs for luxurious no-rub fit. Natural champagne color. Give dress/coat and waist size for best fit. Order today!

100% Guarantee

The White Pine Company

2038 Pennsylvania Avenue, Dept. D10
Madison, Wisconsin 53704

RETAIL HOURS: MON.-FRI., 1 to 5 PM.

24 HR. PHONE ORDERS: 1-800-356-5310, EXT. 652

WISCONSIN RESIDENTS: 1-608-241-2225

Send _____ Long John Unisex Shirts, \$32.50 ea.

☐ XS ☐ S ☐ M ☐ L ☐ XL

Send _____ Ladies' LJ Pants, \$33.50 ea. ☐ S ☐ M ☐ L ☐ XL

Send _____ Men's LJ Pants, \$33.50 ea. ☐ S ☐ M ☐ L ☐ XL

Add \$3.25 for shipping, handling, and insurance.

Wisconsin residents add 5% sales tax.

☐ Check ☐ Master Card ☐ Visa ☐ Amer. Exp.

Card No. _____ Exp. _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

☐ Send FREE catalog.

CHINA CULTURAL TOURS

21 & 24 Days In-depth Travel

Visit remote Tibet, Chinese Central Asia & Inner Mongolia. See world's greatest art treasures in Dunhuang, Datong, Xian, Peking... Explore the natural beauties between Sichuan & Guilin.

Small groups accompanied by expert Chinese-speaking tour director. A Great Value!

For brochure, please write to:

TILLER INTERNATIONAL, INC.

209 Post St., Suite 1015

San Francisco, California 94108

(415) 397-1966

If you can't be a house guest in Bucks County, be ours.

The 1740 House is a country inn—worthy of special note because of the stout determination of the hosts to give visitors a place to stay that is quiet, charming and memorable.

Twenty-four air-conditioned bedrooms, each with bath and terrace, on the Delaware River. In summer when it is warm there is swimming, fishing and boating. And in winter, quite the other way, ice skating, a bit of skiing, a quiet winter walk along the old canal towpath... and proprietors who know a thing or two about making you welcome.

We'll be glad to send you our brochure and driving directions.



LUMBERVILLE, PA. 18933 BUCKS COUNTY
Tel.: 215-297-5661

raining in (sometimes in triplicate) from every conceivable quarter. People who would like to get still more catalogues, or catalogues that might correspond more closely to what they want to buy, might profitably browse through the mail orderer's dream book, the "International Catalogue of Catalogues," by Maria Elena de La Iglesia, published by Harper & Row at \$21.95 in hardcover, \$10.95 in paper. This has a host of illustrations as well as the author's sensible, well-written, and honest commentary on catalogues from all over the world.

One catalogue that is definitely an end in itself as well as a means of making purchases is "The Goodfellow Catalog of Wonderful Things No. 3." This is a hefty, three-and-a-half-pound paperback tome, with fourteen hundred and thirty-three photographs and some seven hundred pages dedicated to the products and the personal philosophies of almost seven hundred people, all over America, who are making things with their hands. More than just a catalogue putting readers in touch with craftspeople, it is a glimpse of a whole universe—a sometimes astonishing peephole into all kinds of different lives. Here are people making everything from tepees and stained glass to exquisite bentwood rockers, twelve-hundred-and-fifty-dollar dulcimer-and-banjo sets, and birchbark canoes. The book is available from the Goodfellow Catalog Press, P.O. Box 4520, Berkeley, California 94704, for \$19.95, plus \$2.50 for shipping.

Finally, for people who have done all their research and their legwork and come up with just the right gifts, there is a new gift-wrapping store, called Annie Wrapper, at 956 Lexington Avenue (69th). The store will wrap most packages for a service charge of \$2 added to the price of any of two hundred different papers and scores of ribbons. These are also sold to shoppers who are determined to wrap their own gifts.

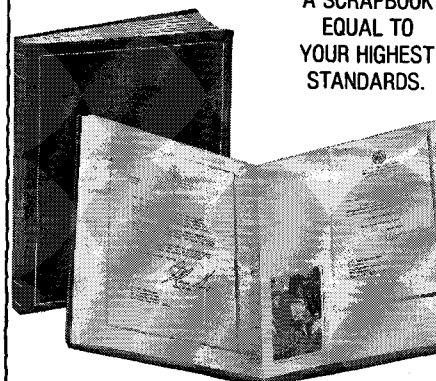
WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[Promotional mailing from Vintage]

Publisher and editor-in-chief is Philip Seldon, a man whose love affair with wine is a legend in of itself. Businessman, connoisseur, wine authority, author, wine judge, wine educator and lecturer, he is considered as one of the leading figures in the world of wine today. As a consumer advocate his hard-hitting investigative reporting has led to wine reforms benefiting all wine consumers. Some call him the "Ralph Nader" of the wine industry.

ATTENTION: ARCHIVISTS, ARCHITECTS, HISTORIANS, COLLECTORS, LIBRARIANS, PHOTOGRAPHERS

AT LAST—
A SCRAPBOOK
EQUAL TO
YOUR HIGHEST
STANDARDS.



We start with a handmade cover in luxurious top grain cowhide, decorated with 24k gold tooling. Next, our sewn filler is made of pH negative paper (acid free).

Alternate pages are perforated for easy removal to compensate for material being added.

The end result is a permanently bound scrapbook that retains its classic appearance from start to finish.

The A & M library album comes in two convenient

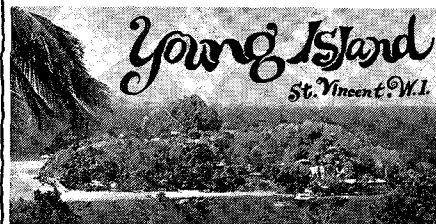
sizes—
\$75.00 \$100.00
9 1/4 "x11 1/4 " 10 1/2 "x13 3/4 "

for the name of the dealer nearest you, please write to:

A & M Leatherlines inc.

DEPT. 96A

75 Varick Street, New York, N.Y. 10013



Impossibly Romantic Private Island.

Limited to 60 guests. YOUNG ISLAND offers everything that large resorts have

...except the crowds. Info., reservations:

Ralph Locke, 315 E. 72nd St., N.Y. 10021
(212) 628-8149 • (800) 223-1108

GERMAN BOOKS

RARE, FIRST EDITIONS

All periods (Esp. old imprints) purchased.

Catalogs available upon request.

PETER TUMARKIN FINE BOOKS, INC.

310 E. 70th St./N.Y.C. 10021/348-8187

TURKS & CAICOS ISLANDS

...The Last Caribbean Frontier

Prospect of Whitby Hotel



See your Travel Agent or Call
1-800-243-4954 or 203-371-1119



\$

a year—52 Issues—
for the first subscription
(your own or gift)

\$

for each additional
one-year gift subscription

ADDITIONAL POSTAGE: Canada \$6.00 per year;
other foreign \$12.00 per year.



Please send a New Yorker gift
subscription to each of the following:

Your Name _____
(please print)

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

1st gift _____
(please print)

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Gift card to read "From _____"

☐ Start a subscription for me only ☐ Start my subscription plus gifts. ☐ Start gifts only.

2nd gift _____
(please print)

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Gift card to read "From _____"

3rd gift _____
(please print)

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Gift card to read "From _____"

Please complete your order here:

I enclose \$ _____ A. order _____ subscriptions.

Or, charge my: ☐  ☐  ☐ 

Acct. # _____ Exp. Date _____

Signature _____

#502

For faster service on credit card
orders call toll-free

800-223-0200

(In New York State 212-840-3800)

THE NEW YORKER 25 West 43rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10036

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE THEATRE

Off Broadway

THE production of "Hamlet" that Joseph Papp has directed at the Public, with a young actress named Diane Venora in the title role, is in every way an experiment. It is deliberately unheroic in style, the great speeches never being set pieces but delivered in a "natural" way, which is occasionally effective. On the other hand, there is little eloquence or poetry, and, with a few exceptions among the supporting actors, little depth of characterization. Casting a woman as Hamlet is certainly not unprecedented—Judith Anderson's Prince is a recent example—but Miss Venora seems too girlish and tantrummy; if a woman is pretending to be a man, it is probably a mistake for her to dissolve into sobs, as Miss Venora does during her "too too solid flesh" soliloquy. ("Sullied" is what she says, I suppose because she is a slender type.) There is no wit or, for that

matter, true melancholy in this Hamlet—wit or anguish that might explain, if not justify, his rudeness to Polonius (I always tend to be rather pro-Polonius, in any case)—but at least there is nothing fake or stagy in the performance. Every time I found myself becoming exasperated with it, Miss Venora would do something so good or funny that I would immediately switch to her side. For example, after the stabbing of Polonius she is dragged blindfolded into the King's court, and there, slumped in a chair and facing Claudius, she teases him in so deft and original a manner that she makes unforgettable an exchange I'd never even noticed before. Given the circumstances, the strong Oedipal element is missing in the Queen's closet scene; what we get instead is something much kinkier, with Hamlet and Gertrude slapping each other and beating each other up and finally rolling

around together on the floor. This Hamlet is a slapper anyway; in his first encounter—"Get thee to a nunnery"—with Ophelia he not only slaps her but pelts her with bits of his torn-up book before he throws her down. Physical action is no substitute for eloquence, although it is so used time and again during the evening: when Laertes is informed of Ophelia's drowning he collapses to the floor, thereby passing up the chance to show a moment of stunned, overwhelming grief.

For this production, the center section of seats has been removed from the Anspacher Theatre, so that the playing space becomes the whole breadth of the house and the acting takes place on many levels; the action that results is so interesting that it makes up for a certain lack of focus. Even so, while a few of the scenes work, most of them just go by the board. At the final preview, with most of the reviewers present, the second of the play's two parts went better than the first—perhaps a matter of onstage nerves that eased during the intermission. Mr. Papp has, as usual, assembled a troupe of good American actors for the supporting roles. Bob Gunton's Claudius is so subtly wicked and attractive that one almost becomes annoyed with Hamlet for being so rotten to him. Kathleen Widdoes is fine as Gertrude—noble and loving and deeply troubled; Pippa Pearthree, whether her resemblance to photographs of Ellen Terry is deliberate or accidental, makes a believable Ophelia, and her mad scene is appropriately harrowing. George Hall does well as Polonius, although he is made to seem a bit too foolish (as I say, I am unreliable on Polonius), and also as the First Gravedigger. I admired Robert Westenberg, as Laertes; George Hamlin, as the Ghost; Rick Lieberman and Ralph Byers, as Rosencrantz and Guildenstern; and J. T. Walsh as the principal Player. Theoni V. Aldredge designed the nineteenth-century costumes, and Ralph K. Holmes designed the lighting. Allen Shawn's incidental music is, as ever, a joy to hear.

—EDITH OLIVER



"I'm letting you handle the other half of the truth."

LETTERS WE NEVER FINISHED
READING

GOVERNMENTAL REFUSE COLLECTION
AND DISPOSAL ASSOCIATION, INC.

DEAR FELLOW SOLID WASTER:
It is true that . . .

**Give Baileys.
The taste of magic.**



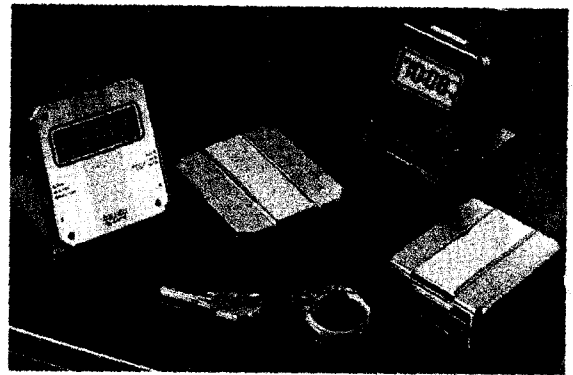
To send a gift of Baileys
anywhere in the U.S.,
call 800-528-6148.
Void where prohibited.

Imported by The Puddington Corporation, New York, N.Y. 34 Proof © 1982

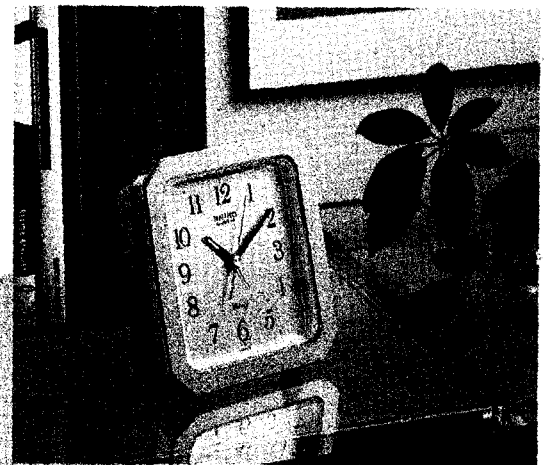
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



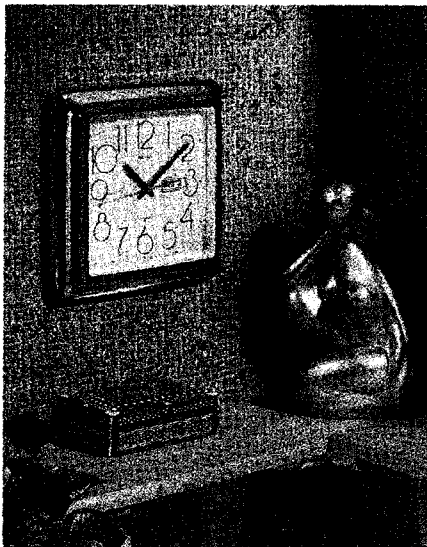
RHAPSODY



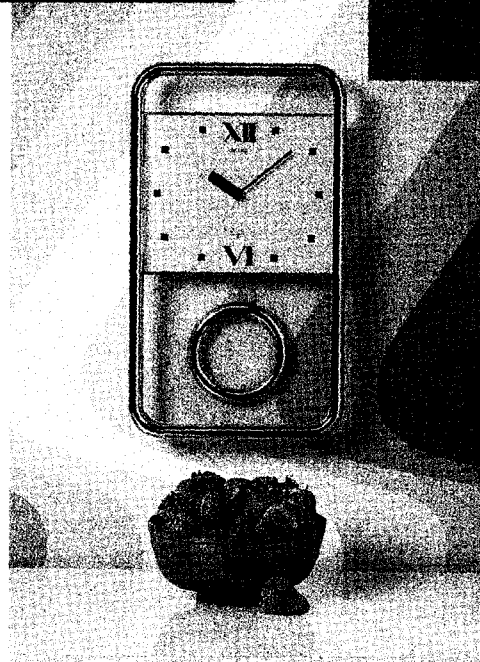
JET SET



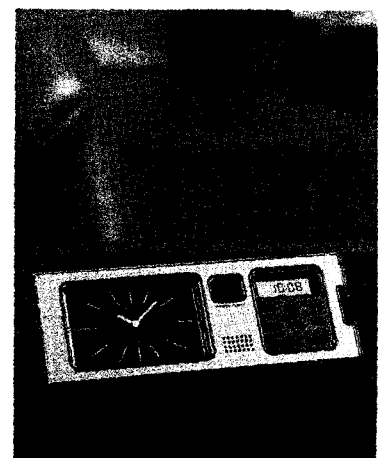
MUSICAL GENIUS



DAY DREAM



SUSPENDED ANIMATION



ALL TIMER

Clocks for special times, special places, special people.

Seiko Quartz clocks are indeed special. They combine superb design with remarkable accuracy in a collection so extensive, there's at least one for every room, every occasion, everyone. There's an endless collection of wall, mantel, desk and table clocks; travel clocks, world timers, musical clocks,

gift clocks and much, much more. They all perform with world-famous Seiko Quartz accuracy along with the cordless convenience of battery operation. Do come see the extraordinary collection of Seiko Quartz clocks priced from \$39.50 to \$395.00 at fine stores everywhere.

ALL QUARTZ. ALL SEIKO.

Seiko Time Corporation, 640 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10019

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Raunch and Reticence

SLENDER-FACED Margot Kidder has a witty curl to her lips, and she clearly took delight in the role of the deranged siren in Brian De Palma's 1973 "Sisters." But she can be an irritant on the screen. There's an obstinacy about her: often she doesn't seem to yield to the roles she's playing. When she's in a "Boo!" picture like "The Amityville Horror," her holding back may make her seem the only smart person in the cast. But when a performer walks through movies with a stare of indifference, it doesn't do much for the audience, and in the "Superman" films Margot Kidder comes across as gritty and unfeeling. It wasn't until I saw her in the new Canadian movie "Heartaches" that it occurred to me that her balkiness on the screen might have represented a gifted woman's dissatisfaction with what she was caught up in. Might she in those movies have been saying, like a Godardian sleepwalking hooker, "I sell my body but my soul belongs to me"? (She was certainly soulless on the screen.) Or was she so untouched by the material she was handed that she simply had nothing to express? As the brazen, pushy Rita of "Heartaches," Kidder has the depth that was missing from her other roles; this is the first full performance I've ever seen her give, and she's something to behold. Her Rita is one of those characters—like Barbara Stanwyck's Stella Dallas—who are coarse yet sensitive. They appall you at the same time that they win you over. They're preposterous creations—sentimental, gutsy, possibly even tearjerk-ing—yet they're played with so much honest emotion that they become intensely likable.

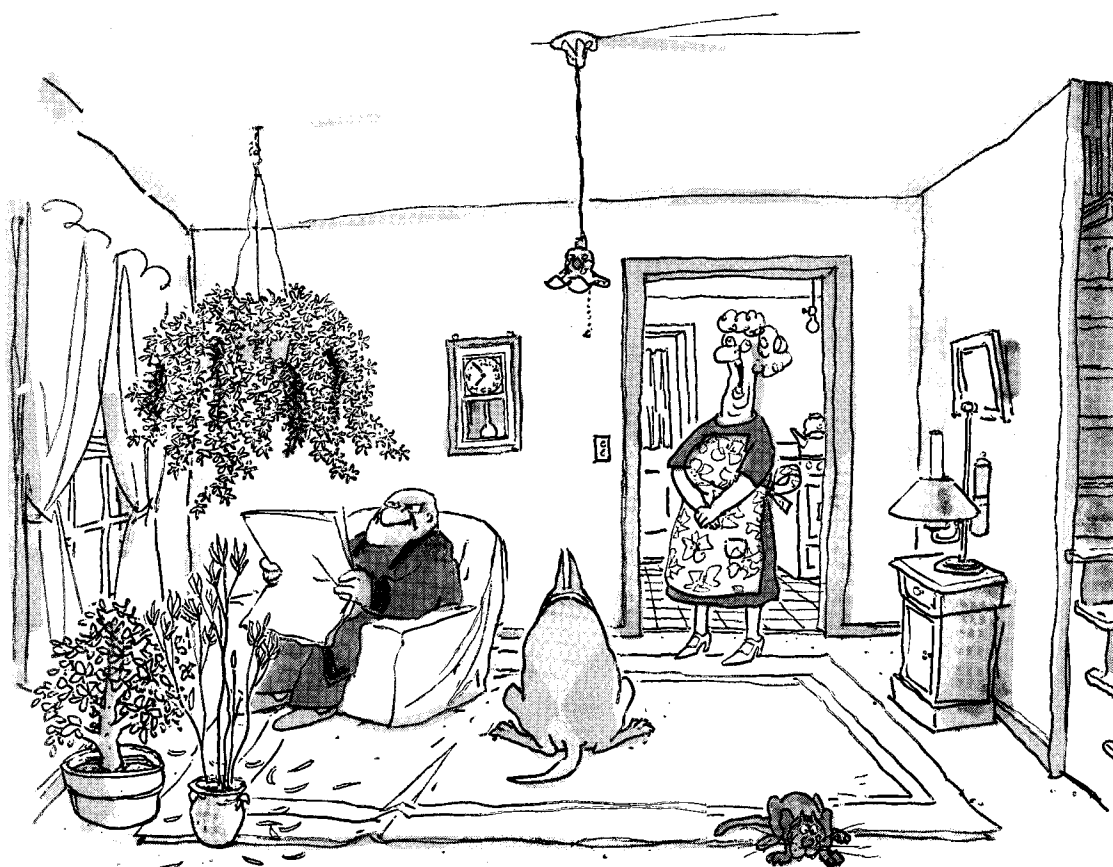
"Heartaches," which was directed by Don Shebib, has some of the appeal of the Hollywood romantic comedies of the thirties in which a couple of working girls meet up and help each other out. One might be

a naïve, pretty waif, the other older and more knowing but a fool for a handsome man. In this updated version, which took off from the novel "The Bottle Factory Outing," by the English writer Beryl Bainbridge, and then went its own way in a script by Terence Heffernan, the waif—dark-eyed Bonnie—is played by Annie Potts, and Rita is the kind of pushover who used to be called a tramp. She has a frowzy dried-out dye job—so bleached it looks grayish-yellow—and the first time we see her, in the Ontario countryside on a bus heading for Toronto, she's wearing boots, jeans, a tight T-shirt with "J'♥ LES HOMMES" emblazoned across her chest, a cowboy jacket, and big beads. She dresses like a bad dream, and her voice is as loud as her clothes. On the bus, she meets the quiet, pregnant Bonnie, and her efforts to help Bonnie—who is running away from her husband—are so raucous and foulmouthed that the bus driver throws them both out onto the highway. Rita gets misunderstood a lot.

Shebib, whose "Goin' Down the Road" played here a little over a decade ago, has his own loose style of

Canadian picaresque; you find yourself looking at his characters' messy lives with smiling, relaxed good will. Toronto itself seems idyllic when viewed in New York, and it's an inviting magical kingdom to the two women. They take an apartment together in a building that's owned by an Italian immigrant, go to work in his mattress factory, and become part of an Italian community. The movie is a pastoral ramble in the big city, with shaggy, unforeseeable details. Bonnie's garage-mechanic husband (Robert Carradine) arrives and begins to shape up, but essentially the story is about the friendship of Bonnie and Rita. At first, Bonnie is woozy and remote; she doesn't talk much, and when she does it's in a cracked warble of a voice. She whines like a cuddly puppy with a stomach ache—she sounds so forlorn she's funny. Rita helps her get her feet on the ground, and by then Bonnie understands (as we do) that it's the hard-bitten Rita who's the innocent one. Her head is full of romance.

As soon as the two of them walk into the mattress factory, Rita is convinced that she has met the man of her life—the boss's nephew, Marcello (Winston Rekert), a shy fellow who is fresh from the old country and is bewildered by her brashness. Shebib

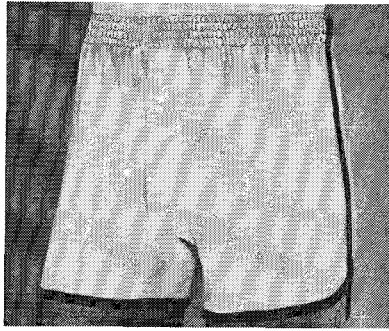


BOOTH

"I'm just trying to figure out when I'm going to do what for Christmas."

Cable Car Clothiers

ROBERT KIRK, Ltd.
San Francisco's British Goods Store Since 1939



Supremely Soft Pima Cotton Knit Boxer Shorts 4 for \$34

For maximum comfort, we suggest our boxer shorts of exceptionally soft all pima cotton 2-ply knit. The seams are taped and double-stitched, the cut is full with stretch seat for durability and give. Tapered side vents with piping. White with navy trim. Even sizes 30 to 46. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Phone: (415) 397-7733 ☐ Send catalogue.

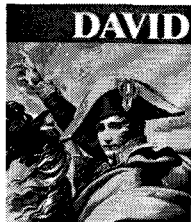
Mail Orders: Cable Car/Robt.Kirk, Ltd. A1M132
No. 150, Post St., S.F. Ca 94108 (415) 397-7733
Shorts (79108A) Size _____ Qty. _____

☐ Check ☐ MasterCard ☐ VISA ☐ Amer. Ex.
Card # _____ Expir. _____

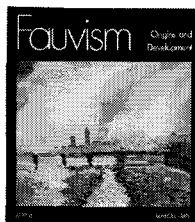
Add \$2 ship., hdlg.; Cal. delivery add sales tax
Name _____

Address _____ Zip _____

TWO BEAUTIFUL ART BOOKS FOR GIFT GIVING



311 pp. • 191 illus.
40 full color
9 1/4" x 11 1/4" • \$75.00



274 pp. • 130 illus.
70 full color
10" x 11" • \$75.00

Available at fine booksellers or directly from the publisher:

ALPINE FINE ARTS COLLECTION, LTD.
164 Madison Ave. New York, NY 10016
Please write for your free catalogue.

IN SEATTLE

ALEXIS

HOTEL & RESTAURANT

Brochure on request. Attention: B. Vari
First Avenue at Madison, Seattle, WA 98104
1-800-426-7033. Telex: 152 059 Alexis SEA

**NECKTIES NARROWED
SAVE MONEY • CONVENIENT**

We tailor your ties to the fashionable 3" width. \$5.98/tie—4 tie minimum. 6 for \$35. Send for FREE shipper or mail direct. Include payment with ties.

TIEMASTER TAILORS P.O. Box 27152
612-475-3458 Mpls., MN 55427

himself is one of the least pushy of directors, and you can almost feel him recoil from Rita's belligerent outfits and her raunchy, single-minded pursuit of Marcello. Shebib keeps giving closeups to the subdued Annie Potts, as if he were seeking sanctuary. This is actually lucky for Kidder, because Rita is a big role, and if Shebib had tried to show off her performance he might have encouraged her to overdo it. But the frequent celebrations of Annie Potts's lustrous dark hair and huge eyes are practically saying to Kidder, "Sister, you're not my type." The theme of the movie must have been acted out on the set. Rita has to fight for everything, even the camera, and so she's always in motion and we never get too much of her. It's Margot Kidder's picture, though, every step of the way, and she moves with her head and arms thrust out, as if she were ready to take a swing at the world.

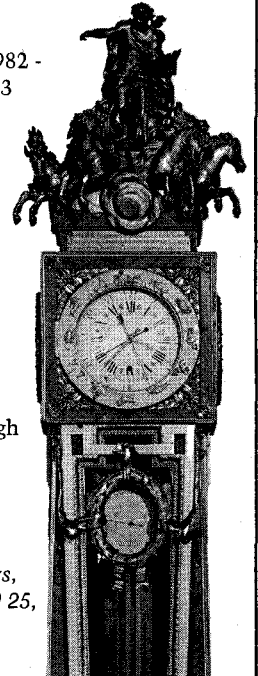
"STILL OF THE NIGHT" is reticent and soft where it should be tough. The writer-director, Robert Benton, is unquestionably intelligent, but he doesn't seem to have the twisted savvy that's needed for the job at hand. The film shows almost no evidence of the nasty streak that's part of the pleasure of a good thriller, or of the manipulative skills that might give us a few tremors. In the early part, when Josef Sommer is onscreen, we do get a few prickly sensations. As George Bynum, who works in an art-and-antiques auction house that resembles Sotheby Parke Bernet, Sommer is like a snide and slightly dirty Trevor Howard. We see him at his analyst's office; he arouses the doctor (Roy Scheider) by telling him stories about an icy hot woman he has been having an affair with. She works at the auction place, too, though she's wealthy, and Bynum indicates that he's afraid of her, because she has already killed a man. Bynum is a trickster, a psychological-game player, and we can't imagine why he's going to this therapist—is it to get under the doctor's guard, to put one over on him? During the sessions, Bynum sits all hunched up, and his confidential voice seems to sneak in through the crack beneath the door. He has a murderous gleam in his eye; he doesn't look like a victim. But Bynum is knocked off. And the movie is about the doctor's infatuation with that hot-number mystery woman—played by Meryl Streep—who he, in turn, thinks may be trying to kill him. Meryl Streep's performance is all

French Clocks in North American Collections

The Frick Collection

1 East 70th Street
New York

November 2, 1982 -
January 30, 1983



10:00 to 6:00
Tuesdays through
Saturdays

1:00 to 6:00
Sundays

Closed Mondays,
December 24 & 25,
January 1

• CLUB MED • RESERVATION & INFORMATION VACATION CENTER

Visit our Club Med video theater
See Video Tapes on most clubs
Caribbean • Bahamas • Mexico • Tahiti • Europe •
Ski Colorado, USA, Africa • Brazil • So. Pacific
Call us direct, visit us, or your agent
N.Y., N.J., Conn. (212) 750-1670
All other states 1-800-528-3100
3 East 54th Street
New York, N.Y. 10022
Over 3 million satisfied club members

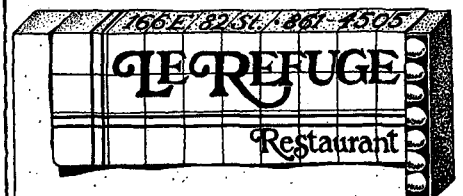
• RESERVE WINTER SPACE NOW •

Rhodes School

COEDUCATIONAL COLLEGE PREPARATORY
Grades 6-12

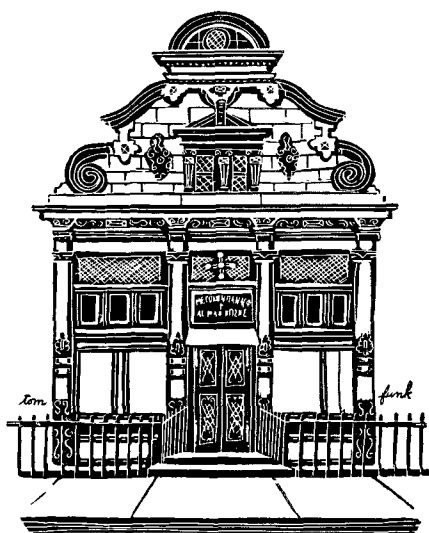
Headmaster Donald R. Nickerson
Harvard B.A. '57/M. Ed '62

212 West 83 Street • NYC 10024

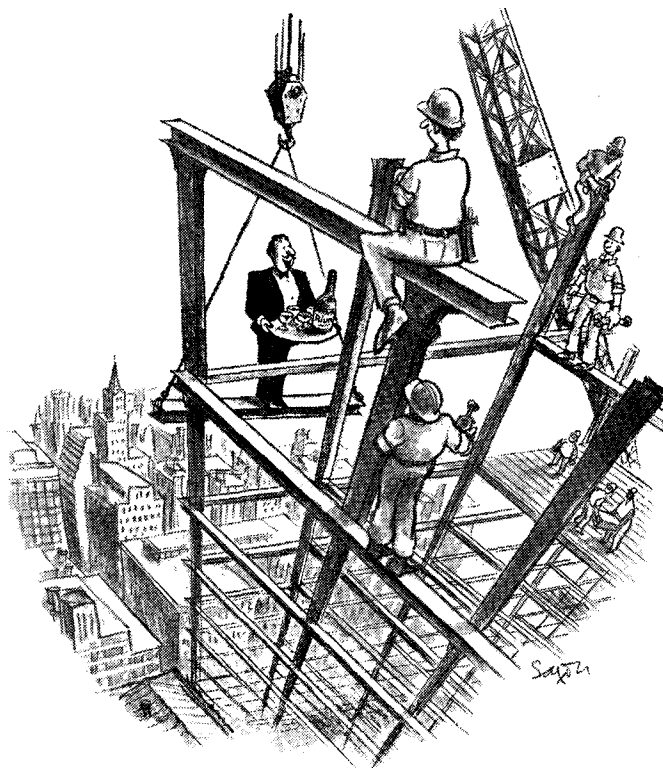


about her hair. It isn't pale gold here; it's platinum white, parted low on the side, and it hangs bone-straight. She keeps her head tilted down, her face turned away under the white curtain, and then, peering up, she shakes it back a little. This is Veronica Lake's kittenish act, but without her teasing, kitty-cat charm. There's a glimpse of Streep looking up at Sommer with a silent giggle—it's a good naughty moment. In most of the rest of this movie, she doesn't resemble a living person; her face is gaunt, her skin has become alabaster. She seems to have chosen to do a Meryl Streep parody; she's like some creature from the moon trying to be a movie star. We get the impression that the heroine is meant to be guileful and slinky—a woman with neurotic wiles. But Streep's high-strung emotionality isn't fun in the way that Faye Dunaway's has often been. Streep has been falling into the trap of selecting noble roles—the martyrs, the drippers. And she makes this femme fatale seem more zombified than anything else. I liked Streep on the stage (in comedy, especially), but I have come to dread her reflective manner and flooding tears—she could give pensive a bad name. If only she would giggle more and suffer less—she keeps turning herself into the red-eye special.

A mystery that's deeper than who killed George Bynum: Why is Roy Scheider so dull? He isn't an incompetent actor, and he's actually rather accomplished here—he's at least restrained. But he has no visible personality. Roy Scheider may be as close as one can get to being a *tabula-rasa* actor; he brings his role nothing of himself except his physical frame—some sinews, a profile. In "Jaws," as the tenderfoot from the big city who was openly scared of just about every-



"Compliments of the management, gentlemen—a magnum of Riunite to celebrate reaching the tippy-top!"



© 1982 Villa Banfi, U.S.A., Old Brookville, N.Y.

Riunite on ice...that's nice. America's best-loved imported wine.
Soft and Light. Pure and Natural. Red, White and Rosé. Imported from Italy.

UNION-NATIONAL

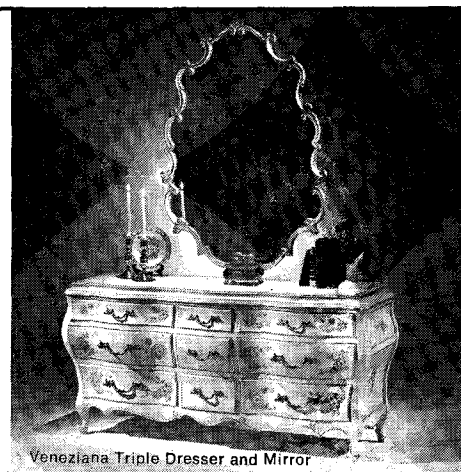
Since 1901

*fine bedroom, dining room
and occasional furniture*

From our Veneziana group
of bedroom furniture.

Send \$3.00 to Department N
for brochure
"Furniture for Gracious Living"

UNION-NATIONAL, INC.
P.O. BOX 1259, JAMESTOWN, N.Y. 14701



STERLING EAR CLIPS
From Taxco, our handcrafted silver seashell earrings. A gift of understated elegance. **\$45**
Personal check, M/C, Visa, Postage, handling \$2.50
N.Y. residents please add tax.

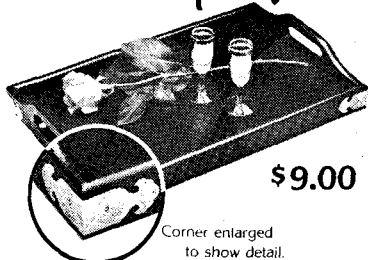
PAN AMERICAN PHOENIX
The Market at Citicorp Center
153 E 53rd St. N.Y. N.Y. 10022 (212) 355-0590

**Come Back to the
Tropical Thirties**
Miami Beach's Unique
Oceanfront Resorts of
Yesteryear in the
Heart of the Art
Deco National
Historic District

Ocean Drive at 13th Street
Miami Beach, Florida 33139
(305) 539-1385 in Florida
800-327-6306 (USA)

ART DECO HOTELS

The Bombay Company



\$9.00

Corner enlarged to show detail.

EXQUISITE MAHOGANY & BRASS RAFFLES SERVING TRAY

Helps you make tea for two — or anything for two — a cozy, very special moment. Adapted from our popular Raffles table, the tray is solid mahogany with brass corner braces. Size: 10 1/2" x 16 1/2".

YOUR SATISFACTION IS GUARANTEED!

The Serving Tray, \$9., plus \$2. shpg./hdg. Add proper sales tax in TX, LA, VA, DC, CT, NJ. We accept Am. Express, MasterCard, Visa, Diner's

CALL TOLL FREE 1-800-535-6876

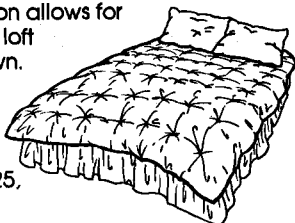
Send me your current full color catalog of fine English antique reproductions. I have enclosed \$1.00 for a series of 4 catalogs.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ ST _____ ZIP _____

The Bombay Company
Dept. 9283, 5678 Blue Mound Road
Fort Worth, Texas 76131

GOOSE DOWN COMFORTERS

Covered in Egyptian Cotton imported from W. Germany and filled with prime white goose down. The circle construction allows for maximum loft of the down.



Twin \$310.
Full \$340.
Queen \$425.
King \$475.

O'Plume 1764 Union Street
San Francisco, CA. 94123
(415) 771-6100

THE ROYAL COACHMAN

"The Gift" for the Fortunate Fisherman

A 12-pg. quarterly newsletter of unbiased flyfishing reports — no ads. Traveling anonymously, our editors critique accommodations, guides, and quality of fishing, U.S. & worldwide. We tell you *WHERE* to fish, not *HOW*.

Subscription: \$50.00 per year.

THE ROYAL COACHMAN
#907 Fox Plaza
San Francisco, CA 94102



Delightful French food with classical piano.
3432 Sansom Street, Philadelphia. 387-3778

thing to do with the water, he was an amusingly sane Everyman. And in Bob Fosse's fantasy autobiography "All That Jazz" he was taut and jumpy—strung out. Dressed in black and wearing an extra-pointy Vandyke on his pointy chin, he looked like Basil Rathbone as Robin Hood's enemy Sir Guy of Gisbourne, and he made you feel you were watching Fosse himself. It wasn't an impersonation; it was as if Fosse had taken over his body, from the inside. That's the only role in which Scheider had an exciting presence, and it wasn't his; we seemed to be looking right through him to Fosse. As the shrink who's frightened of the woman he is falling in love with, Scheider may be embodying Benton—his decency and refinement and conscientiousness. I doubt if Benton means Scheider to be exciting here; he probably wants him to be the stable force—our man on the screen. But this colorless thinker hero represents everything that's wrong with Benton's moviemaking. He wants to work in an entertainment genre that's free of "meaning," but he disdains jokes, punch lines, cheap flash. He glosses them over.

If everybody in the movie were as lively (in a creepy-crawly way) as Josef Sommer and Sara Botsford—she appears as one of the women who work at the auction house—the scuzz in the air would be thick; it would be vibrating in all directions, and the movie might be sleek yet impenetrable in the silly, satisfying manner of "The Big Sleep." Benton seems to have misplaced the sense of fun that he had in "The Late Show" and in his earlier scriptwriting days. Benton (who worked out the story with his old writing partner, David Newman) certainly knows that a thriller set among people who never appear to be short of money requires a satiric edge. Maybe the success of his "Kramer vs. Kramer" has thrown him off, so that he has become too discreet. The clean, sterile look that the cinematographer, Nestor Almendros, gives the New York City locations and the studio interiors doesn't seem to have a thing to do with the story. It's as if Benton couldn't really get down to dirtying his mind with the genre he's working in. He tries for something ultra-sensuous in a scene where Streep attempts to talk while she's being massaged; it's nifty on its own, but it doesn't play off anything. The gags here are isolated; there's even dead space around the dialogue. In one sequence, the therapist

GRAND OPENING

after serving
the trade for
over 10 years

Contemporary Art Masters

proudly announces the opening of
our first gallery at

138 E. 60th St., N.Y.C. 10022
(Opposite Bloomingdale's - Corner Lexington Ave.)

212-371-0982

EXCLUSIVE COLLECTION BY:

AGAM	LEGER
APPEL	MASSON
BELLMER	MAX BILL
BOULANGER	MOORE
BRAQUE	NEVELSON
BUFFET	NIKKI DE SAINT
CALDER	PHALLE
CHAGALL	NOYER
DALI (rarer)	PICASSO
DELAUNAY	SIMBARI
DELVAUX	TERECHKOVITCH
ERNST	VASARELY
FINI	VILLON
FOLON	WUNDERLICH
FRIEDLANDER	ZUNIGA
MARIE LAURENCIN	among others

until the end of the year, gallery hours
Monday through Saturday,
10 am to 8 pm,
Sun. 12 noon to 6 pm

OILS - WATERCOLORS -
DRAWINGS - GRAPHICS
POSTERS

GRAND OPENING

SUN FILLED ADVENTURE ON A FLORIDA HOUSEBOAT



Pilot your own rented houseboat on the lovely lazy St. Johns River. Swim in warm crystal springs. Get hooked on some of the best fishing in the country. Water ski. Explore an unspoiled paradise one hour away from Disney World.

Houseboats accommodate from two to ten people. Each houseboat is luxuriously equipped with full kitchen, air conditioning and shower.

Send for our FREE color brochure.

SUNSHINE NY-12, Holly Bluff Marina
P.O. 3558 DeLand, Florida 32720.



Or, call (904) 736-9422

VIENNESE OPERETTA RECORDS, INC.

Graf von Luxemburg, Gräfin Mariza, Land des Lächelns, Wiener Blut, many other sparkling delights! Call Toll-Free for free LP list or to order: 1-800-343-3338 (Mass. 1-800-322-3314). Or write: P. O. Box 300-G, Yarmouth Port, MA 02675.

Perfect gift for a Scottish friend or yourself. A subscription to The Highlander. Scottish bi-monthly news magazine. Scottish history, lore and legends of the clans, folklore genealogy, etc., plus news and pictures of nationwide Scottish/American activities. Gift card sent. Money refunded if not pleased. Send \$8.50 for one year, \$15.50 for 2.

THE HIGHLANDER
Box 397N, Barrington, IL 60010

and his mother (Jessica Tandy), who's also a therapist, try to solve the murder mystery by checking each other out on the Freudian symbolism of a dream that Bynum once reported; it's a dry, smooth routine—the mother-and-son shrinks might be playing patty-cake. But this, too, needs to connect with something more. The sequence isn't a joke—it's almost a joke. Benton seems to have a dilettante's fondness for other directors' touches—everything from a screaming big bird to the Hitchcock-style mother of the hero. They don't really work for him; they're not satiric, and they don't express his sensibility. They're vacuous, yet he keeps dropping them in all through the movie, probably because he doesn't have the temperament to whip up freak touches of his own.

Was the plot so clear in Benton's mind that he trimmed away the explanations, thinking we would be able to figure it all out? He seems too solid a literary craftsman to have conceived something this spotty and elliptical. But even if the plot all came together and formed a pattern that we could keep in our heads and take home, the picture might be static. As a director, Benton seems unable to find any rhythm in the scenes, and maybe that's because he hasn't heated up the various obsessions and set them in motion. We don't feel the tug of the doctor being drawn to the inscrutable blonde, and we never shudder for the danger he's in. All the way through he's on the wrong track, and this isn't even comic, because we don't know why. The most dramatic thing about the movie happens offscreen: Meryl Streep switches the part in her hair from one side to the other.

—PAULINE KAEI

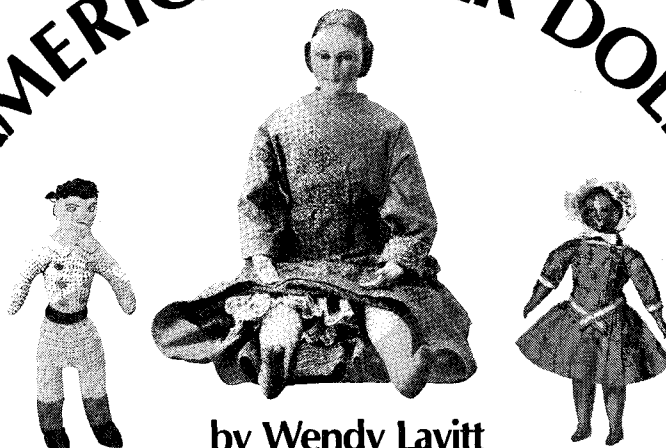
When politicians and journalists talk about the economy, most people—4 out of 5—don't understand them. This is one result of a recent survey sponsored by the economic journal "Aktiv," in which 2,301 people were asked how much they knew—or didn't know—about the economy. It turned out that most didn't know more than they knew.—*The Week in Germany*, newsletter of the German Information Center.

Stands to reason.

The university will sell the remaining stock when a possible gain on existing holdings seem likely. UMaine will then invest prudently in another form, he said.—*Daily Maine Campus*, student newspaper of the University of Maine at Orono.

Ah, New England.

The first book of AMERICAN FOLK DOLLS



by Wendy Lavitt

With 90 photographs, 50 in full color

From all across America, here are handmade dolls of the 18th, 19th, and early 20th centuries, dolls made of everything from clothespins to cornhusks, from bedposts to wishbones—and radiant with

the love generations of children have lavished upon them. A beautiful book with a lively, authoritative text. A treasure for collectors and lovers of things American. 8 x 10. Cloth \$25, paperback \$14.95

Just published by Knopf



995 Fifth Avenue, across from the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, N.Y. 10028, 212-288-5800
Cable Address: Hopestand • Telex: 224244

The American Stanhope

The American Stanhope Hotel stands at the foot of Museum Mile on Fifth Avenue. Each newly redecorated room is furnished with original 19th Century art and antiques. *Saratoga* (the restaurant); *Red Jacket* (the bar); *The Furnished Room* (for tea); and *The Terrace*—New York's first outdoor cafe. Also are *Santa Fe*, *Topeka*, *Atchison* and *Wichita* for private parties and meetings. Complimentary mid-town limousine service weekdays from 7:30-10:30 a.m.

Corporate and private leases available monthly or yearly.

Palm Springs
Private Pool Villas
Daily • Weekly

California (619) 323-1773
Reservations (800) 854-1298

FINE OLD BOOKS

Leatherbound Sets, Single Vols., Fore-edge Paintings, Colorplate Books, etc. One of America's Largest Stock of Worthwhile Books.

Send For Free Brochure N7

J. N. Bartfield Books, Inc. EST: 1937
45 West 57th St., New York, NY 10019 (212) 753-1830



Warm World

Stay with us and enjoy friendly firesides, antique furniture, favorite foods and drinks—and six ski slopes nearby. And while you're here in Stockbridge, stroll through antique shops, and the Norman Rockwell Museum.

The Red Lion Inn

Since 1773 Box NY12, Stockbridge, MA 01262, 413-298-5545



THE NEW YORKER

LISTS AT THIS SEASON SOME BOOKS BY ITS CONTRIBUTORS PUBLISHED DURING THE YEAR

(All or a considerable part of the contents of each of these volumes originally appeared in this magazine.)

Happy to Be Here, by Garrison Keillor (*Athe-
neum*, \$11.95).

Mr. Keillor, of Minnesota, the star of Public Radio's "A Prairie Home Companion," presents himself here in another dimension, with a collection of short humorous pieces—among them "The New Baseball," "Your Wedding and You," "Ten Stories for Mr. Richard Brautigan, and Other Stories"—written over the last decade.

Scenes of Childhood, by Sylvia Townsend Warner (*Viking*, \$10.95).

Sylvia Townsend Warner was born in England in 1893 and died there in 1978. The daughter of a schoolmaster, she lived with her parents in the environs of Harrow. These memoirs survey, with her own spiky humor, an enviable childhood, when nothing usual ever happened. "There was a world of things, in which everything had its name and place, and there was a world of words, in which everything came to life. Each was valid, and there was no call to choose between them, for both were mine."

Special Places, by Berton Roueché (*Little, Brown*, \$12.95).

Mr. Roueché continues to investigate and celebrate rural America in a set of reports on seven small towns scattered about this country. Each report is a blend of his own observations and the words of the people he met and spoke with. A varied lot those people are, but with this in common—their pleasure, whether they are citizens of Stapleton, Nebraska (pop. 303), or of Hope, Arkansas (pop. 10,290), in the way they live now, and their determination to preserve it.

Vedi, by Ved Mehta (*Oxford*, \$16.95).

Just before his fifth birthday, Ved Mehta was sent by his well-to-do father from Lahore, in the Punjab, to a school for the blind—an orphanage for poor children—in Bombay. There, a long, long way from home, he led an existence that was almost Dickensian in its harshness, but there, also, he began his education—something customarily denied to the blind in India. The book is anything but a lament; life was tough but interesting, too, and there were happy interludes back with the family.

Beyond the Pale, by William Trevor (*Viking*, \$12.95).

Short stories, many of them set in Ireland and about people considered "ordinary." Mr. Trevor continues to pull the rug out from under his readers in almost every instance. Four of the twelve stories were originally published in these pages.

This Was Harlem, by Jervis Anderson (*Farrar, Straus & Giroux*, \$17.95).

A cultural history of Harlem during the first half of this century. Mr. Anderson's essay, in paying tribute to Harlem's musicians and poets and dancers and dramatists and singers and politicians and composers and stylists and thinkers, becomes, without ever

raising its voice, an evocation of what he calls "the most brilliant black city in the world."

The Carpentered Hen, by John Updike (*Knopf*, \$11.50).

A reissue of Mr. Updike's first collection of poems, in honor of his fiftieth birthday.

The Burning House, by Ann Beattie (*Random House*, \$12.95).

Sixteen short stories, all of which deal directly or tangentially with contemporary love—its pursuit and deceptions and self-deceptions and its hollow aftermaths. Ten of the stories first appeared in *The New Yorker*.

Solidarity, by Lawrence Weschler (*Fireside/Simon & Schuster*, \$16.50 cloth, \$8.95 paper).

Mr. Weschler paid two visits to Poland—the first in May, 1981, the second in September and October of that year—to report at first hand on the union uprisings under the leadership of Lech Walesa. This book, which includes a history of Poland during and after the Second World War, becomes perforce a story of valor and hope and of hope dashed.

Unscientific Americans, by Roz Chast (*Dial*, \$7.95 paper).

A hundred and twenty-six of Miss Chast's sly, wide-eyed cartoons on display. Forty-five of them originally appeared in these pages.

Is There No Place on Earth for Me?, by Susan Sheehan (*Houghton Mifflin*, \$14.95).

A detailed study of the pseudonymous Sylvia Frumkin, of Queens, a schizophrenic. Mrs. Sheehan describes Miss Frumkin's treatment by doctors and staff at Creedmoor Psychiatric Center (and, by extension, the treatment of schizophrenics at other mental institutions), charts her discouraging downhill course, and takes sympathetic note of her victims—first among them Sylvia herself.

Going to the Dance, by Arlene Croce (*Knopf*, \$20).

"Dance is a present-tense art form," Miss Croce writes. These reviews and critical articles, which appeared in *The New Yorker* between 1977 and 1981, bring to life performances ranging from Baryshnikov's "Nutcracker" at the Kennedy Center to Balanchine's "Mozartiana" at Saratoga. The performers here range from ballet dancers through postmodernists to ice skaters, tap dancers, and acrobats.

A Thousand Pardons, by Katinka Loeser (*Athe-
neum*, \$12.95).

Short stories that chronicle the daily routines of a housewife in Connecticut who can see a world in a grain of sand and hold infinity in the palm of her hand, indoors or out. The comments of her laconic husband, Gladstone, add spice to every activity. The apologetic title is, and remains, a mystery.

Family Matters, by Burton Bernstein (*Sum-
mit*, \$13.95).

The family is the Bernsteins—Sam and Jennie, who left a couple of ghetto towns in Russia to settle, eventually, in Massachusetts, and their three extraordinary children: the author; his sister, Shirley; and his brother, Leonard, whose triumphant musical career changed their lives. The book, with its portraits of other relatives, living and dead, is, as well, a compendium of family jokes and anecdotes and conversational shorthand.

Memoirs of a Space Traveler, by Stanislaw Lem (*Harcourt Brace Jovanovich*, \$9.95).

In this collection of short stories, Mr. Lem takes on both science fact and science fiction.

A Childhood in Scotland, by Christian Miller (*Doubleday*, \$12.95).

Mrs. Miller was born and spent the first ten years of her life in a medieval castle on a twelve-thousand-acre estate in the Highlands. Here is no cozy "Upstairs, Downstairs" memoir but, instead, a recollection, tinged with considerable amusement, of dark, haunted corridors, of loneliness, and of tyranny—the tyranny of servants and, above all, of a stern father, the laird, whose discipline no one dared breach.

Three Mile Island, by Daniel Ford (*Viking/Penguin*, \$15 cloth, \$5.95 paper).

A broad and ominous report on a very narrow squeak. Mr. Ford is a former executive director of the Union of Concerned Scientists.

To See You Again, by Alice Adams (*Knopf*, \$13.50).

Miss Adams' heroines can be seen here at home, in San Francisco and its environs, or en route—on a Greyhound bus, for example, that should be an express but isn't, or (suddenly and surprisingly in tears) in a plane above a little town in Georgia. Nine of the nineteen stories first ran in this magazine.

American Journey, by Richard Reeves (*Simon & Schuster*, \$15.95).

Mr. Reeves has borrowed not only the notes that Alexis de Tocqueville took in 1831 but his itinerary and his cast of mind to report on a journey around the United States in search of present-day democracy at work.

Collected Stories, by V. S. Pritchett (*Random House*, \$20).

Twenty-nine stories, selected by the author from among all those he has written (and collected) over the past fifty years. With a preface by Sir Victor himself.

The Fate of the Earth, by Jonathan Schell (*Knopf*, \$11.95 cloth; *Axon*, \$2.50 paper).

The first part of this essay is a description, detailed and unsparing, of the aftermath of

a nuclear holocaust, sometime in the future. The second part examines some of the moral and spiritual questions raised by the prospect of human extinction. In the third, Mr. Schell discusses ways in which such a cataclysm might be avoided.

Seeing Is Forgetting the Name of the Thing One Sees, by Lawrence Weschler (*University of California*, \$14.95).

A biography of the California artist Robert Irwin, whose affable, garrulous personal style contrasts sharply with the controlled austerity of his work. The book, parts of which ran as a Profile in this magazine, is also a report, journalistic and theoretical, on a number of Mr. Irwin's fellow-artists in and around Los Angeles.

One for the Rose, by Philip Levine (*Athenaeum*, \$10.95 cloth, \$5.95 paper).

Mr. Levine, who is equally at home in Detroit and in Spain, lets us in on some of the secrets of his youth, and of the world. The lines are narrow as they speed down the page, but the view is intense and wide-ranging.

Italy: The Fatal Gift, by William Murray (*Dodd, Mead*, \$14.95).

In a preface, Mr. Murray, who is himself half Italian, calls this series of reports—most of which first appeared in this magazine, as letters from Italy—"the chronicle of a love affair with a whole country." It is a demonstration of the many faces of love. "The fatal gift," set forth in an epigraph by Lord Byron, is beauty.

John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts, by Brendan Gill (*Abrams*, \$25 cloth, \$12.95 paper).

Mr. Gill has written a spirited introduction to this album of photographs.

Science Observed, by Jeremy Bernstein (*Basic Books*, \$16.95).

In this collection of articles, of assorted weights, Mr. Bernstein has included his Profiles of Marvin Minsky, professor of computer science and head of the Artificial Intelligence Group at M.I.T., and of Stanley Kubrick, film director, both of which first appeared in these pages.

Quotations from Other Lives, by Penelope Gilliatt (*Coward, McCann & Geoghegan*, \$12.95).

Miss Gilliatt continues to lend a quizzical ear to the men, women, and children of her own devising. There are a dozen stories in this collection; eight first appeared in *The New Yorker*.

The Underclass, by Ken Auletta (*Random House*, \$17.50).

The underclass consists of, among others, ex-convicts, ex-addicts, delinquent youths, and long-term welfare recipients who are now being aided by an organization called the Manpower Demonstration Research Corporation. Mr. Auletta here rescues from anonymity those members of the underclass whom he met and observed on the tenth floor of the Wildcat Skills Training Center, on West Thirty-seventh Street. While seldom optimistic about their futures, he is not entirely without hope, either.

The Cult of the Atom, by Daniel Ford (*Simon & Schuster*, \$13.95).

Mr. Ford pries open Pandora's box to reveal the secret papers of the Atomic Energy Commission.

Atlantic High, by William F. Buckley, Jr. (*Doubleday*, \$22.50).

An account by the intrepid Mr. Buckley of a thirty-day crossing on a well-equipped

ketch, with a number of good friends aboard. Photographs by Christopher Little.

The Collected Stories, by Isaac Bashevis Singer (*Farrar, Straus & Giroux*, \$19.95).

Forty-seven short stories chosen by the author from his previous collections. With an introduction by Mr. Singer.

A Family Affair, by Ved Mehta (*Oxford*, \$14.95).

Indira Gandhi was defeated as Prime Minister of India in 1977 and then (along with her son Sanjay) regained her office in 1980. Mr. Mehta here provides a brief history of the interregnum and Mrs. Gandhi's return to power, with sketches of other Indian politicians and their families.

Antarctic Traveller, by Katha Pollitt (*Knopf*, \$11.50 cloth, \$5.95 paper).

A first collection of poems, which pay equal homage to eye and ear, and reveal a combination of lyricism and tough-mindedness.

Liebling at Home, by A. J. Liebling (*Playboy*, \$17.95 cloth, \$12.45 paper).

"The Telephone Booth Indian," "Chicago: The Second City," "The Honest Rainmaker," "The Earl of Louisiana," and "The Jollity Building" are again available, now in one volume.

Russian Blood, by Alex Shoumatoff (*Coward, McCann & Geoghegan*, \$17.95).

Mr. Shoumatoff, who was born and raised in the United States, is a descendant of Russian nobility. In this "family chronicle," he traces his aristocratic roots in the old country and then reports on the activities of those of his relatives who were fortunate enough to escape in 1917.

The Sporty Game, by John Newhouse (*Knopf*, \$14.95).

A report on commercial airliners and on the competition that exists among the companies that manufacture and sell them.

The Longest War, by Jacobo Timerman (*Knopf*, \$11.95).

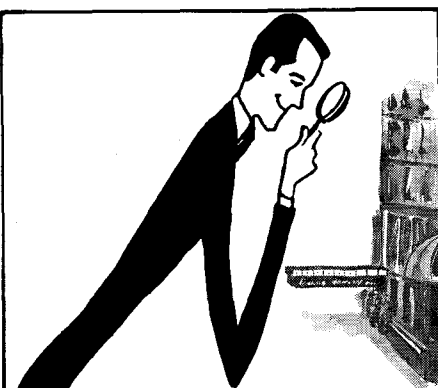
After his release from political imprisonment in Argentina, in 1979, Mr. Timerman, the editor and journalist, became an Israeli citizen. This book combines firsthand reporting on Israel's invasion of Lebanon, from various points in both countries, and his own long thoughts on the war and its futility, on guilt and morality, and on related matters.

5001 Nights at the Movies, by Pauline Kael (*Holt, Rinehart*, \$25).

This volume of brief critiques, which have appeared, and continue to appear, in *The New Yorker's* Goings On About Town department, describes and appraises thousands of films, from René Clair's "À Nous la Liberté" to Peter Medak's "Zorro, the Gay Blade." A brisk guide that covers eighty years of film history.

Late Innings, by Roger Angell (*Simon & Schuster*, \$17.50).

Spring reports on games and players in Florida and Arizona, summer visits to ballparks everywhere, and autumn accounts of the playoffs and World Series; encounters with the indomitable Bob Gibson, with ninety-one-year-old Smokey Joe Wood, and with a backcountry semi-pro pitcher; reflections on fame and money, free agents and angry owners; views of Tom Seaver, Pete Rose, Reggie Jackson, Ted Williams, Billy Martin, Willie Stargell, et al., are among the ingredients in Mr. Angell's latest Baseball Companion, which covers the seasons of 1977 through 1981.



Our holiday shopper's weekend is a celebration with a gift for every guest.

\$40 per person, daily, dbl. occ. Thurs., Fri. or Sat. arrival. Sunday departure.

New York's biggest little hotel is the perfect headquarters for holiday shopping. Because not only will you be a stroll from Fifth Avenue shops, but you'll enjoy Tuscan elegance in a chic, quiet location, superb service, a deluxe room with king-size bed, Continental breakfast and the New York Times every morning. Plus a gift of Godiva chocolates to celebrate the occasion. And downstairs, Jimmy La Grange, one of Manhattan's finest restaurants, ready to provide a delicious end to your shopping day.

DORAL TUSCANY

HOTEL

39th St., east of Park Ave., New York 10016

See your travel agent or call direct:

800-847-4078 toll-free

(In New York State, (212) 686-1600)

Portraits by
YOUSUF KARSH
of Ottawa

in New York by appointment
(212) TE 8-4565

Y. Karsh

MUSICAL EVENTS

Toil and Trouble

THE Metropolitan Opera's new production of Verdi's "Macbeth" was greeted on its first night with angry booing and mocking laughter; the next morning the *Times* declared that it "may just be the worst new production to struggle onto the Metropolitan Opera's stage in modern history." It represented a bold, resolute attempt on the part of the director, Sir Peter Hall, to see and hear Verdi's opera freshly and clearly and to stage it for a modern audience in a manner observant of its nineteenth-century character. It was a production difficult to assess after a single seeing. I returned to the second performance, which was received with moderate acclaim and no evident hostility.

The witches had caused most of the trouble. So they did to the critics of the first production, in 1847. "Macbeth" was composed, for Florence, as a deliberate essay in the *genere fantastico*, which had captured the Italian operatic imagination after the Italian premières, both in Florence, of Meyerbeer's "Robert le Diable" (1840) and Weber's "Der Freischütz" (1843), followed in 1846 by a Florentine revival of "Don Giovanni." Verdi's first surviving letter about the piece, to the Florence impresario Alessandro Lanari, begins, "Now that we

are in full accord that the opera should be in the *genere fantastico* . . ." He has two subjects in mind, he says, both of them fantastical and both very fine. One was "Macbeth," the other Grillparzer's wild and whirling "Die Ahnfrau." "Macbeth" was chosen, and to his librettist, Francesco Maria Piave, Verdi wrote, "Adopt a sublime diction, except in the witches' choruses, which must be trivial, yet bizarre and original." His thinking about Shakespeare's witches had been formed by a passage in A. W. Schlegel's celebrated "Lectures on Dramatic Art and Literature":

No superstition can be preserved and diffused through many centuries and among diverse people without having a foundation in human nature; and on this the poet builds. He calls up from their hidden abysses that dread of the unknown, that secret presage of a dark side of nature and of a world of spirits. . . . His picture of the witches has a certain magical quality: he has created for them a particular language. . . . With one another, the witches discourse like women of the very lowest class. . . . When, however, they address Macbeth they assume a loftier tone: their predictions. . . . have all the obscure brevity, the majestic solemnity, of oracles, such as have ever spread terror among mortals.

Schlegel's pages about Shakespeare's "Macbeth" ("this sublime creation") were appended to the Italian transla-

tion of the play, by Carlo Rusconi, from which Verdi worked. We find an echo of them nearly twenty years later when the composer told his Paris publisher, Léon Escudier, who was supervising the première of the revised "Macbeth," that "the witches dominate the drama; everything derives from them—coarse and gossipy in the first act, sublime and prophetic in the third." Mr. Hall is perhaps the first modern director to attempt the witches of Verdi's description. In the first scene, when they cut the cackle and addressed Macbeth and Banquo I thought their predictions chilling, thrilling; and again in the caldron scene, when, after mixing their horrid soup with frenzied glee, they became earnest creatures of doom in their exchanges with the king. But an audience that had made merry over their livelier antics—airial riding on broomsticks across a painted pantomime moon, hopping and skipping about with stuffed pussycats and rubber bats—was unprepared to accept their oracular pronouncements with due solemnity. In any case, the execution was in many ways unfortunate. For one thing, there were far too many witches. Verdi wanted eighteen—three covens of six—for the première. A large stage could probably hold a few more without overcrowding: an 1852 Scala production with only thirteen women (including the supers) aroused the composer's ire. But at the Met there seemed to be hundreds of the creatures cavorting about, flying, or keeping watch on the heights; and some of them were lubberly youths in drag. (The posse of cutthroats that mustered to assassinate Banquo was also absurdly numerous; "Macbeth" needs the full chorus only in the three ensemble finales.) There are just three characters in "Macbeth," Verdi told Escudier: Lady Macbeth, Macbeth, and the chorus of witches. And the chorus of witches, he reiterates, "is a character" (his italics). At the Met, this third character became a rout, and the focus grew fuzzy. The three Oracles conjured by the witches were latex dummies that rose from the steaming caldron, itself suspended in midair, and opened their mouths in time to the music. They were ill-designed, Red Groomsy, and did look rather comic. The sprites that tripped on to revive the swooning Macbeth were Giselle and eight of the Wilis, on point and in Romantic tutus. Macbeth, Sherrill Milnes, played Albrecht, trying in vain to seize the



he Sh



After all you've been through today
you deserve some Smokehouse[®] Almonds

Smokehouse[®]...one of seven great almond flavors from Blue Diamond[®]...



the Almond People.[™]
California Almond Growers Exchange,
P.O. Box 1768, Sacramento, CA 95808.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Impress someone special.
Give Gold Reserve rum.

Blended from especially smooth, mellow rums held in reserve, Bacardi Gold Reserve rum is an exceptionally rich, premium spirit. So luxurious neat or on the rocks, it's simply the perfect gift.


Ron
BACARDI
Gold Reserve
(AÑEJO)



BACARDI® Gold Reserve. Simply the world's most precious rum.
Made in Puerto Rico.

BACARDI AND THE BAT DEVICE ARE REGISTERED TRADEMARKS, AND AÑEJO IS A TRADEMARK, ALL OF BACARDI & COMPANY LIMITED © 1982 BACARDI IMPORTS, INC. MIAMI, FL. RUM 80 PROOF

lusive sylph. The musical match was exact—strange that Verdi left the *ling coro ballabile* unaltered when it was revised so much else!—but even the best well disposed to the staging found the *divertissement* hard to take: the chorus's lewd parody of the ballerinas'ainty poses gave the audience its cue.

He had already protested at the apparition of a Hecate wearing nothing but an illuminated tiara; this seemed to me an authentic and beautiful nineteenth-century vision of the goddess, even if it was one embodied in forms that the nineteenth-century stage could not have permitted.

In a preliminary interview, Mr. Hall said, "With singers, the main thing is to persuade them to trust the music. It tells them how to move. . . . In opera, the metres under- everything." But he seemed to have misheard some of the metres. His Lady Macbeth, Renata Scotto, was oddly elementary. She sang the energetic "Vieni! t'affrettati!" sitting down; its *rice cabaletta*, "Or tutti sorgete," rolling about on the ground; the delirious climax of "La luce langue," when the queen is rapt in the joy of power, again sitting; and the first strophes of the sleepwalking scene not sleepwalking but squatting on the castle floor. This was neither plausible nineteenth-century style nor good modern drama; it simply meant that the arias were projected with less than their wonted force. Miss Scotto's singing was sometimes fined down into inaudibility, sometimes forced and strident. Her energy and determination were impressive; her vocal resources and her physical presence were inadequate to a role that, the composer said, calls for "a tragic actress—and tragic to the utmost degree." Mr. Milnes' Macbeth was strong but somewhat stolid. Without apparent emotion, not visibly "attonito" (thunderstruck), he received the news of Birnam wood's advance. His pianissimi were excellently audible, and his singing was scrupulously shaped, but one was conscious of vocalization. Verdi wanted his protagonist to concentrate on expressing the words and let the music come of itself. Ruggero Raimondi was a big-voiced Banquo who advanced centerstage and delivered his aria. Giuseppe Giacomini was a stentorian, thick-voiced Mac-luff, monotonous and unaffected in one of Verdi's most poignant tenor parts. We had neither a drama of living, interacting people, such as Mr. Hall produces so memorably at Glyndebourne, nor even a parade of costumed

opera singers singing so vividly that something dramatic could result.

There were other miscalculations. Acts I and II were played, German-style, without intermission between them; so were Acts III and IV. But after every scene the front curtain fell, the houselights came up, and there was a long wait. And so the opera seemed shapeless and episodic. (In Verdi's day, mid-act scene changes were effected on an open stage, and act finales could be felt as such.) John Bury's décor suggested twopence-colored Pollock toy-theatre scenery awkwardly enlarged to the huge Met scale; it was architecturally uneasy and was poorly painted. After ascending the throne, the Macbeths dressed as the King and Queen of Hearts. Banquo's ghost was jacked up and popped down again through a visible trapdoor; what should be a tense moment went for nothing. Gil Wechsler's lighting was consistently tenebrous, without Verdian contrasts. (In Carl Ebert's famous production, the hectic glare of the banquet scene, after the gloom of Banquo's murder, came as a theatrically appropriate shock.) In the light falling across the castle floor from three imagined offstage windows, Macbeth began his dagger soliloquy, and the effect, although at odds with the architecture of the set and therefore distracting, was not unimpressive—until further pools of light appeared as follow spots tracked the principals through the hall.

This was not a personal perversion of the opera, like, say, Jean-Pierre Ponnelle's staging of "The Flying Dutchman" or of "Rigoletto." It was, I repeat, a serious-minded, ambitious attempt to discover what the composer was about and to present his meanings vividly and enjoyably in a production on a scale larger than any he could have foreseen. For most of what happened, sound reasons could be discerned. The show failed through a mixture of misjudgments (of the house, of the company's capacities, of

the audience's openness to contemporary theatrical ideas), inefficient execution (the settings, Stuart Hopps' choreography), and, it must be added, some faulty perceptions and a faulty control of style. Mr. Hall's Glyndebourne productions of Mozart's three Da Ponte operas have been the finest, the most musical, of our day. He works best in intimate surroundings. His Covent Garden "Tristan" failed much as this Met "Macbeth" did. Both were expensive, powerfully interesting, unforgettable flawed visions.

Verdi's 1865 Paris score, uncut and unaltered, was played. (The libretto the Met has on sale is misleading; it is not "the book of the opera" but contains a composite text Erich Leinsdorf used in 1959.) James Levine conducted, with his customary passion and vigor. On the dynamic level, he phrased carefully, but his "phrasing in time" was rigid, unnatural, unbreathed. Like Riccardo Muti, he brings to mind Giulio Ricordi's strictures on the young Toscanini's Verdi conducting—like "a mastodonic player piano." Timbres and dynamics are sensitively handled, and the rhythms are urgent, but the music is trapped in a grid of regular bar lines.

BERLIN OPERA THEATRE's production of Verdi's "Falstaff," last month, calls for a review (though I must "declare an interest," since it was sung in my translation), because it contained music unheard since the first performances of the opera, at La Scala in 1893. Verdi grew dissatisfied with two passages, and he recomposed them after the first night and after a vocal score had been published. One was a sixteen-bar lyrical outpouring in octaves from Nannetta and Fenton, behind the screen, in the second-act finale (over patter around the buck basket where Falstaff is stifling, and from Ford's forces), and the other the close of Act III, Scene 1. More than one commentator has regretted the loss of the first, a soaring, ecstatic, harmonically adventurous span of great beauty. Verdi removed it because he feared his finale had become "too much of a *concertato*," and replaced it with six bars of somewhat neutral C-major music. Oberlin restored it in orchestration, from the vocal score, by James Hepokoski (a Verdi scholar who teaches there, and who is the author of the Cambridge Opera Handbook on "Falstaff"). Having now heard this radiant passage in its context, I never



We Guarantee to Make You A Better Gardener



- Full-color catalogues describe 1,200 items and include proper names (with pronunciation), hardiness ratings, and detailed cultural information for every plant offered.
- Plants are grown by us to stringent standards, then graded, stored, and shipped using traditional English techniques which are superb. We guarantee every plant to be true to variety, of blooming size, and in prime condition.
- Every plant is accompanied by planting instructions and a pre-printed garden label.
- A full-time staff horticulturist is available to answer questions by phone or mail at no charge. He will also assist in locating plants which we don't offer.
- Our nursery store in Litchfield offers 10 acres of display gardens and 40 acres of growing blocks which are open to the public. The staff are trained horticulturists who can intelligently assist in your selections.
- This nursery is owned and operated by the undersigned. Our standards of quality and service do not come out of a corporate policy manual. They reflect the considered judgement of an experienced and committed staff. We are accountable to these standards in every respect.

To become a better gardener, send \$5 for a subscription to our catalogues. The fee includes all of the above plus a \$5 credit good on any order over \$25. It's difficult to imagine a more rewarding purchase.

Sincerely,
Amos Pettingill

White Flower Farm

Plantsmen

Litchfield 9042, Connecticut 06759-0050

want to lose it. The composer was wrong to think that it unduly protracted his finale. Not all his second thoughts were unequivocal improvements: the abridged, Paris finale of Act III of "Otello," recently revived by the English National Opera, similarly sacrifices wonderful music to dramatic conciseness. But nearly all Verdi's thoughts are worth hearing and worth staging. I urge the Met when it revives "Macbeth" to adopt the stirring 1847 version of the fugitives' chorus and the 1847 ending; they would better match the line of the production.

The other "Falstaff" passage *was* improved. Originally, Verdi ended the scene—the offstage voices calling, the Ford-Caius dialogue overheard by Quickly—to a reprise in fragments of Alice's mazurka. Then he recast the mazurka fragments in 4/4 and spun his "masquerade" motif through them, producing the magical ending we know—in his own words, "a better effect, more fitting, and more musical." The result is pure gain, and not a possible dramatic gain to be measured against a musical loss. Future "Falstaff" conductors should follow the revision here—as they should in the caldron scene of "Macbeth," a similar case.

Listening to "Falstaff" in a small theatre (the five-hundred-seat Hall Auditorium), in a straightforward, sensitive production (by Judith Layng), sung by a talented young cast, and conducted with great delicacy (by Robert Baustian) afforded the keenest delight. The details of the miraculous score told with a sharpness often lost in big-house presentations. Mark Moliterno, the Falstaff, and Katherine Harris, the Alice, are two young singers we should be hearing more of.

THE rewards of small-house opera shone, too, in the production of Monteverdi's "L'Incoronazione di Poppea" that the New York Lyric Opera has been playing in the Henry Miller Theatre—now a disco, and renamed Xenon—on West Forty-third Street. It was an electronic "Poppea": the singers were amplified, and Monteverdi's continuo accompaniment was realized for piano, synthesizers, drums, bass, and guitar. There was a racy but accurate new English translation of Francesco Busenello's libretto, made by John Haber and Michael Ward, the stage director and the musical director of the show.

Put '83 In Your Pocket



\$10

- The handy 1983 pocket diary
- Richly bound in dark brown leather 3" x 5"
- Daily appointment panels
- Guides to Theatres, Hotels, Cinemas and other places of interest
- 3 year calendars

Please add \$1.00 per diary for shipping and handling.
New York residents please add sales tax.

The New Yorker Pocket Diary
Rm. 1102, 28 W. 44th Street, N.Y.C. 10036

Please send me _____ Diaries. I enclose check for \$ _____

(NAME) _____

(ADDRESS) _____

(APT. #) _____

(CITY) 433 _____

(STATE) _____

(ZIP) _____

We offer you our comprehensive, leisurely exploration of South America's most fascinating country:

Discover Peru

APRIL 11 TO 24, 1983

AUGUST 22 TO SEPTEMBER 4, 1983

We visit Lima's magnificent palaces, churches and museums; explore the remarkable Guano Islands and the Paracas Marine Reserve; inspect the mysterious, gigantic markings on the desert at Nazca from low-flying aircraft and later from the ground; fly over the Andes to Cuzco, the ancient capital of the Inca empire; and make an overnight expedition along the gorge of the Urumbamba River to Machu Picchu, the most dramatically situated archaeological site in the world.

Detailed brochures of the tour, as well as of our challenging *Inca Treks in Peru* in the summer of 1983 are available from:

HANNS EBENSTEN TRAVEL, INC
705 WASHINGTON STREET, NEW YORK, NY 10014
TELEPHONE (212) 691 7429

GOOD USED BOOKS

Since 1948, thousands of libraries and individuals have been buying regularly; you can too! Send a dollar for 20,000 typical titles and prices classified in over forty subjects.

EDITIONS DESK Y.
BOICEVILLE, N. Y. 12412

Where Fortune and Virtue in the Arthur Jacobs translation concede that 'gainst love in vain both men and gods endeavour," and in the Humphrey Procter-Gregg translation that 'man would be mad, an angel would be senseless, to defy Love," the Xenon goddesses broke into the catchy number "Love calls the shots." Where Jacobs' Drusilla sings "Be happy, my heart, be no longer repining," and Procter-Gregg's "The heart in my bosom goes light as a feather," the Xenon Drusilla, Kate Phelan, sang "I awoke up this morning, and somehow I knew that today would be different." It fits the music precisely.

Love, Richie Abanes, was a cocky rock tenorino. The Poppaea and the Nero, Carolyn Dennis and David Veatherspoon, were soul singers; Miss Dennis had a candid beauty and astrous presence that recalled the young Gloria Davy. In a regular opera house, unamplified, the performers, most of them from Broadway, would probably not be heard. But they had the advantage over most regular opera singers of today that they sang the words, sang on the words, colored the words, were masters of expressive rubato timing over an unflagging pulse, and flew into astonishing decorative cadences with a virtuosity and freedom seldom heard in opera houses. I must not overpraise the show. Its virtues were complementary, not superior, to those of fine formal Monteverdi presentations, like the "Ritorno d'Ulisse" Mr. Hall produced at Glyndebourne. It was in a different world of eloquence from the tricky Ponnelle staging or the City Opera's sorry attempt to be fancy and sexy at once. This "Poppea" was warmly and tenderly erotic; the sensuality was expressed by timbres, inflections, and glances, not by striptease and pawing. There was a tenor (not a soprano) Nero, there were cuts, and there was some reordering, but more of the crucial Poppaea-Otho duet was included than in the Leppard edition, and the penultimate Poppaea-Nero duet, missing in Leppard, was sung. It was a straight, honest presentation, dramatically unfrilled—one that trusted in the work and in Monteverdi's ability to hold modern listeners spellbound. The trust was justified.

TWO years ago, Indiana University Opera Theatre, in Bloomington, put on a very successful production of "Porgy and Bess" with a double all-black cast. From this came

Three outstandingly beautiful books

JUST PUBLISHED BY KNOFF



ROCKWELL KENT AN ANTHOLOGY OF HIS WORK



"A rare feat of bookmaking," says The New York Times Book Review, "with 400 very large reproductions that are not only lavish in presentation but meticulously accurate and printed on specially made papers, hand-sewn and magnificently bound. For those who love his prints and drawings it is pure treasure. But it also has 90 reproductions in color of paintings." Plus extensive selections from his writings.

Lincoln Kirstein calls it "A superb tribute... Absolutely magnificent, in every respect."

Edited, with an introduction, by Fridolf Johnson. Foreword by Jamie Wyeth. (9¹³/₁₆ x 13¹/₈) \$60

THE ICON

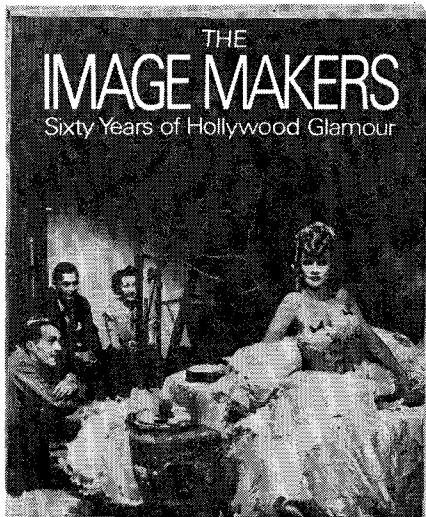
"A book to cherish," writes Edmund Fuller in The Wall Street Journal, "one that celebrates the genius of man inspired by his sense of relationship to the divine... The text is rich in information and thoroughly interprets for us the glory of the book: its 385 magnificent color plates [showing icons from Europe, Russia, and the Near East through 1,000 years], superbly printed... handsomely bound." (9¹/₂ x 12) \$60



ANNA PAVLOVA



By KEITH MONEY. Sumptuously illustrated with more than 600 photographs—this extraordinary book, six years in preparation, draws on an unprecedented wealth of sources to give us the first full and accurate record of her life and art: from her debut on the Maryinsky stage, through her early tutelage at the hands of the great Marius Petipa, to the restless, driven journeyings by which she brought classical ballet to the world. 440 pages (10 x 11¹/₂) \$55



IN PAPERBACK AT LAST!
Everyone's favorite book
of Hollywood glamour
photos.

From Greta Garbo to Raquel Welch, Rudolph Valentino to Warren Beatty—over 250 of Hollywood's sexiest stars are captured here in this elegant collection you will never forget. 388 photos, 48 in color. Size 9½" x 12".

\$12.95, now at your bookstore



CHAPEL HILL

NORTH CAROLINA



A GREAT PLACE TO RETIRE.

Award-winning homes in the woodlands of a 625 acre farm. \$70,000 to \$110,000. Call or write for more information about our contemporary approach to living in the countryside.



Fitch Creations, Inc.
Box 111 Dept. N1
Chapel Hill, North Carolina 27514
919 942-5107 in N.C.
800 334-5475

for a
narrow
point
of view

tiecrafters

WIDE TIES SLIMMED

Save your costly, but unfashionable, wide ties with our skilled surgery. All by hand. Like getting new ties for only

\$500
ea.
min. 4 ties

MAIL ORDERS
Add \$2 for shipping.
Free Folder... "Tips on Ties"

116 E. 27th St. N.Y. 10016
(212) 867-7676

the idea of commissioning a new opera, in conjunction with the university's Office of Afro-American Affairs, to coincide with a conference on Afro-American studies. The conference fell through, but the opera went ahead and was presented in October and November. It is "Soldier Boy, Soldier," music by T. J. Anderson, libretto by Leon Forrest. Forrest's libretto—poems and poetic dialogue—reads well, but when I first read it I thought that I had the text of just the musical numbers, and that spoken dialogue or narrative would introduce and link them in the theatre, clarifying what seemed elusive and obscure. Not so. The program synopsis provided some general explanation: "The controlling theme of the opera" is "the growing conflict between realism and idealism as symbolized by Clarence Cratwell's private and public adjustment to the values promoted in this country upon his return from Viet Nam." It was hard to discern this theme in an action not very different (except in its dénouement) from that of, say, Moniuszko's "Halka": a triangle of hero, his new bride, and his former mistress with murder in her heart; or, as a program note from the director, Alan Brody, put it, "standard soap opera stuff—two women, one man, jealousy and ultimate tragedy." But Mr. Brody also called the libretto "deceptive," and went on to explain how more could be found in it: not only concern for the plight of black Vietnam veterans but also consideration of the question "How can we escape the legacy of violence while we are still paying for it?" It is an opera about redemption, he said, with "an astonishing apotheosis through a confrontation with anger and bitterness."

The opera didn't come off, I felt, but it was an ambitious and worthwhile thing to try. Anderson is a composer who has essayed many genres, but "Soldier Boy, Soldier" is his first opera. The pieces in closed forms—songs, hymns—worked best. The sung confrontations lacked dramatic, "gestural" sharpness. The music—even the jazz—might have been written in any country. The jumpy vocal lines did not sing easily; I've never heard a Bloomington cast with so little projection. There was a distinguished and beautiful set, by Max Röthlisberger, but, being "open," it did nothing acoustically to help the singers. Robert Porco's conducting seemed a trifle sedate. —ANDREW PORTER

Bronwyn Dunne



MARCELLA HAZAN'S 1983 COOKING CLASSES IN BOLOGNA AND IN VENICE

One of the world's most talked-about cooking schools enters its 8th year. One week courses will be given in Bologna, in Marcella Hazan's own kitchen in a beautifully restored Bolognese carriage house—and in Venice, at the legendary Hotel Cipriani.

Courses in Bologna are in April, May, June, September and October, in Venice in April and October.

Marketing, comparative wine tastings, restaurant banquets, field trips to Parma and Lake Garda, farmhouse dinners, and fish feasts on the Adriatic complete a thorough program of cooking classes and workshops. All under the personal guidance of the author of *The Classic Italian Cookbook* and *More Classic Italian Cooking* (Knopf). Comparative wine tasting by Victor Hazan, author of *Italian Wine* (Knopf).

James Beard "A week with Marcella in Italy is ... a sensually exciting experience I can recommend to any serious student of cooking."

Craig Claiborne "Marcella Hazan is a national treasure. No one has done more to spread the gospel of fine Italian cookery."

Time Magazine "[Marcella Hazan] is the most authoritative exponent of Italian cooking in this country."

For details and application write:

HAZAN CLASSICS

P.O. Box 285, Circleville, New York 10919

A three-course feast from "the queen of crime"

P. D. James MURDER IN TRIPLICATE

Three complete Adam Dalgliesh mysteries in one paperback volume! **Unnatural Causes • The Black Tower • An Unsuitable Job for a Woman** (starring the heroine of the just-published *The Skull Beneath the Skin*). \$12.95

Scribner Crime

HORSE BOOKS

First & Rare Editions
16th-20th Century
All subjects (esp. DRESSAGE)

BUCEPHALUS

316 W. 71st Street, New York, NY 10023

(212) 580-4634



FANNY'S

INTERNATIONAL SALAD DRESSING
Gift friends with (3) 12 oz. bottles of our famous salad dressing \$10.00. Shpg. Incl./Cont. U.S.A., 4 weeks delivery. Beautifully packaged. Send check, VISA, MasterCard Number, Expiration Date: FANNY'S
1601 Simpson, Evanston, IL 60201

Our Holiday stars



Now at your bookstore

FARRAR • STRAUS • GIROUX

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ONCE UPON A TIME...

beautiful books were a treasured part of childhood. These three very special Viking Junior Books honor that tradition with magical illustrations—and timeless stories and poetry by the best.

Peter and the Wolf

Sergei Prokofiev
Illustrated by
Charles
Mikolaycak
Translated by
Maria Carlson

Dazzling full-color illustrations capture the spirit of a well-known, well-loved tale. This splendid edition of the Russian classic will delight children of every age. \$12.95



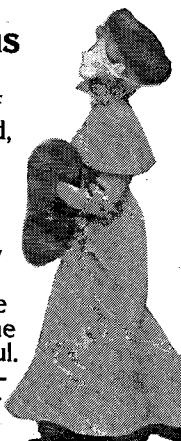
Birds, Beasts and the Third Thing

Poems by
D.H. Lawrence
Illustrated by Alice and
Martin Provensen
Introduction
by Donald Hall

23 of D.H. Lawrence's poems—filled with wry, wistful observations about childhood—are illustrated with richly detailed paintings of the poet's world. Verse and art blend to make a "third thing"—a glowing collection for readers of all ages. \$12.95

Miss Rumphius

Barbara Cooney
Twice winner of the Caldecott Award, Barbara Cooney tells and illustrates the story of Miss Alice Rumphius, who hoped one day to see faraway places, to live by the sea, and to make the world more beautiful. A charming, deeply-felt picture book for ages 3-8. \$12.95



THE VIKING PRESS

625 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022

BOOKS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

GILBERT: A COMEDY OF MANNERS, by Judith Martin (Atheneum; \$14.95). A delightful, wicked novel—a sort of short-circuited "Faust"—about a brazenly cynical young man who arrives in Washington, D.C., in 1959 armed only with a degree from Harvard and a knack for impressing professors and for undressing Cliffies. Five four-year terms later, Gilbert Fairchild, Special Assistant to the President (having clawed his way up through various state and national reelection campaigns), boasts a Vassar wife, a renovated brownstone (almost in Georgetown), and the complete uniform for white-tie inaugural balls (down to the pocket watch), but he is bothered by a dim recollection that the government's purpose is not a good life for a corrupt elite. As the story ends, Gilbert is enlisting all his black magic (from flattery to forgery) in a cause that is genuinely—if not purely (he once told his parents that he would be President)—pro bono publico. Judith Martin, a.k.a. Miss Manners, is a native of Washington, D.C. "Gilbert," her first novel, is a winner.

CADILLAC JACK, by Larry McMurtry (Simon & Schuster; \$15.95). Mr. McMurtry's new novel is an entertainment of the sort that headline writers call "zany." It has to do with a tall young Texan named Jack who travels around the country in a white Cadillac buying and selling antiques and going to bed with a coterie of compliant but constantly complaining young women, many of whom start most of their sentences with "shoot" and sometimes end them with "thang." Most of them speak, or complain, entirely in non sequiturs. They have names like Lilah Landry, Cunny Cotswinkle, Pencil Penrose, Tanya Todd, Olivia Brown, and Cindy Sanders, and Jack has a long-winded ex-wife called Coffee. There are some funny (or zany) scenes here, and some interesting odds and ends about the nature of collectors and collectibles, but "Cadillac Jack," like Jack him-



self, though constantly in motion never really gets anywhere.

GENERAL

SCHINDLER'S LIST, by Thomas Keneally (Simon & Schuster \$16.95). On the eighth of May 1945, Polish Jews in a Moravian concentration camp-cum-factor presented a gold ring, devised from dental bridgework and inscribed with a line from the Talmud to the camp's *Herr Direktor* Oskar Schindler. The inscription read, "He who saves a single life saves the world entire." Between 1941 and 1945, this burly, blue-eyed German entrepreneur saved more than a thousand lives by operating factories (producing flawless enamel

ware, in Cracow, and deliberately defective armaments, in Moravia that sheltered Jews who were either destined for or salvaged from extermination camps. Schindler bargained (with sets of pots and pans) and bluffed (when his armaments proved worthless) up and down the Nazi hierarchy, from *Obergruppenführer* to *Untersturmführer*; insisted on hiring, from the Płaszów camp and later from Auschwitz-Birkenau, particular men and women to whom he had promised help (he claimed that he needed this or that child because her slender fingers were essential for this or that job); and traded on the black market to feed his astonished workers. Mr. Keneally (the author of thirteen novels, including "The Chant of Jimmy Blacksmith") adds unnecessary dialogue and details to the testimony of numerous self-styled "Schindlerjuden," but his narrative is honest and clear in every important respect, and it raises profound questions about one life and the world entire.

LAST STANDS: NOTES FROM MEMORY, by Hilary Masters (Godine; \$14.95). A family memoir by the son of Edgar Lee Masters which is itself something of a miniature "Spoon River." The portraits, artfully assembled from different periods in the lives of their subjects, are of the poet (who was sixty when his son was born, in 1928), his wife (thirty years h

junior and the first college graduate in her family), her parents (a United States Cavalry veteran of the Indian wars who was a railroad engineer in Central America, and the daughter of a onetime power in Kansas City politics who herself became a political force there), and—both more and less distinctly—the author, who was born and raised in Kansas City, lived there with his grandparents, and saw his parents only as a visitor in their various places of residence in and around New York City (chiefly the Chelsea Hotel). “I was the thin wire through which my grandparents and my father and mother were able to talk to each other, like a country party line,” Mr. Masters tells us. There is, of course, some rancor here. But his grandfather and his grandmother lived lives of almost total resentment—he of his better-born wife, and she of her husband’s rigidity and parade-ground autocracy. So, to a degree, did his father, a one-book celebrity increasingly out of touch with the world and annoyed by his wife’s determination to realize herself as a teacher. And there was a sourness to the mother, fed by her own ambition, which was entangled with her devotion to the artist in her husband and a (perhaps) guilty concern for her practically abandoned son. The portraits are at once funny and sad—mostly sad, elegiac—but they are portraits in the round, of people understood and accepted, and there is even, in their strong individuality, a touch of universality. Mr. Masters has given us a model demonstration of the uses of memory.

FITNESS CAN BE FUN!
Join an Aerobic
Movement Class Today
and experience the joy
of total body fitness

Aerobic movement is a professional dance program combining exercises that strengthen the cardiovascular system and dance movements that result in unwanted inches.—*Bulletin of the Evergreen (Colo.) Recreation and Park District.*

Fitness and fatness is the most fun.

THE RELIGIOUS LIFE [From Your Church]

Compact units containing any number of quartz swing bells give cathedral bell tones to the smallest churches. A tape unit automatically provides hymns, Westminster Chimes, etc. from one or more tape decks. A special feature is a burglar alarm using the bells to sound the alert.

Eat, drink, and be merry

CHEZ PANISSE MENU COOKBOOK

by **Alice Waters**, owner-chef of the acclaimed Chez Panisse Restaurant in Berkeley, Calif. “Wonderful...eccentric and passionately serious, full of an air of celebration—funny, instructive, and rich in common sense.”

—RICHARD OLNEY, author of *Simple French Food*. \$16.95

THE CUISINE OF THE ROSE

Classical French Cooking from Burgundy and Lyonnais by **Mireille Johnston**. Illus. by Milton Glaser. “I don’t know of any cook book author better equipped to capture the spirit, essence and flavors of French regional cooking than Mireille Johnston.”

—CRAIG CLAIBORNE. \$16.95

ON WINE

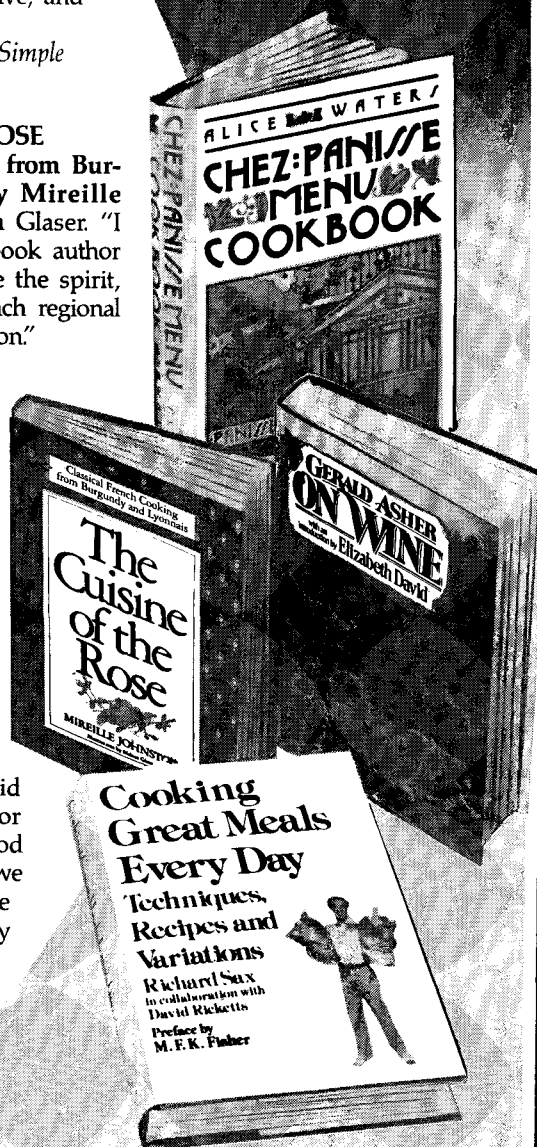
by **Gerald Asher**. Intro. by Elizabeth David. “Asher writes about wine the way I want to make it—with character, elegance, and style.”

—ROBERT MONDAVI. Illus. \$15.95

COOKING GREAT MEALS EVERY DAY Techniques, Recipes and Variations by Richard Sax

in collaboration with David Ricketts. “Sax’s methods for showing us how to make good things out of ingredients we take for granted are fine indeed.”—from the Preface by M.F.K. Fisher. \$15.95

Now at your bookstore
RANDOM HOUSE

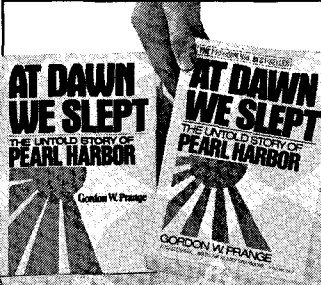


GREAT ENTERTAINMENT, NO HEAVY COVER CHARGE

QPB books are softcover editions in hardcover sizes, durably bound and printed on fine paper. But they cost up to 65% less than their hardcover counterparts.

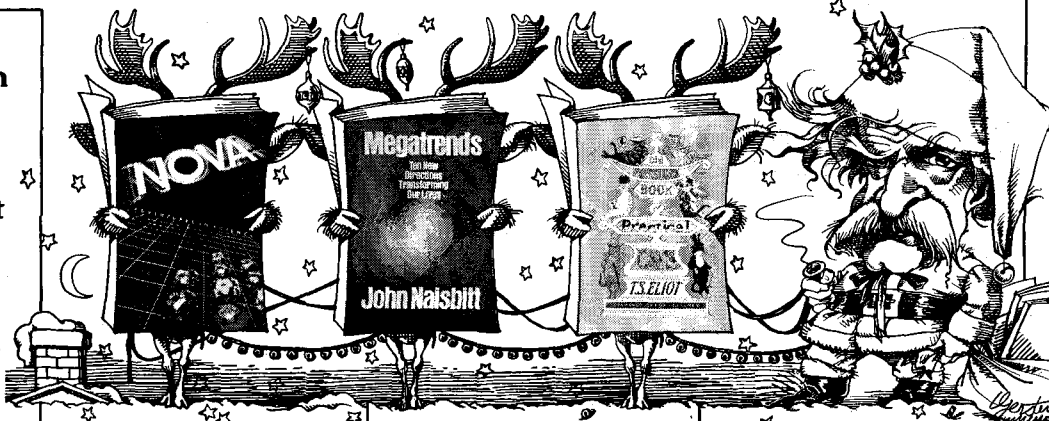
You don't judge a book by its cover—so why pay a cover charge? Join QPB.

Compare



Hardcover: \$22.95 QPB Softcover: \$7.95

433. *At Dawn We Slept* The Untold Story of Pearl Harbor. Gordon W. Prange. Hardcover: \$22.95 QPB: \$7.95
434. *Working Smarter* Editors of Fortune Magazine. Hardcover: \$13.95 QPB Ed: \$7.95
444. *Dictionary of Philosophy and Religion: Eastern and Western Thought.* William L. Reese. Hardcover: \$27.95 QPB: \$10.95
473. *Space, Time & Medicine* Larry Dossey, M.D. Foreword by Fritjof Capra. Hardcover: \$15.95 QPB: \$7.95
480. *The Collected Stories of Eudora Welty* Hardcover: \$17.50 QPB Ed: \$8.95
671. *The Origin of Consciousness in the Breakdown of the Bicameral Mind.* Julian Jaynes. Hardcover: \$16.95 QPB: \$7.95
672. *Unfinished Tales of Númenor and Middle-earth* J. R. R. Tolkien. Hardcover: \$15 QPB: \$6.95
673. *Ernest Hemingway Selected Letters, 1917-1961.* Edited by Carlos Baker. Hardcover: \$27.50 QPB: \$10.95
410. *Everyday Cooking with Jacques Pépin* Hardcover: \$19.95 QPB: \$8.95
499. *The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes and The Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes (2 Vols.)* A. Conan Doyle. QPB: \$9.95
557. *The New York Times Crossword Puzzle Omnibus, Volume 2.* With a Foreword by Will Weng. QPB: \$6.95



483. *Nova: Adventures in Science.* WGBH Boston. Hardcover: \$27.95 QPB: \$11.95

286. *A Book of Five Rings* Miyamoto Musashi. Translated by Victor Harris. Hardcover: \$12.95 QPB: \$4.95

306. *The Color Purple* Alice Walker. Hardcover: \$11.95 QPB Ed: \$6.50

353. *Lucy: The Beginnings of Humankind.* Donald C. Johanson and Maitland A. Edey. Hardcover: \$17.95 QPB: \$7.95

362. *Rabbit Is Rich/Rabbit Redux/Rabbit, Run (1 Vol.)* John Updike. QPB Ed: \$11.95

486. *Information Please Almanac Atlas and Yearbook 1983.* Hardcover: \$12.95 QPB: \$4.95

222. *The Mismeasure of Man and The Panda's Thumb (2 Vols., Boxed)* Stephen Jay Gould. Hardcover: \$27.90 QPB Ed: \$11.95

236. *The Book of the City of Ladies* Christine de Pizan. Hardcover: \$16.95 QPB Ed: \$8.95

267. *The Timetables of History* Bernard Grun. Hardcover: \$29.95 QPB: \$11.95

668. *The Wizard of Oz.* L. Frank Baum. Illustrated by Michael Hague. Hardcover: \$18.95 QPB Ed: \$9.50

519. *Modern Art: 19th and 20th Centuries.* Meyer Schapiro. Hardcover: \$20 QPB: \$9.95

503. *Jane Brody's Nutrition Book* Hardcover: \$17.95 QPB: \$7.95

507. *Megatrends.* John Naisbitt. Hardcover: \$15.50 QPB Ed: \$7.95

612. *Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats.* T. S. Eliot. Hardcover: \$8.95 QPB: \$4.95

592. *The New York Times Everyday Dictionary* Edited by Thomas M. Paikeday. Hardcover: \$12.95 QPB: \$6.50

607. *A Child Is Born* (Revised Edition). Photographs by Lennart Nilsson. Hardcover: \$16.95 QPB Ed: \$7.95

611. *The Connoisseurs' Handbook of California Wines.* Charles E. Olken, Earl G. Singer and Norman S. Roby. QPB: \$5.95

574. *The Foundation Trilogy* (1 Vol.) Isaac Asimov. QPB: \$6.95

608. *Lectures on Literature and Lectures on Russian Literature* (2 Vols., Boxed) Vladimir Nabokov. Hardcover: \$39.90 QPB: \$13.95

443. *On Language.* William Safire. Hardcover: \$12.95 QPB Ed: \$5.95

382. *Grant: A Biography.* William S. McFeely. Hardcover: \$19.95 QPB: \$7.95

104. *Robert Frost: A Biography.* Lawrance Thompson and R. H. Winnick. Hardcover: \$25 QPB Ed: \$12.50

111. *The Search for Alexander An Exhibition.* Contributions by Nicholas Yalouris, Manolis Andronikos, and Katerina Rhomiopoulou. (Photographs) Hardcover: \$24.95 QPB: \$9.95

397. *The Unabridged Mark Twain, Vol. I.* Edited by Lawrence Teacher. QPB: \$8.95

114. *The Unabridged Mark Twain, Vol. II.* Edited by Lawrence Teacher. QPB: \$8.95

115. *Becoming a Writer* Dorothea Brande. QPB: \$4.95

Join now. Pick any 3 books or sets for \$1 each—with no obligation to buy another book.

How membership works.

1. You receive QPB Review 15 times each year (about every 3½ weeks). Each issue reviews a new Selection, plus scores of Alternates.
2. If you want the Selection do nothing. It will be shipped to you automatically. If you want one or more Alternate books—or no book at all—indicate your decision on the Reply Form always enclosed and return it by the date specified.
3. **Bonus books for Bonus Points.** For each softcover book or set you take (except for the books in this offer), you earn Bonus Points which entitle you to choose any of our softcover books. You pay only shipping and handling charges.
4. **Return privilege.** If QPB Review is delayed and you receive the Selection without having had 10 days to notify us, you may return it for credit at our expense.
5. **Cancellations.** You may cancel membership at any time by notifying QPB. We may cancel your membership if you elect not to buy and pay for at least one book in every six-month period.

Let's try each other for 6 months.

Quality Paperback Book Club, Inc., Middletown, Pa. 17057. Please enroll me in QPB and send the 3 choices I've listed below. Bill me \$3, plus shipping and handling charges. I understand that I am not required to buy another book. You will send me the QPB Review (if my account is in good standing) for six months. If I have not bought and paid for at least one book in every six-month period, you may cancel my membership. A shipping and handling charge is added to each shipment. QB116-12

Indicate by number the 3 books or sets you want.

Name _____ 2-16
(Please print clearly)

Address _____ Apt. _____

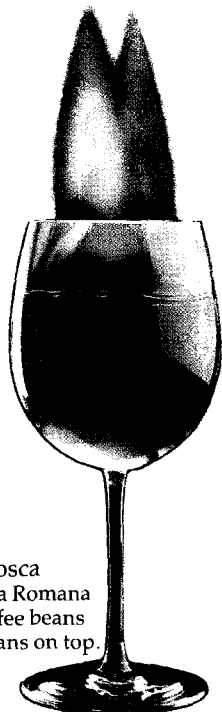
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Prices generally higher in Canada.



The first book club for smart people who aren't rich.

*How
do you enjoy
Sambuca Romana
when you run out
of coffee beans?*



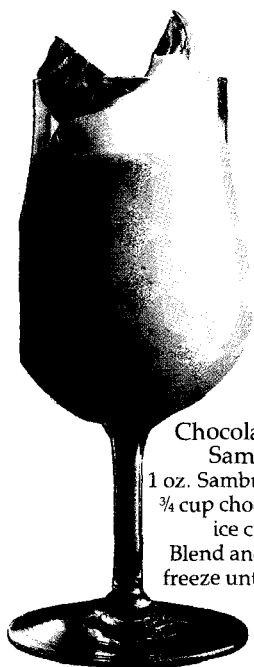
Con Mosca
1 oz. Sambuca Romana
3 roasted coffee beans
Float coffee beans on top.



White Cloud
1 oz. Sambuca Romana
Club soda
Pour over ice
in tall glass.



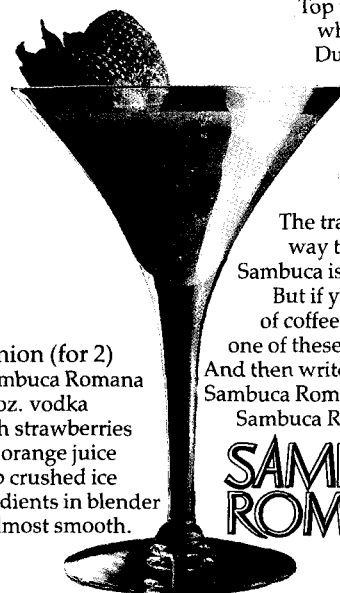
**Romana
Caffe**
1 oz. Sambuca Romana
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup hot coffee
Top with sweetened
whipped cream.
Dust with grated
nutmeg.



**Chocolate Chip
Sambuca**
1 oz. Sambuca Romana
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup chocolate chip
ice cream
Blend and serve or
freeze until serving.



Sunny Sam
 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. Sambuca Romana
1 oz. vodka
Orange juice
Pour over ice in
8 ounce goblet.



Reunion (for 2)
1 oz. Sambuca Romana
1 oz. vodka
12 fresh strawberries
6 oz. orange juice
 $\frac{3}{8}$ cup crushed ice
Mix ingredients in blender
until almost smooth.

The traditional
way to drink
Sambuca is Con Mosca.
But if you're out
of coffee beans, try
one of these other drinks.
And then write for our original
Sambuca Romana recipe book.
Sambuca Romana 84 Pf.

**SAMBUCA
ROMANA**

Imported by Palmer & Lord, Ltd., Syosett, N.Y. 11791.

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas



ROYAL STREET in the Old NEW ORLEANS French Quarter.

RAYMOND H. WEILL CO., 407 Royal Street, New Orleans, La. 70130
Roger G. Weill • Raymond H. Weill

Universally Recognized Buyers & Builders of Great Stamp Collections